This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07608686 1

BON
VIENDRA
TEMPS
John Gage
Lincolns Inn

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. F. DOVE, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE;

FOR RICHARD PRIESTLEY, HIGH HOLBORN.

MDCCCXXII.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

CONTENTS

OF

THE FOURTH VOLUME.

[The Articles marked thus † were not inserted in Dr. WARBURTON's Edition.]

Page

PROLOGUE to the SATIRES, in an Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT - - - - - - - - - 1

SATIRES and EPISTLES of HORACE imitated.

SATIRES of Horace, Book II. Sat. I. - - - 55

Sat. II. - - - 83

EPISTLES of Horace, Book I. Ep. I. - - - 104

Ep. VI. - - - 125

Book II. Ep. I. - - - 141

Ep. II. - - - 209

The SATIRES of Dr. JOHN DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's, Versified.

Satire II. - - - - - - - - - 247

Satire IV. - - - - - - - - - 264

EPILOGUE to the SATIRES.

Dialogue I. - - - - - - - - - 293

Dialogue II. - - - - - - - - - 315

On receiving from the Right Honourable the Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, a Standish and two Pens - - 341

† A Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, entitled, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty - - - 345

† The Plan of an Epic Poem, to have been written in Blank Verse, and entitled BRUTUS - - - - 351

Preface to Homer's Iliad - - - - - - - 365

Postscript to the Odyssey - - - - - - 411

ПЛВЧУВА
ЬЛВГГС
ИЕЛ АОЙК

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

This Epistle was first published in folio, 1734, with the following motto :

Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen. TULLY.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to those who knew me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth* and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have

for the most part spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs, as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

Lady Wortley Montague begins her Address to Mr. Pope, on his Imitation of the 1st Satire of the Second Book of Horace, in these words:

> " In two large columns, on thy motley page,
> Where Roman wit is strip'd with English rage;
> Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
> And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
> Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought,
> And on the other how he never wrote:
> Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
> That the dull copyist better understood
> That spirit he pretends to imitate,
> Than heretofore the Greek he did translate?
> Thine is just such an image of his pen
> As thou thyself art of the sons of men;
> Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
> A sign-post likeness of the noble race,
> That is at once resemblance and disgrace.
> Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
> You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer:
> His style is elegant, his diction pure,
> Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure,
> Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.

If he has thorns, they all on roses grow ;
Thine like rude thistles and mean brambles show,
With this exception, that though rank the soil,
Weeds, as they are, they seem produc'd by toil.
Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.
Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews,
The rage, but not the talent of abuse ;
And is in hate what love is in the stews ;
'Tis the gross lust of hate, that still annoys
Without distinction, as gross love enjoys :
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd ;
The object of thy spleen is human-kind :
It preys on all, who yield or who resist ;
To thee 'tis provocation to exist.
But if thou see'st a great and gen'rous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor only justice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand :
To this or that alike in vain we trust,
Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust."

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant; whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will: of whose fidelity Dodsley, from his own observation, used to mention many pleasing instances. His wife was living at Eccleshall, 1783, ninety years old, and knew many anecdotes of Pope.

Ver. 1. *Shut, shut the door,*] This abrupt exordium is animated and dramatic. Our Poet, wearied with the impertinence and slander of a multitude of mean scribblers that attacked him, suddenly breaks out with this spirited complaint of the ill-usage he had sustained. This piece was published in the year 1734, in the form of an Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot: it is now given as a Dialogue, in which a very small share is indeed allotted to his friend. Arbuthnot was a man of consummate probity, integrity, and sweetness of temper: he had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much wit and humour as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and physician, of which his letter on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning, and his Treatise on Air and Aliment, are sufficient proofs. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and measures, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with ancient history and literature, and are enlivened

The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:

NOTES.

with many curious and interesting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the ancients. The History of John Bull, the best parts of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, the Art of Political Lying, the Freeholder's Catechism, It cannot rain but it pours, &c. abound in strokes of the most exquisite humour. It is known that he gave numberless hints to Swift, and Pope, and Gay, of some of the most striking parts of their works. He was so neglectful of his writings that his children tore his manuscripts and made paper-kites of them. Few letters in the English language are so interesting, and contain such marks of Christian resignation and calmness of mind, as one that he wrote to Swift a little before his death, and is inserted in the third volume of Letters, p. 157. He frequently, and ably, and warmly, in many conversations, defended the cause of revelation against the attacks of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield.

The strokes of satire, in many parts of this Epistle, have such an extraordinary energy and poignancy, that our Author's want of temper has been much censured; and I know not whether it will be a sufficient justification to say, that these malevolent scribblers, however impotent and insignificant, attacked his *person*, *morals*, and *family*. If Boileau ridicules and rallies vile writers with more seeming pleasantry and good-humour, we ought to recollect that Boileau was the aggressor, and had received no previous abuse, when he fell upon Cotin, De Pure, Quinalt, St. Amand, Colletet, Chapelain, and Theophyle. It was on this account that the Duke de Montausieur, a man of rigid virtue, so much condemned Boileau, that it was with great difficulty he was brought to read his Works, and be reconciled to him. The authors that Pope proscribed were in truth so mean and contemptible, that Swift said, "Give me a shilling and I will ensure you that posterity shall never know you had a single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved."

"Laissez mourir un fat dans son obscurité,
Un auteur ne peut-il pourrir en seureté?
Le Jonas inconnu seche dans la poussiere,
Le David imprimé n'a point veu la lumiere,
Le Moise commence à moisir par les bords.
Quel mal cela fait-il? Ceux qui sont morts sont morts.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden, round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, through my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

NOTES.

Le tombeau contre vous ne peut-il les défendre,
Et qu'on fait tant d'auteurs pour remuer leur cendre?
Que vous ont fait Perrin, Bardin, Pradon, Hainaut,
Colletet, Pelletier, Tirseville, Quinaut.
Dont les noms en cent lieux, placés comme en leurs niches,
Vont de vos vers malins remplir les hemistiches."
Boileau, Sat. ix. 89.

This is exquisitely pleasant, and expressed with that purity and force both of thought and diction, that happy Horatian mixture of jest and earnest, that contribute to place Despreaux at the head of modern classics. I think it must be confessed, that he has caught the manner of Horace more successfully than Pope. It is observable that Boileau, when he first began to write, copied Juvenal, whose *violent, downright, declamatory* species of satire is far more easy to be imitated than the oblique, indirect, delicate touches of Horace. The judgment of L. Gyraldus concerning Juvenal seems to be judicious and well-founded: "If you think my opinion worth regarding, I would say, that the Satires of Juvenal ought never to be read till our taste is fixed and confirmed, and we are thoroughly tinctured with a knowledge of the Latin language: and I mention this my opinion more freely, because I perceive many masters use a contrary method." Dial. iv.

Ver. 13. *Mint*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of their creditors. W.

Is there a Parson much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20 in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a' Prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do somethiug in his Sempstress' praise—

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *Is there a Parson*] Some lines in this Epistle to Arbuthnot had been used in a letter to Thomson when he was in Italy, and transferred from him to Arbuthnot, which naturally displeased the former, though they lived always on terms of civility and friendship: and Pope earnestly exerted himself, and used all his interest to promote the success of Thomson's Agamemnon, and attended the first night of its being performed. Though Agamemnon is not a capital play on the whole, and abounds in languid and long declamatory speeches, yet parts of it are striking; particularly Melisander's account of the desert island to which he was banished, copied from the Philoctetes of Sophocles; and the prophetic speeches of Cassandra, during the moment of Agamemnon's being murdered, well calculated to fill the audience with alarm, astonishment, and suspense, at an awful event, obscurely hinted at in very strong imagery. These speeches are closely copied from the Agamemnon of Æschylus, as is a striking scene in his Eleonora from the Alcestis of Euripides. Thomson was well acquainted with the Greek Tragedies, on which I heard him talk learnedly, when I was once introduced to him by my friend Mr. W. Collins.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling years,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29 in the first Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

NOTES.

Ver. 23. Arthur Moore, Esq.

Ver. 33. *Seiz'd and tied down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Old-fox* gags and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penn'd stanzas.* W.——Rather from Horace; vide his Druso.

Ver. 38. *an aching head;*] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with. W.

Ver. 40. *Keep your piece nine years.*] Boileau employed eleven years in his short satire of L'Equivoque. Patru was four years altering and correcting the first paragraph of his translation of the oration for Archias.

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 53 in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

NOTES.

Ver. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. P.

Ver. 54. *He'll write a* Journal,] Meaning the London Journal; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry. Bishop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland.

Ver. 55. *a packet.*] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called the Assembly. 1726.

ALLUSION.

Ver. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*]

——"Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated Verse." MILTON.

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the Fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a King),

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 60 in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *'Tis sung, when Midas'*] The abruptness with which this story from Persius is introduced, occasions an obscurity in the passage; for there is no connexion with the foregoing paragraph. Boileau says, Sat. ix. v. 221, I have nothing to do with Chapelain's honour, or candour, or civility, or complaisance; but, if you hold him up as a model of good writing, and as the king of authors,

"Ma bile alors s'echauffe, et je brûle d'ecrire;
Et s'il ne m'est permis de le dire au papier;
J'irai creuser la terre, et comme ce barbier,
Faire dire aux roseaux par un nouvel organe,
Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Asne."

There is much humour in making the prying and watchful eyes of the minister, instead of the barber, first discover the ass's ears; and the word *perks* has particular force and emphasis. Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline were here pointed at. Boileau wrote his ninth Satire first in prose; of which there was a copy in the late French King's Library.

His very Minister who spy'd them first
(Some say his Queen), was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

NOTES.

Ver. 72. *Queen,*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer*, of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden's* Fables. P.

Ver. 75. *Good Friend, forbear!*] Dr. Hurd, in the Dialogue on the Age of Queen Elizabeth, has supported the character of Arbuthnot with more spirit and propriety than is done in this Epistle.

Ver. 79. *Out with it,* DUNCIAD!] "Had Mr. Pope," says Mr. Mason, "sat as easy to the sarcasms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipse his poetical fame, as Mr. Gray appears to have done with respect to the parodies on his Odes, the world would not have been possessed of a Dunciad; but it would have been impressed with a more amiable idea of its author's temper."

Ver. 80. *That secret to each fool that he's an Ass:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible. W.

Ver. 86. *the mighty crack:*] A parody on Addison's translation of Horace, Ode iii. b. 3.

Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

NOTES.

"Should the whole frame of Nature round him break
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
She unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world."

On which lines he observes, in the Bathos, "Sometimes a single word (as *crack*) will vulgarize a poetical idea."

Ver. 90. *He spins the slight,*] Berkeley, who had a brilliant fancy, has employed an image of this sort on a more serious subject in his Alciphron: "To tax or strike at a divine doctrine, on account of things foreign and adventitious, the speculations and disputes of curious men, is in my mind, an absurdity of the same kind as it would be to cut down a fine tree yielding fruit and shade, because its leaves afforded nourishment to caterpillars, or because spiders may weave cobwebs among the branches."

The metaphor in our Author is most happily carried on through a variety of corresponding particulars that exactly hit the nature of the two insects in question. It is not pursued too far, nor jaded out, so as to become quaint and affected, as is the case of many in Congreve's too witty comedies, particularly in the Way of the World, and in Young's Satires. For instance:

"Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die!

The epithets, *envious* and *proud*, have nothing to do with *squibs*. The last line is brilliant and ingenious, but perhaps too much so.

ALLUSION.

Ver. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ." Hor. P.

Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit;
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-sake—you'll offend.
No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 111 in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
Time, praise, for money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

NOTES.

Ver. 98. *Free-masons Moore!*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions. W.

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye."—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me.
"Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
Just so immortal *Mero* held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 124 in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl* admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire†:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother‡, not the Muse.
Happy, if he in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl set up his head for a sign. † His Father was crooked.
‡ His mother was much afflicted with head-aches.

NOTES.

Ver. 115. *There are, who to my person*] The smallest personal particularities, notwithstanding some fastidious writers may think them trifling, are interesting in eminent men. Hence is Montaigne so pleasing; hence is Plutarch in his Lives so interesting as well as instructive. What Addison says in jest, and with his usual humour, is true in fact: "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor." What passages in Horace are more agreeable than when he tells us he was fat and sleek, "præcanum, solibus aptum," prone to anger, but soon appeased. And again, how pleasing the detail he gives of his way of life, the descriptions of his mule, his dinner, his supper, his furniture, his amusements, his walks, his time of bathing and sleeping, from the 105th line to the end of the sixth satire of the first book. And Boileau,

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

NOTES.

in his tenth epistle, has done the same in giving many amusing particulars of his father, family, and fortunes.

Ver. 118. *Sir! you have an Eye.*] It is remarkable, that, amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none. W.

Ver. 127. *As yet a child,* &c.] He used to say, that he began to write verses farther back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's Homer fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' Ovid; and the raptures these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at school at Hyde-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and suffered to go to the comedy with the greater boys, he turned the transactions of the Iliad into a play, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the Master's Gardener to represent Ajax, and contrived to have all the Actors dressed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with his father into the Forest; and then got first acquainted with the Writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model: and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic Poem; the same which Bp. Atterbury, long afterward, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in these early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the legend of *St. Genevieve.* They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges et prælia, etc.* W.

All the circumstances of our Author's early life, mentioned in

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me through this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.
A. But why then publish? P. *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;

NOTES.

this Note, were communicated by Mr. Spence to Dr. Warburton. The account of this matter, as it was delivered to me by Mr. Spence, was as follows: As they returned in the same carriage together from Twickenham, soon after the death of our Author, and joined in lamenting his death and celebrating his praises, Dr. Warburton said he intended to write his life; on which Mr. Spence, with his usual modesty and condescension, said, that he also had the same intentions; and had, from time to time, collected from Pope's own mouth, various particulars of his life, pursuits, and studies; but would readily give up to Dr. Warburton all his collections on this subject, and accordingly communicated them to him immediately.

Ver. 128. *I lisp'd in numbers,*]

From Ovid,

"Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat."

Ver. 130. *no father disobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.* From Mr. Spence. W.

Ver. 131. *not Wife,*] These two words seem added merely for the verse, and are what the French call a *cheville.*

Ver. 135. *But why then publish?* To the three first names that encouraged his earliest writings, he has added other friends, whose acquaintance with him did not commence till he was a poet of established reputation. From the many commendations which Walsh, and Garth, and Granville bestowed on his Pasto-

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield*, read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140

NOTES.

rals, it may fairly be concluded how much the public taste has been improved, and with how many good compositions our language has been enriched, since that time. When Gray published his exquisite ode on Eton College, his first publication, little notice was taken of it: but I suppose no critic can be found that will not place it far above Pope's Pastorals. On reading which ode a certain person exclaimed.

"Sweet Bard, who shunn'st the noise of Folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee oft the lonely woods among
I woo to hear thy evening song;
And think thy thrilling strains have power
To raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the tender Spenser come
From his lov'd haunt, fair Fancy's tomb."

See particularly that fine stanza,

"These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind;"

and also,

"Yet ah! why should they know their fate?

Ver. 139. *Talbot*, &c.] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled *Dryden's Satyr to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons, with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following:

"While pure Description held the place of Sense," &c. P.

Every word and epithet here used is exactly characteristical

And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
From these the World will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

NOTES.

and peculiarly appropriated, with much art, to the temper and manner of each of the persons here mentioned; the elegance of Lansdown, the open free benevolence and candour of Garth, the warmth of Congreve, the difficulty of pleasing Swift, the very gesture (as I am informed) that Atterbury used when he was pleased, and the animated air and spirit of Bolingbroke.

Ver. 146. *Burnets*, &c.] Authors of secret and scandalous History. P.

Ibid. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.*] By no means Authors of the same class; though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse. W.

Ver. 148. *While pure Description held the place of Sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty;* and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like children's delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which, when frugally managed and artfully disposed, might be made to unfold and illustrate the noblest objects in nature. W.

Ver. 150.] *A painted meadow, or a purling stream,*] is a verse of Mr. Addison. P.

Ibid. *A painted mistress, or a purling stream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windsor-Forest*. W.

Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a Dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the Rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds:*

NOTES.

Ver. 151. *Yet then did* Gildon] The unexpected turn in the second line of each of these three couplets, contains as cutting and bitter strokes of satire as perhaps can be written. It is with difficulty we can forgive our Author for upbraiding these wretched scribblers for their poverty and distresses, if we do not keep in our minds the grossly abusive pamphlets they published; and, even allowing this circumstance, we ought to separate rancour from reproof:

"Cur tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas?"

Ver. 163. *Yet ne'er one sprig*] Swift imbibed from Sir W. Temple, and Pope from Swift, an inveterate and unreasonable aversion and contempt for Bentley, whose admirable Boyle's Lectures, Remarks on Collins's Emendations of Menander and Callimachus, and Tully's Tuscal. Disp. whose edition of Horace, and, above all, Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, (in which he gained the most complete victory over a whole army of wits,) all of them exhibit the most striking marks of accurate and extensive erudition, and a vigorous and acute understanding. He degraded himself much by his strange and absurd hypothesis of the faults which Milton's amanuensis introduced into that poem. But I have been informed that there was still an addi-

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables, 166

NOTES.

tional cause for Pope's resentment: that Atterbury, being in company with Bentley and Pope, insisted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the English Homer; and that, being earnestly pressed to declare his sentiments freely, he said, "The verses are good verses, but the work is not Homer, it is Spondanus." It may, however, be observed in favour of Pope, that Dr. Clarke, whose critical exactness is well known, has not been able to point out above three or four mistakes in the sense throughout the whole Iliad. The real faults of that translation are of another kind: they are such as remind us of Nero's gilding a brazen statue of Alexander the Great, cast by Lysippus. Pope, in a letter which Dr. Rutherforth shewed me at Cambridge in the year 1771, written to a Mr. Bridges at Fulham, mentions his consulting Chapman and Hobbes, and talks of "their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me." These are the very words which I transcribed at the time.

Ver. 163. *These ribalds,*] How deservedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholiasts.*

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West; and its tail, *verbal criticism,* was, of course, to rise with it; the madness of the Critics soon became so offensive, that the grave stupidity of the Monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus,* a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks, used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither Philosophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Lascaris* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French Critic afterward undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius,* Latin. It has been since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Erasmus* so pitiful a linguist, that, *Burman* assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country school: and even since it has been found out that *Pope* had *no invention,* and is only a Poet by courtesy. For though time has stripped the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it

Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakspeare's* name.

NOTES.

has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners than to imitate their science. However, those earlier RIBALDS raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West; insomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ΕΝΤΕΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom *Balzac* speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse, in *Persius*, no one knew but GOD and himself. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in excess of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan; raised altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the costliness of his sacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal *Bembo* used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias, great overgrown Epistles*. But ERASMUS cured their frenzy by that master-piece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder *Scaliger* insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.

His sons *Joseph* and *Salmasius* had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raised modern learning to a rivalship with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another! The choicest of *Joseph's* flowers of speech were *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum Stercore maceratum*. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to *Thuanus*, speaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipsius*, he calls the first *a monster of ignorance;* and the other *a slave to the Jesuits, and an Idiot*. But so great was his love of sacred *amity* at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiotry, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships—Je ne reste*

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms 169
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

NOTES.

de luy escrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié. The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez assurer que nôtre Eusebe sera un trésor des marveilles de la doctrine Chronologique.* But this modest account of his own work is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his bookseller of his own person. This bookseller was preparing something of *Julius Scaliger's* for the Press; and desired the Author would give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be set before the book. *Julius's* answer (as it stands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the several graces of Massinissa, Xenophon, and Plato, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his Person. Nor was *Salmasius's* judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself, as Mr. *Colomies* tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, Mess. *Gaulman* and *Maussac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed they three could make head against all the Learned in Europe. To which the great *Salmasius* fiercely replied, "Do you and M. *Maussac* join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Vossius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarled at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and *one* whom I should have thought this Critic the likeliest to reverence, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urcæus* went farther, and actually used those arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire: on which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam *ego* tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quitted the converse of men, threw himself into

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

NOTES.

the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair. W.

Ver. 164. *Slashing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss: "Habuit a natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et solers; sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum. W.——I shall add to this note an unpublished letter from my learned and excellent friend Mr. James Harris of Salisbury, addressed to Mr. John Upton, the editor of Spenser, and author of Observations on Shakspeare.

"My good Friend,

"I am much more rejoiced to hear you have found the cause of your disease, than to find you differ from me in my opinion about Horace. Dissension in matters of opinion (let the subject be what it will) is natural, I may say, even necessary, and brings no harm. Bitterness, for that reason, is neither necessary nor natural, and what I hope neither you nor I are susceptible of, neither with respect to friends nor strangers.

"When I think of Bentley, I can't help comparing him to Virgil's Fame;

"Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit;"

An immense monster, possessed of a thousand eyes and a thousand ears, to see, and hear, and know, every thing, but, at the same time,

"Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri."

The consciousness of his own great parts and accomplishments furnished him with a pride, that, as it made him condemn the sentiments of most others, so it made him deify his own errours.

"For Horace, there is no doubt that he collected his pieces together, and so published them as we do, now-a-days, miscellanies. Common sense and practice, on similar occasions, is the same in all ages; nor is there any need of all Bentley's parade about Catullus, Propertius, Ovid, and others, to prove, what no one doubted, that the writers of short pieces, not long enough in

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

NOTES.

themselves to make a just volume, should bring them together for that purpose, with a dedication or preface. This, however, is all that this critic has done (and a work, indeed, it is that a much less scholar than he was well equal to) in order to refute the far superior labours of Dacier and others, in fixing the dates of each particular piece. The whole of the dispute comes to this: the time of writing each particular Satire, Ode, or Epistle, has nothing farther to do with the time of the volume's publication, which contains it, than that the piece must necessarily have been written first: but every piece had undoubtedly its own date distinct from all the rest, according as joy or grief, health or sickness, summer or winter, and a thousand other incidents, afforded the occasion. When it was thus written, was it shut up (think you) and concealed, never shewn to the polite world with whom he lived, nor even to the friend to whom it was addressed, till he had composed enough of other pieces to make up a volume? Did Cæsar, for example, know nothing of that fine and sublime ode (the 37th of Book. i.) made on his grand victory at Actium, till he saw it in the same scroll or volume with thirty-seven others, many on trifling and private subjects? Had Horace so little regard for so choice a piece, or was he even so bad a courtier, as to suppress it so long, and for no better reason? To publish, now-a-days, means to *print;* but, in those days, it was a publication to communicate a MS.; and it is not to be doubted, that, immediately on the victory and death of Cleopatra, the ode was in the hands of every man of taste in Rome. It was the practice (says Bentley) to publish their pieces *semel simulque.* But I say neither *semel* nor *simul.* The 4th Sat. l. i. was published most evidently before the 10th of the same book, for the 10th vindicates it from the exceptions taken to it by the admirers of Lucilius. They were not, therefore, published originally *simul.* Again, the 4th Satire certainly made its appearance along with the 10th, when they composed one book or volume. It was therefore published *twice*, and not *semel.*

"The ode upon Virgil's Voyage to Athens (according to Bentley's Chronology) was written *at least* eight years before Virgil made it. The ode, that so chearfully invites Virgil to a feast, according to the same great Critic's chronology, was ad-

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can *guess?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;

NOTES.

dressed to him two or three years after his death. Are these things probable?

"As to philosophy (which is your own province) I have much the same to say as I have said already about the publication. It is no proof he did not publish his pieces separately, because at times he published them together; and no proof that he was never a Stoic or Old Academic, because at times he was an Epicurean.

"Nunc agilis fio, et mersor civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ custos, rigidusque satelles."

These lines (I say) can never be tortured into Epicureanism, as the editor of Arrian well knows. And what did Horace study in his youth, when at Athens, *inter silvas Academi?* Was it the doctrine of Epicurus? He might as well have studied the doctrine of Calvin at St. Omer's. It is hard not to take a man's own word in matters merely relative to himself."

Ver. 180. *A Persian tale*] Amb. Philips translated a Book called the *Persian Tales*, a book full of fancy and imagination. P.

Philips, certainly not a very animated or first-rate writer, yet appears not to deserve quite so much contempt, if we look at his first and fifth pastoral, his epistle from Copenhagen, his ode on the Death of Earl Cowper, his translations of the two first Olympic odes of Pindar, the two odes of Sappho, and, above all, his pleasing tragedy of the Distress'd Mother. The secret grounds of Philips's malignity to Pope, are said to be, the ridicule and laughter he met with from all the Hanover Club, of which he was secretary, for mistaking the incomparable ironical paper in the Guardian, No. 40, which was written by Pope, for a serious criticism on pastoral poetry. The learned Heyne also mistook this irony, as appears by p. 202. v. 1. of his Virgil.

He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to sense, now nonsense, learning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.

NOTES.

Ver. 189. *All these, my modest Satire bade* translate,] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by *several hands*. P.

Ver. 190. *And own'd that nine such Poets*] Before this piece was published, Dr. Young had addressed two Epistles to our Author, in the year 1730, concerning the Authors of the age; in which are many passages that bear a great resemblance to many of Pope's; though Pope has heightened, improved, and condensed, the hints, images, and sentiments, of Young.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or Champain?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
And whet their appetite on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark,
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk,
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig,
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad,
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune their reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds?
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut;
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits;
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;

NOTES.

Ver. 192. *And swear, not* ADDISON *himself was safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transitions, and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the severity of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation. W.

Ver. 193. *but were there One whose fires,* &c.] Our Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated on both sides with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and a constant intercourse of good offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation; warned his friend against a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own, (see note on Ver. 215. Ep. I. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when *Dennis* so brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A Narrative of his Madness.*

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the *Rosicrucian* System. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison, who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the con-

Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:

NOTES.

trary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal.* Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: And after a diligent inquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. And Sir R. Steele, in the ninth Edition of the *Drummer* (which Tickell had omitted to insert amongst Addison's Works) in a long epistle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addison, and not Tickell, was the translator of the *first book* of the Iliad to which the latter had set his name. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this new Version in a severe critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendour of his own works so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate: but that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face: and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world; and, as a proof of this disposition

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent the civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;

NOTES.

towards him, he had sent him the enclosed; which was the CHARACTER, first published separately, and afterward inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

It appears, from a collection of Swift's Letters lately published, that Mr. Addison, when party was at its height, used Swift much better than he had used Pope, on that account, though he had been more roughly treated by Swift than Pope's nature would suffer him to treat any one. But the reason is plain. Swift was Addison's rival only in politics: Pope was his rival in poetry; an opposition less tolerable, as more personal. However, Addison's social talents, in the entertainment and enjoyment of his intimate friends, charmed both Pope and Swift alike; as a quality far superior to any thing that was to be found in any other man. W.

Ver. 193. *but were there One whose fires*, &c.] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that, in one of his letters to Mr. Pope, he says, "Since you now know where your Strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satiric poetry to its perfection. W.

Ver. 198. *Bear, like the Turk*,] This is from Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib. 3. p. 180. And the thought was also used by Ld. Orrery, and by Denham.

Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 208 in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

NOTES.

Ver. 209. *Like* Cato, *give*] In the second volume of the Biographia Britannica is a vindication of Addison, by a writer, who, to a consummate knowledge of the laws and history of his country, added a most exquisite taste in literature, I mean Sir William Blackstone; who thus concludes this vindication: "Nothing surely could justify so deep a resentment, unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had two years before expressly disapproved of a personal abuse of Mr. Dennis. The person, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope seems to have received this anecdote, about the time of his writing the character (*viz.* about July 1715), was no other than the Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself; and the something about Wycherley (in which the story supposes that Addison hired Gildon to abuse Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's Life. Now it happens, that in July 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August 1721) was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be intrusted with such a secret, by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted; for Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the Countess of Warwick, till the following year 1716: nor would Gildon have been employed in July 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's Life, who lived till the December following. As therefore so many inconsistencies are evident in the story itself, which never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to sup-

While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

NOTES.

pose that the whole of it was founded on some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unless better proof can be given, we shall readily acquit Mr. Addison of this most odious part of the charge."

I beg leave to add, that as to the other accusation, Dr. Young, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttleton, each of them assured me that Addison himself certainly translated the first Book of Homer.

An able vindication of Addison was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterward the celebrated Critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, so early as 1717. And perhaps this circumstance may furnish a clue to what has been so ably discussed by Judge Blackstone, in the "Biographia Britannica," under the article Addison. The epistle to Arbuthnot was not published till January 1735; that to Augustus, with some others, appeared in 1738.—"I have seen Mr. Pope's best performances, and find that he pleases the town most when he is most out of humour with the court. He has made very free with his gracious majesty, in the Epistle to Augustus. But he had lost his favourite bill; even my Lord Harvey had carried a point against him; and while he is angry, he will never be idle. In this last Epistle he seems to have recanted all he had before said of Addison," viz.

——"(Excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains," &c.

From a manuscript letter of Mr. Clarke, who wrote on Ancient Coins, to his learned printer and friend Mr. Bowyer; July 6, 1738.

Ver. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem, then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation; our old impressions will get the better of our new; or, at least, suffer themselves to be no farther impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern. W.

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state.
Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;

NOTES.

Ibid. ATTICUS] It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could farther be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. P.

Ver. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm.

Ver. 232. *puff'd by ev'ry quill;*] By Addison, in his Account of Poets; by Steele, in a dedication to the Spectator; by Tickell, to his Homer. The ridicule on the Hind and Panther was the best of Halifax's compositions.

Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His Library (where busts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234 in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

NOTES.

Ver. 236. *a true* Pindar *stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide. *Fulv. Ursin. &c.*

Ver. 245. Dryden *alone*] Our Poet, with true gratitude, has seized every opportunity of shewing his reverence for his great master, Dryden; whom Swift as constantly depreciated and maligned. "I do affirm," says he severely, but with exquisite irony indeed, in the dedication of the Tale of a Tub to Prince Posterity, "upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen." And he attacks him again in the Battle of Books. Shaftesbury is also very fond of petulantly carping at Dryden: "To see the incorrigibleness of our poets in their pedantic

But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

NOTES.

manner," says he, vol. iii. p. 276, "their vanity, defiance of criticism; their rhodomontade, and poetical bravado; we need only turn to our famous poet-laureat, the very Mr. Bays himself, in one of his latest and most-valued pieces, Don Sebastian, writ many years after the ingenious author of the Rehearsal had drawn his picture." I remember to have heard my father say, that Mr. Elijah Fenton, who was his intimate friend, and had been his master, informed him, that Dryden, upon seeing some of Swift's earliest verses, said to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet:" And that this was the cause of Swift's rooted aversion to Dryden, mentioned above. Baucis and Philemon was so much and so often altered, at the instigation of Addison, who mentioned this circumstance to my father at Magdalen College, that not above eight lines remain as they originally stood. Shaftesbury's resentment was excited by the admirable poem of Absalom and Achitophel; and particularly by four lines in it that related to Lord Ashley, his father:

"And all to leave, what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son,
Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy."

In the character which Dr. Johnson has given of Dryden, with his usual eloquence and energy, there is one sentence to which I cannot subscribe: "Dryden, standing in the highest place, was in no danger from his contemporaries." Where then was Milton? Dryden himself yielded the first place to Milton.

Ver. 248. *help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigences, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality. P.

Ver. 248. *help'd to starve.*] Alluding to the subscription that was made for his funeral. Garth spoke an oration over him. His necessities obliged him to produce (besides many other poetical pieces) twenty-seven plays in twenty-five years. He got 25*l.* for the copy, and 70*l.* for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. His plays, a very few passages excepted, are insufferably unnatural. It is remarkable that he did not scruple to confess, that he could

May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the *Great*, for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me GAY;

NOTES.

not relish the pathos and simplicity of Euripides. When he published his Fables, Tonson agreed to give him two hundred and sixty-eight pounds for ten thousand verses. And, to complete the full number of lines stipulated for, he gave the bookseller the epistle to his cousin, and the celebrated Music Ode. "Old Jacob Tonson used to say, that Dryden was a little jealous of rivals. He would compliment Crown when a play of his failed, but was very cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say that Crown had some genius: but then he added always, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Mr. Pope to Mr. Spence.

Ver. 251. *So when a Statesman,* &c.] Notwithstanding this ridicule on the *public* necessities of the Great, our Poet was candid enough to confess, that they are not always to be imputed to them, as their *private* distresses generally may. For (when uninfected by the *neighbour of Party*) he speaks of those necessities much more dispassionately. W.——In fact, neither great ministers, nor great princes, are either so good or so bad, as their flatterers and censurers represent them to be. This, however, ought not to prevent our keeping a jealous eye over every man in power.

Ver. 256. *left me* GAY;] The sweetness and simplicity of Gay's temper and manners much endeared him to all his acquaintance, and made them always speak of him with particular fondness and attachment. He wrote with neatness and terseness, æquali quadam mediocritate, but certainly without any elevation; frequently without any spirit. Trivia appears to be the

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:

NOTES.

best of his poems, in which are many strokes of genuine humour and pictures of London-life, which are now become curious, because our manners, as well as our dresses, have been so much altered and changed within a few years. His Fables, the most popular of all his works, have the fault of many modern fable-writers, the ascribing, to the different animals and objects introduced, speeches and actions inconsistent with their several natures. An elephant can have nothing to do in a bookseller's shop. They are greatly inferior to the Fables of La Fontaine, which is perhaps the most unrivalled work in the whole French language. The Beggars' Opera has surely been extolled beyond its merits. I could never perceive that fine vein of concealed satire supposed to run through it: and though I should not join with a bench of Westminister Justices in forbidding it to be represented on the stage, yet I think pickpockets, strumpets, and highwaymen, may be hardened in their vices by this piece: and that Pope and Swift talked too highly of its moral good effects. One undesigned and accidental mischief attended its success: it was the parent of that most monstrous of all dramatic absurdities, the Comic Opera. The friendship of two such excellent personages as the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry, did, in truth, compensate poor Gay's want of pension and preferment. They behaved to him constantly with that delicacy and sense of seeming equality, as never to suffer him for a moment to feel his state of dependance. Let every man of letters, who wishes for patronage, read D'Alembert's Essay on living with the Great, before he enters the house of a patron: and let him always remember the fate of Racine, who having drawn up, at Madame Maintenon's secret request, a memorial that strongly painted the distresses of the French nation, the weight of their taxes, and the expenses of the court, she could not resist the importunity of Lewis XIV. but shewed him her friend's paper, against whom the king immediately conceived a violent indignation, because a poet should dare to busy himself with politics. Racine had the weakness to take this anger so much to heart, that it brought on a low fever which hastened his death. The Dutchess of Queensberry would not so have betrayed her poetical friend Gay. I was informed by Mr. Spence, that Mr. Ad-

Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books, I please:
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270 in the MS.

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The World I knew, but made it not my School*,
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By *not making the World his School*, he means, he did not form his system of morality on the principles or practice of men in business.

NOTES.

dison, in his last illness, sent to speak with Mr. Gay, and told him he had injured him; probably with respect to his gaining some employment at court; "but," said he, "if I recover I will endeavour to recompense you."

Ver. 261. *Oh let me live*] In the first edition;

Give me on Thames's banks, in honest ease,
To see what friends, or read what books I please.

Ver. 265. *tho' I condescend*, &c.] He thought it, and he justly thought it, a condescension in an honest man to accept the friendship of any one, how high soever, whose conduct in life was governed only on *principles of policy*: for of what *Ministers* he speaks, may be seen by the character he gives, in the next line, of the *Courts* they belong to. W.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
"No, such a Genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282 in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately, was it understood?
P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.
A. No——the high task to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-sermons, and to Birth-day Odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.
P. Why write at all?——A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces, weep.

NOTES.

Ver. 271. *Why am I ask'd*, &c.] This is intended as a reproof of those impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement.—A French Writer says well on this occasion—Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté. W.

Ver. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my* Style?] The discovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a Lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:

NOTES.

a perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these Critics, knowing an Author by style, is like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertisement* to the first edition of the *new Dunciad*, intimating, that, "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect and unfinished," I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion; who took the lead, and who sometimes have intruded on Town the dullest performances for works of wit: while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath passed by the public eye unobserved or neglected: that he once before made the trial I now objected to with success in the *Essay on Man:* which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Young, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this same Public, when let into the secret, would, for some time after, suffer no poem with a moral title, to pass for any man's but his. So the *Essay on Human Life*, the *Essay on Reason*, and many others of a worse tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him. W.——There are many admirable passages in Harte's Essay on Human Reason, which was much praised on its first publication and is said to have been corrected by Pope.

Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And shew the *sense* of it without the *love;*
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
And sees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?

NOTES.

Ver. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* silver bell, &c.] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. P.

Ver. 305. *Let* Sporus *tremble*] Language cannot afford more glowing or more forcible terms to express the utmost bitterness of contempt. We think we are here reading Milton against Salmasius. The raillery is carried to the very verge of *railing*, some will say *ribaldry*. He has armed his muse with a scalping knife. The portrait is certainly overcharged: for Lord H. for whom it was designed, whatever his morals might be, had yet considerable abilities, though marred by affectation. Some of his speeches in parliament were much beyond florid impotence. They were, it is true, in favour of Sir R. Walpole; and this was sufficiently offensive to Pope. The fact that particularly excited his indignation, was Lord H.'s Epistle to a Doctor of Divinty (Dr. Sherwin) from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, 1733; as well as his having been concerned with Lady M. W. M. in Verses to the Imitator of Horace, 1732. This Lady's beauty, wit, genius, and travels, of which she gave an account in a series of elegant and entertaining letters, very characteristical of

Satire or Sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

NOTES.

the manners of the Turks, and of which many are addressed to Pope; are well known, and justly celebrated. With both noble personages had Pope lived in a state of intimacy. And justice obligeth us to confess that he was the aggressor in the quarrel with them: as he first assaulted and affronted Lord H. by these two lines in his Imitation of the first Satire of Horace's second Book:

> The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

And Lady M. W. M. by the eighty-third line of the same piece, too gross to be here repeated.

It is a singular circumstance, that our Author's indignation was so vehement and inexhaustible, that it furnished him with another invective, of equal power, in prose, which is to be found at the end of the third volume, containing his Letters. The reader that turns to it, page 328 (for it is too long to be here inserted, and too full of matter to be abridged), will find, that it abounds in so many new strokes of sarcasm, in so many sudden and repeated blows, that he does not allow the poor devoted peer a moment's breathing-time:

> Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra;
> Nec mora, nec requies; quam multa grandine nimbi
> Culminibus crepitant; sic densis ictibus heros
> Creber utraque manu pulsat, versatque.

It is indeed a master-piece of *invective*, and perhaps excels the character of Sporus itself, capital as that is, above-quoted: who, however, would wish to be the author of such a cutting invective? But can this be the nobleman (we are apt to ask) whom Middleton, in his Dedication to the History of the Life of Tully, has so seriously and so earnestly praised, for his strong good sense, his consummate politeness, his real patriotism, his rigid temperance, his thorough knowledge and defence of the laws of his country, his accurate skill in history, his unexampled and unremitted diligence in literary pursuits, who added credit to this very history, as Scipio and Lælius did to that of Polybius, by revising and correcting it; and brightening it, as he expresses it, by the strokes of his pencil? The man that had

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

NOTES.

written this splendid encomium on Lord H. could not, we may imagine, be very well affected to the bard who had painted Lord Fanny in so ridiculous a light. We find him writing thus to Dr. Warburton, January 7, 1740: "You have evinced the orthodoxy of Mr. Pope's principles; but, like the old commentators on his Homer, will be thought perhaps, in some places, to have found a meaning for him, that he himself never dreamt of. However, if you did not *find* him a *philosopher*, you will *make* him one; for he will be wise enough to take the benefit of your reading, and make his future Essays more clear and consistent."

Ver. 306. *white curd*] Methinks this was too personal. Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepsy, persisted in a strict regimen of daily food, which was a small quantity of asses milk and a flour biscuit, with an apple once a week; and he used a little paint to soften his ghastly appearance.

Ver. 308. *upon a wheel?*] It ought to be *the* wheel. The indefinite article is used for the definite.

Ver. 319. See Milton, Book iv. P.

Ver. 322. *or blasphemies.*] In former editions these two lines followed immediately:

Did ever Smock-face act so vile a part,
A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.

His wit all sea-saw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; Be one Poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:

NOTES.

Ver. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris: "I intend to send you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the best Poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." *MS. Lett. Oct.* 15, 1726. W.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

NOTES.

Ver. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:*] This may be said no less in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus: unum ne tentes quod effici non possit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, *Dryden;* who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Absalom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he seemed neither to understand nor attend to it. W.

Ibid. *But stoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untamed birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey. W.

Ver. 343. *He stood the furious foe,*] Stood, improperly used for withstood.

Ver. 350. *The tale reviv'd,*] Formerly, "The tales of vengeance."

Ver. 350. *the lie so oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakspeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355
The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S Ear—

NOTES.

shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*. P.

Ver. 351. *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others. W.

Ver. 353. *the pictur'd shape;*] Hay, in his essay on Deformity, has remarked, that Pope was so hurt by the caricatura of his figure, as to rank it among the most atrocious injuries he received from his enemies. Hay, with much pleasantry, jesting on his own deformity, has added, "In person I resemble Æsop, the Prince of Orange, Marshal Luxemburg, Lord Treasurer Salisbury, Scarron, and Mr. Pope; not to mention Thersites and Richard the Third, whom I do not claim as members of our society; the first being a child of the poet's fancy; the last, misrepresented by historians. Let me not be unthankful that I was not born in Sparta! where I had no sooner seen the light but I should have been deprived of it, and have been thrown, as a useless thing, into a cavern by Mount Taygetus."

Ver. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons. P.

Ver. 356. *The* whisper, *that to Greatness still too near,*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest characters. Shakspeare has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *Greatness* in the following line;

"Rain *sacrificial whisp'rings* in his ear."

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron. W.——Did Shakspeare mean this?

Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last!*
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a Pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess
Foe to his pride, but Friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moore*,
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lie,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 368 in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless Youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

Ver. 359. *For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the* last!] This line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady Virtue, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it; which was the being thought hardly of by his SOVEREIGN. W.

Ver. 363. Sporus *at court,*] In former editions, Glencus at court.

Ver. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels before

To please his Mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grub-street* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.

NOTES.

the Author of the Dunciad published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. P.

Ver. 375. *Welsted's lie,*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds:* the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *any great Man* whatsoever. P.

Ver. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel,* in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee,* bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Mr. *Tindal,* in the *Grub-street Journal;* a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author. P.

Ver. 379. *except his Will;*] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him. P.

Ver. 381. *His father, mother,* &c.] In some of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropped an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity:* and the following line,

"Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,"

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose

Yet why? That Father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!*
Unspotted names, and memorable long! 386
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause),

NOTES.

sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsay.—His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York: she had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham in Middlesex:

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHÆ. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI. P.

Ver. 388. *Of gentle blood*] When Mr. Pope published the notes on the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, observed, that his cousin Pope had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard any thing himself of their being descended from the Earls of Downe; and, what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance; on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known any thing of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the church of England in Hampshire.

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Bestia's* from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 405 in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

NOTES.

He placed his son, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Lisbon, where he became a convert to Popery. (Thus far Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carlisle, a friend of Pope; from Mr. Pottinger.) The burying-place and monuments of the family of the Popes, Earls of Downe, is at Wroxton, Oxfordshire. The Earl of Guildford says, that he has seen and examined the pedigrees and descents of that family, and is sure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be descended from that family.——(From John Loveday, of Caversham, Esquire.)

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,

NOTES.

Ver. 408. *Me, let the tender office*] These exquisite lines give us a very interesting picture of the exemplary filial piety of our Author! There is a pensive and pathetic sweetness in the very flow of them. The eye that has been wearied and oppressed by the harsh and austere colouring of some of the preceding passages, turns away with pleasure from these asperities, and reposes with complacency on the soft tints of domestic tenderness. We are naturally gratified to see men descending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the sensation is the more pleasing to us, because admiration is turned into affection. In the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Racine (published by his son) we find no passage more amusing and interesting, than where that great Poet sends an excuse to Monsieur, the Duke, who had earnestly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Conde, because he had promised to partake of a great fish that his children had got for him, and he could not think of disappointiug them.

Melancthon appeared in an amiable light, when he was seen holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading, and with the other, rocking the cradle of his infant child. And we read with more satisfaction,

——οὗ παιδὸς ὀρέξατο φαίδιμος Ἕκτωρ.
Ἄψ δ' ὁ πάϊς πρὸς κόλπον ἐϋζώνοιο τιθήνης
Ἐκλίνθη ἰάχων——

than we do,

Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον, ἶκετο τέκμωρ,
Αἰγὰς——

Ver. 409. *To rock the cradle*] This tender image is from the Essays of Montaigne. Mr. Gray was equally remarkable for affectionate attention to his aged mother; so was Ariosto. Pope's mother was a sister of Cooper's wife, the very celebrated miniature painter. Lord Carleton had a portrait of Cooper, in crayons,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

which Mrs. Pope said was not very like; and which, descending to Lord Burlington, was given by his Lordship to Kent. "I have a drawing," says Mr. Walpole, "of Pope's father, as he lay dead in his bed, by his brother-in-law, Cooper." It was Mr. Pope's. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 115.

Ver. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a* QUEEN.] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne. W.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur*. Hor.

---

* This motto suited the free and easy manner of Horace; not the more solemn tones of his imitator. Pope told Mr. Spence, that he wrote this Imitation in two mornings, excellent as it is.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller;* whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite.*

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. P.

Few Imitations of Horace are executed with more fidelity and spirit than that of the 1st Sat. of B. i. by Sir Brooke Boothby,

addressed to his amiable and poetical friend Dr. Darwin. "Had Horace wrote his Satires or Epistles in the same kind of numbers with Virgil's Æneid, it would have been a monstrous impropriety; like hunting the fox or the hare on a war-horse, with the equipage of a General at a review, or in the day of battle. He knew very well, that, in familiar writings, dignity of versification would be quite ridiculous."—Armstrong.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[a]SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b]sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. [c]Trebati,
Quid faciam? præscribe.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *There are*] "When I had a fever one winter in town," said Pope to Mr. Spence, "that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and, in turning it over, dipt on the first satire of the second book. He observed how well that would suit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to press in a week or fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles." "To how casual a beginning," adds Spence, "we are obliged for the most delightful things in our language! When I was saying to him, that he had already imitated near a third part of Horace's satires and epistles, and how much it was to be wished that he would go on with them, he could not believe that he had gone so far; but, upon computing it, it appeared to be above a third. He seemed on this not disinclined to carry it farther; but his last illness was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him, and of all hopes of that kind, in a few months." Transcribed from Spence's Anecdotes; 1754.

No parts of our Author's Works have been more admired than those Imitations. The aptness of the allusions, and the happiness of many of the parallels, give a pleasure that is always no

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told),
[a]There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold:
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much to rough.
[b]The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c]I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee.

NOTES.

small one to the mind of a reader—the pleasure of comparison. He that has the least acquaintance with these pieces of Horace, which resemble the Old Comedy, immediately perceives, indeed, that our Author has assumed a higher tone, and frequently has deserted the free colloquial air, the insinuating Socratic manner, of his original: and that he clearly resembles in his style, as he did in his natural temper, the severe and serious Juvenal more than the smiling and sportive Horace. Let us select some passages in which he may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen short of, the original; the latter of which cannot be deemed a disgrace to our Poet, or to any other writer, if we consider the extreme difficulty of transfusing into another language the subtle beauties of Horace's dignified familiarity, and the uncommon union of so much facility and force.

Ver. 10. *Advice; and, as you use,*] Horace, with much seeming seriousness, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer C. Trebatius Testa, an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar, and of

T. [d]Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream male, si non
Optimum erat: [e]verum nequeo dormire.

T. [f]Ter uncti
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

NOTES.

Tully, as appears from many of his epistles to Atticus; the gravity and self-importance of whose character is admirably supported throughout this little drama. His answers are short, authoritative, and decisive. "Quiescas," "aio." And, as he was known to be a great drinker and swimmer, his two absurd pieces of advice have infinite pleasantry. All these circumstances of humour are dropped in the copy. The lettuce and cowslip-wine are insipid and unmeaning prescriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr. Fortescue's character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this Imitation are flat and languid. We must also observe, from the old commentators, that the verbs *transnanto* and *habento* are in the very style of the Roman law: "Vide ut directis jurisconsultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium jurisconsultum."

There are many excellent remarks in Acro and Porphyrio; from whom, as well as from Cruquius, Dacier has borrowed much, without owning it. Dacier's translation of Horace is not equal to his Aristotle's Poetics. In the former, he is perpetually striving to discover new meanings in his author, which Boileau called, *The Revelations of Dacier*.

Cicero, as appears from many of his letters, had a great regard for this Trebatius, to whom he says, speaking of his accompanying Cæsar in his expedition to Britain, "I hear there is neither silver nor gold in that island." On which Middleton finely observes, "From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms: how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk

F. [d]I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
[e]And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.·
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
[f]Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *Probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

NOTES.

in sloth, ignorance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel, as well as to the most contemptible, of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture; while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it; from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty losing every thing else that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism."

Ver. 11. *Not write?* &c.] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

Peream male, si non
Optimum erat:

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of

verum nequeo dormire.

For conciseness, when it is clear (as in this place), gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it. W.

Ver. 12. *sleep a wink.*] The rhyme conceals the vulgarity of the expression, sleep a wink. Rhyme has often this effect. But familiarity was perhaps intended.

[g]Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
Cæsaris invicti res dicere, [h]multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i]neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. [k]Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,
Cum res ipsa feret: [l]nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *What? like Sir Richard*, &c.] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton* (says he, in a Letter to Mr. Locke), *have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find, with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Just so, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetasters to the world's end. W.

Pope has turned the compliment to Augustus into a severe sarcasm. All the wits seem to have leagued against Sir Richard Blackmore. In a letter now lying before me from Elijah Fenton to my father, dated Jan. 24, 1707, he says, "I am glad to hear Mr. Philips will publish his Pomona: Who prints it? I shall be mightily obliged to you if you could get me a copy of his verses against Blackmore." As the letter contains one or two literary particulars, I will transcribe the rest. As "to what you write about making a collection, I can only advise you to buy what poems you can, that Tonson has printed, except the Ode to the Sun; unless you will take it in, because I writ it; which I am freer to own, that Mat. Prior may not suffer in his reputation by having it ascribed to him. My humble service to Mr. Sacheverell,

[g]Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's Praise,
[h]You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir [i]Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK, crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and Force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?
F. [k]Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. [l]Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureat* twice a year;

NOTES.

and tell him I will never imitate Milton more, till the author of Blenheim is forgotten." In vain was Blackmore extolled by Molyneux and Locke: but Locke, to his other superior talents, did not add good taste. He affected to despise poetry, and he depreciated the ancients: which circumstance, as I was informed by the late Mr. James Harris, his relation, was the source of perpetual discontent and dispute betwixt him and his pupil Lord Shaftesbury; who, in many parts of his Characteristics, and Letters to a Clergyman, has ridiculed Locke's selfish philosophy, and has represented him as a disciple of Hobbes; from which writer it must in truth be confessed that Locke borrowed frequently and largely. Locke had not the fine taste of a greater philosopher, I mean Galileo, who wrote a comment on Ariosto full of just criticism, and whose letter to Fr. Rinuccini on this subject may be seen in Martinelli's Letters, p. 255. London; 1758.

Ver. 28. *falling Horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him. W.

Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæsaris* aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.
T. [m]Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[n]Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus*, et odit.
H. [o]Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.
[p]Castor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

NOTES.

Ver. 39. *Abuse the City's* best good men *in* metre,] The *best good Man*, a City phrase for the *richest*. *Metre*—not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence. W.

Ver. 41. *What should ail 'em?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, *that each fears his own turn may be next;* his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very levity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover. W.

Ver. 45. *Each mortal*] These words, indeed, open the sense of Horace; but the *quid faciam* is better, as it leaves it to the reader to discover, what is one of Horace's greatest beauties, his secret and delicate transitions and connexions, to which those who do not carefully attend, lose half the pleasure of reading him.

Ver. 46. *Darty his Ham-pie;*] This lover of Ham-pie owned the fidelity of the Poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of *Ham-pie*, he had given him *Sweet-pie*, he never could have pardoned him. W.

Lyttleton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced Darteneuf, in a pleasant discourse betwixt him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feasts were known in England. The story of the Ham-pie was confirmed by Mr. Dodsley, who knew Darteneuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner.

Ver. 50. *Like in all else,*] This parallel is not happy and exact: To shew the variety of human passions and pursuits, Castor and

And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. [m]Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter.
[n]Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. [o]Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
[p]F - - - loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.

NOTES.

Pollux were unlike, even though they came from one and the same egg. This is far more extraordinary and marvellous than that two common brothers should have different inclinations. And afterward, ver. 51,

> " I love to pour out all myself, as plain
> As downright SHIPPEN, or as old MONTAIGNE."

" My chief pleasure is to write Satires like Lucilius," says Horace. " My chief pleasure," says Pope, " is—what? to speak my mind freely and openly." There should have been an instance of some employment, and not a virtuous habit.

Pope would not have been pleased with this censure of the politics of Shippen, who was an able speaker, which the commentator has subjoined to this passage. A poet, like Lucilius, ought to have been named, not a politician. In the original, Horace calls Lucilius, *senis;* not because he was an old man,

Millia. [q]me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis. sequor hunc, [r]Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum

NOTES.

but because he was of an ancient equestrian family, and was great-uncle of Pompey the Great. Lucilius, among other inaccuracies of style, sometimes strangely disjoined words, as in *cere comminuit brum*, for *cerebrum*.

Ver. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

" Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris," &c.

Persius alluded to this idea, when he said,

" Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle!" &c. W.

Ver. 64. *Verse-man or Prose-man,*] The original, Ver. 35, Nam Venusinus arat, down to Ver. 39, and to the words, incuteret violenta, which are improperly printed in a parenthesis, have been thought an awkward and a monkish interpolation, but were undoubtedly intended by Horace to represent the loose, incoherent, and verbose manner of Lucilius, who composed hastily and carelessly, ducentos ante cibum versus; and who loaded his Satires with many useless and impertinent thoughts; very offensive to the chaste and correct taste of Horace.

[q]I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
[r]Verse-man or Prose-man, term me what you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

NOTES.

Ver. 66. *Like good Erasmus*] The violence and haughtiness of Luther disgusted the mild and moderate Erasmus, and alienated him from pursuing the plan of reformation which at first he seemed to encourage and engage in. Luther represented him as an Arian and a time-server. "I thought," said Erasmus, "Luther's marriage would have softened him a little. It is hard for a man of my moderation and of my years to be obliged to write against a savage beast and a furious wild boar." But great revolutions and great reformations are not effected by calm and sober reason, nor without such violence and enthusiasm as Luther possessed. When Voltaire was lamenting that Locke and Newton had few disciples in comparison of the numerous followers of Luther and Calvin, it was replied to him, "that, without a Luther and Calvin, we should never have had a Locke or Newton."

Incuteret violenta.] [s]sed hic stylus haud petit ultro
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus; quem cur distringere coner,
[t]Tutus ab infestis latronibus? [u]O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat [w]cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commorit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)
[x]Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.
[y]Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus est inimica, venenum;

NOTES.

Ver. 70. *To run a muck,*] The expression is from Dryden:

" Frontless and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And *runs* an Indian *muck* at all he meets."

And it alludes to a practice among the Malayans, who are great gamesters; which is, that when a man has lost all his property, he intoxicates himself with opium, works himself up to a fit of frenzy, rushes into the streets, and attacks and murders all he meets.

Ver. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors,* &c.] Superior to

" tutus ab infestis latronibus,"

which only carries on the metaphor in

" ——ensis
Vagina tectus;"

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire. W.

Ver. 73. *Save but our Army!* &c.] " Une maladie nouvelle," says the admirable Author *de L'esprit des Loix*, " s'est répandue en Europe; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre desordonné de Troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, et elle devient *necessairement contagieuse.* Car si tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir, si ses Peuples etoient en danger

[s]Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[t]I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[u]Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
[w]Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no Minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
[x]Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
[y]Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P--x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

NOTES.

d'être exterminés; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D'EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l'Europe est-elle si ruinée, qui les particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les richesses et le commerce de tout l'univers; et bientôt, à force d'avoir des soldats, nous n'aurons plus que des soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares." W.

Ver. 78. *Slides into verse,*] Closely copied from Boileau:

" Et malheur a tout nom qui, propre à la censure,
Peut entrer dans un vers sans rompre la mesure."

Ver. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original: but it is hard to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

" Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;"

yet there might be something, for aught we know, in the cha-

Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes,
[a]Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum? [a]Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
[b]Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Exspectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
[c]Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.
T. [d]O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

NOTES.

racter or history of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation. W.

Ver. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt*, &c.] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the original. W.

Ver. 91. *Then, learned Sir!*] The brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphrase of the next ten lines. The third and three succeeding verses are very languid and verbose, and perhaps some of the worst he has written.

Ver. 93—96. *Whether old age—shade;*] The original is more finished, and even more sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our Author. W.

Ver. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his ease, and with all this levity of style, of the disasters incident to wit. But it was a serious matter with Horace; and is so still with our witty Neigh-

[a]Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
[a]So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
[b]Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c]Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
F. [d]Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!

NOTES.

bours; one of whom has well expressed their condition, in the following lines:

" Eh! Que sait-on? Un simple badinage,
Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,
Peut vous jetter sur un autre rivage:
Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot." W.

Ver. 100. *Like Lee or Budgel,*] One is sorry to see Lee, a true genius, coupled with Budgel, and his insanity ridiculed.

Ver. 101. *your days can ne'er be long;*] The original says, " Lest any one of your powerful friends should strike you with a cold and contemptuous look."—" Racine meurt," says Voltaire, " par une foiblesse grande; parcequ'un autre homme en passant dans une galerie ne l'a pas regardé. J'en suis faché; mais le rôle de Phœdre n'en est pas moins admirable."

H. 'Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
'*Detrahere et pellem, nitidus* qua quisque per ora
Cederet, *introrsum turpis;* num Lælius, aut qui

NOTES.

Ver. 104. *Will club their Testers,* &c.] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment, in the very circumstance of their indulging it, as it shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety. W.

Ver. 105. *What? arm'd for Virtue*] From this line to Ver. 140, is a passage of as much force and energy as any that can be produced in the English language, in rhyme.

Ver. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Because just *Satire* is a useful supplement to the sanctions of *Law* and *Religion;* and has therefore a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of Church of State. W.

Ver. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged. W.

Ibid. *Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureat Dryden*] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius: it was Mr. Pope's design to satirize the present; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

" Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,"

loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici,* referred to, were Scipio and Lælius. W.

Ver. 111. *Could pension'd Boileau*] Boileau acted with much caution and circumspection when he first published his Lutrin here alluded to, and endeavoured to cover and conceal his subject by a preface intended to mislead his reader from the real

Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!
P. [e]What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *Star;*
Can there be wanting to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and Bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could Laureat Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not [f]strip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?

NOTES.

scene of action; but it ought to be observed, that he afterward, in the year 1683, threw aside this disguise, openly avowing the occasion that gave rise to the poem, the scene of which was not Bourges or Pourges, as before he had said, but Paris itself; the quarrel he celebrated being betwixt the treasurer and the chanter of the Holy Chapel in that city. The canons were so far from being offended, that they shewed their good sense and good temper by joining in the laugh. Upon which Boileau compliments them, and adds, that many of that society were persons of so much wit and learning, that he would as soon consult them upon his Works as the members of the French Academy. The name of the chanter was Barrin; that of the treasurer, Claude Avri, bishop of Constance in Normandy. The quarrel began in July, 1667. See Letters of Brossette to Boileau: à Lyon, 1770; p. 242. v. 1.; et Œuvres de M. Boileau, Despreaux, par M. de Saint Marc, tome ii. 177. Paris, 1747. He justly says, " e'en in Louis' reign;" for his bigotry was equally contemptible and cruel; and, if we may credit St. Simon, he actually died a Jesuit.

Ver. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave!*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet [g]UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
[h]Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis *sapientia Læli*,

NOTES.

Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design; for so great a genius (he said) ought not to be confined to Translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the same time, he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer, he was solely indebted to the Whig-Ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing farther from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt, till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this Minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year were then at his service: he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a pension without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200*l.* Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head, and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: but the Precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support. From Spence. W.

I will or perish in the gen'rous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave.
[g]To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
[h]There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

NOTES.

Ver. 125. *There, my retreat*] I know not whether these lines, spirited and splendid as they are, give us more pleasure than the natural picture of the great Scipio and Lælius, unbending themselves from their high occupations, and descending to common and even trifling sports: for the old commentator says, that they lived in such intimacy with Lucilius, "ut quodam tempore Lælio circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius superveniens, eum obtorta mappa quasi percussurus sequeretur." For this is the fact to which Horace seems to allude, rather than to what Tully mentions in the second book De Oratore, of their amusing themselves in picking up shells and pebbles on the sea-shore.

Bolingbroke is here represented as pouring out himself to his friend in the most free and unreserved conversations on topics the most interesting and important. But Pope was deceived: for it is asserted that the philosopher never discovered his real principles to our Poet; who is said, strange as it appears, not even to have been acquainted with the tenets and contents of those very essays which were addressed to himself, at the beginning of Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works. And it is added, that Pope was surprised, in his last illness, when a common acquaintance informed him that his Lordship, in a late conversation had denied the *moral* attributes of God. There is a remarkable passage in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated June, 1734: "I am glad you approve of his Moral Essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doc-

Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
[1]Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et, fragili quærens illidere dentem,

NOTES.

trines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the freethinkers, on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible." With respect to the doctrines in the Essay on Man, I shall here insert an anecdote copied exactly from the papers of Mr. Spence in the words of Pope himself: "In the moral poem, I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliments to Epicurus, but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkeley. One of our priests, who are *more narrow* than your's, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness. He was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here."

If Bolingbroke concealed his real opinions from Pope, yet surely he speaks out plainly and loudly to Swift in one of his letters, and openly tells him he dismisses from his creed the belief of a future state, as superfluous, and unnecessary to be called in to vindicate the general plan of Providence.

"Does Pope talk to you of the noble work which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner that he must be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did. The first Epistle, which considers Man relatively to the whole system of universal Being: The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself: And the third, which shews how a universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws: how man, and beast, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency; parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole: how human societies were formed: from what spring true religion and true policy are derived: how God has made our

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul:
And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

[1] *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,

NOTES.

greatest interests and our plainest duty indivisibly the same: These three epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject: he pleads the cause of God. I use Seneca's expression against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought—the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it, indeed, for an extreme good purpose, and you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments; but if you should find that this future state will not account for God's justice in the present state, which you give up, in opposition to the atheist, would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the other point on revelation? I do not like concessions made against demonstration; repair or supply them how you will. The Epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book: the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted."

Ver. 129. *And* HE, *whose lightning,* &c.] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. P.

Ver. 133. Envy *must own,*] Pope has omitted an elegant allusion. Horace seems to have been particularly fond of those exquisite morsels of wit and genius, the old Æsopic fables. He frequently alludes to them, but always with a brevity very different from our modern writers of fable. Even the natural La

Offendet solido:

[k] nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*

Dissentis.

T. [l] Equidem nihil hic diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
[m] "*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est Judiciumque.*"

NOTES.

Fontaine has added a quaint and witty thought to this very fable. The File says to the Viper, Fab. 98.

"Tu te romprois toutes les dents,
Je ne crains que *telles* du *temps.*"

Ver. 134. *No Pimp of pleasure,*] Men of talents are not the most acceptable companions to the great: "L'Homme mediocre est l'homme aimé," says one who knew the world.

Ver. 135. *With eyes that pry not,*] Pope triumphs and felicitates himself upon having lived with the great, without descending into one of those characters which he thinks it unavoidable to escape in such a situation. From the generosity and openness of Horace's character, I think he might be pronounced equally free (at least from the last) of these imputations. There must have been something uncommonly captivating in the temper and manners of Horace, that could have made Augustus so fond of him, though he had been so avowed an enemy, and served under Brutus. I have seen some manuscript letters of Shaftesbury, in which he has ranged, in three different classes, the Ethical writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he supposes them to have been written. The first, during the time he professed the Stoic philosophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The second, after he became dissolute and

With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—
[k]What saith my council, learned in the laws?
F. [l]Your plea is good; but still I say beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on Record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
[m]Consult the Statue: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim.* et *quint. Eliz.*

NOTES.

debauched at the court of Augustus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wished to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philosopher. I have read a poem, which may one day see the light, in which Horace is represented as meeting Brutus in Elysium; who will not deign to hold any conversation with our Court-poet, but turns away from him with the sullen silence and haughty disdain with which Ajax treats Ulysses in the Odyssey.

Ver. 146. *A man was hanged*, &c.] *Si mala condiderit*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. "L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscrit le plus les Ouvrages satiriques. Les Magistrats y sont de petits Souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mepriser les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu' à lui; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits satiriques." De L'Esprit des Loix, l. xii. c. 13. W.

H. Esto, si quis [n] *mala:* sed *bona* si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE? si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?
T. [o]Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

Ver. 150, 151. Libels *and* Satires! *lawless things indeed! But grave* Epistles, &c.]

The *legal* objection is here more justly and decently taken off than in the original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble.

"Esto, si quis *mala*, sed *bona* si quis——"

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which in the *integer ipse* of the original does not: for however this might plead in mitigation of the offence, nothing but their being *grave Epistles* could justify the attack. W.——This remark is ill-founded and far-sought.

Ver. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

"Solventur risu tabulæ."

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as soon as Sir ROBERT,

See *Libels*, *Satires*,—here you have it—read.
P. [n]*Libels* and *Satires!* lawless things indeed! 150
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—
F. Indeed?
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
[o]In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is alter'd.* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a client to him and his uncle, to confess *the Case was alter'd?* W.——To laugh at the solemnity of Trebatius, which throughout the Dialogue is exactly kept up, Horace puts him off with a mere play upon words. But our important Lawyer takes no notice of the jest, and finishes with a gravity suited to his character:

"Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis."

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRA II.

[a]QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic sermo; sed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, [d]*abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque Minerva*,)
Discite, [e]non inter lances *mensasque nitentes;*
Cum stupet *insanis aciem fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
[c]Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
Militia assuetum Græcari) seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aera disco:

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *To live on little.*] This discourse in praise of temperance loses much of its grace and propriety by being put into the mouth of a person of a much higher rank in life than the honest countryman Ofellus; whose patrimony had been seized by Augustus, and given to one of his soldiers named Umbrenus, and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the Emperor, by making him the chief speaker in this very satire. We may imagine that a discourse on temperance from Horace raised a laugh among the courtiers of Augustus; and we see he could not venture to deliver it in his own person.

This Imitation of Pope is not equal to most of his others. Whenever I have ventured to censure any passage of Pope, I wish constantly to add the following words of Fontenelle: "La censure que l'on exerce sur les ouvrages d'Autrui, n'engage point à en faire de meilleurs, à moins qu'elle ne soit amere, chagrine, et orgueilleuse."

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

[a]WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;
[b](A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine;)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c]before we dine.
[e]Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
[d]But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
[h]Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began),
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.

NOTES.

Ver. 9. BETHEL] The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

Ver. 11. *Go work, hunt,*] These six following lines are much inferior to the original, in which the mention of many particular exercises gives it a pleasing variety. The sixth and seventh lines in Horace are nervous and strong. The third in Pope is languid and wordy, which renders *foris est promus. Defendens,* and *latrantem,* and *caro,* and *pinguem,* and *album,* are all of them very expressive epithets: and the allusion to Socrates's constant exercise, *tu pulmentaria,* &c. ought not to have been omitted. Pope's two last lines in this passage are very exceptionable. We are informed by Mr. Stuart, in his Athens, that the honey of Hymettus, even to this time, continues to be in vogue; and that the seraglio of the Grand Seignor is served with a stated quantity of it yearly.

Cum labor expulerit fastidia; siccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [i] foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet. esto.
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? [l] laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos?* qui scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

[i]Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you and not the meat.
[k]Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[l]Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat,)
Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *Before a hen;*] He might have inserted the original word *peacocks*, as many of our English epicures are fond of them. Q. Hortensius had the honour of being the first Roman that introduced this bird to the table as a great dainty, in a magnificent feast which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, says Arbuthnot, page 129, was fifty denarii, that is, 1*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.* A flock of a hundred was sold at a much dearer rate, for 322*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, used to make every year of his peacocks 484*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Ver. 21. *Of carps and mullets*] Very inferior to the original; and principally so, because that pleasant stroke is omitted of the eater's knowing in what part of the river the lupus was taken, and whether or no betwixt the two bridges, which was deemed an essential circumstance. The reader will be well entertained on this subject if he will look into the seventeenth chapter of the third book of Macrobius, particularly into a curious speech of C. Tertius there recited. But Horace seems to have had in his eye a passage of Lucilius, quoted by Macrobius: "Sed et Lucilius acer et violentus poeta, ostendit scire se hunc piscem egregii saporis, qui inter duos pontes captus esset."

[m] *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Præsentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia: quanquam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum sollicitat stomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. [o] necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *prætorius*. ergo
[q] Si quis nunc *mergos* suaves edixerit *assos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Oldfield*] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating. W.

Ver. 26. *Hog barbecu'd*, &c.] A West Indian term of Gluttony; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine. P.

He has happily introduced this large unwieldy instance of gluttony, supposed to be peculiar to the West Indies. But Athenæus speaks of a cook that could dress a whole hog with various puddings in his belly. *Gula* is here used personally, as it is also by Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 10.

Ver. 28. *Rabbit's tail.*] A very filthy and offensive image for the more happy and decent word *coquite:* so fond, it must be owned, was our Author, as well as Swift, of such disgustful ideas.

[m] Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blast it, [n] South-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, dy'e think,
If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
[o] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[p] The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
Till Becaficos sold so dev'lish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[q] Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or e'en to crack live Crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Let me extol*] To dine upon a cat fattened with oysters, and to crack live crawfish, is infinitely more pleasant and ridiculous than to eat *mergos assos*. But then the words, *extol* and *recommend*, fall far below *edixerit*, give out a decree. So Virgil, Geor. iii. line 295, does not *advise*, but *raises* his subject, by saying,

"Incipiens stabulis edico"——

In the lines above, 37 and 38, he has dexterously substituted for the stork two birds that among us are vulgarly held to be sacred, Semp. Rufus first taught the Romans to eat storks, for which he lost the prætorship.

Ver. 42. *Bedford-head;*] A famous Eating-house. P.

[r]Sordidus a tenui victu distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravus detorseris. [s]Avidienus,
[t]Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas est, et silvestria corna;
[u]Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum;* et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum
[w]*Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, [x]*veteris non parcus aceti.*
Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt:
[y]Mundus erit, qua non offendat sordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miser. [s]Hic neque *servis*,
Albutî senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec sic ut simplex [b]Nævius, *unctam*
Convivis præbebit *aquam:* vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c]Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
Afferat. [d]In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch,* &c.] Our Poet had the art of giving wit and dignity to his Billingsgate, which Horace seems not to have learnt. W.——I see neither wit nor dignity in these names.

Ver. 55. *But on some lucky*] Much heightened and improved on the original, by two such supposed occasions of the unnatural festivity and joy of a true miser. The 68th line is useless and redundant.

[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch),
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[u] One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some [w] lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, [x] old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor [a] stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
[c] Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
[d] First health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

NOTES.

Ver. 72. *One intestine war*] In the original, *tumultum;* a metaphor used by Hippocrates.

Quæ simplex [e]*olim* tibi sederit. at simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f]Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna desurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulam auræ.*
[g]Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
[h]Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius ætas*
Imbecilla volet. [i]Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollitiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?

NOTES.

Ver. 76. *Rise from*] A strange instance of false grammar and false English, in using *rise* for *rises*. Such a mistake in an inferior writer would not have been worth notice. I cannot forbear adding a note of much humour with which the History of English Poetry is enlivened; vol. iii. p. 204. "In an old *dietarie* for the clergy, by Cranmer, an archbishop is allowed to have two swans, or two capons in a dish; a bishop, two; an archbishop, six blackbirds at once; a bishop, five; a dean, four; an archdeacon, two. If a dean has four dishes in the first course, he is not afterward to have custards or fritters. An archbishop may have six snipes; an archdeacon, only two. A canon residentiary is to have a swan only on Sunday. A rector of sixteen marks, only three blackbirds in a week."

Ver. 79, 80. *The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines*
To seem but mortal, e'en in sound Divines.]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the soul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous,

Remembers oft [e]the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
[f]How pale each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, e'en in sound Divines.
[g]On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?
[h]Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, Old age:
[i]For faintaing Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains?

NOTES.

describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

——"affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ."

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turned the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon those preachers of it, whose feasts and compotations in Taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprising humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the original. W.

Ver. 80. *To seem but mortal,*] Affigit humi is heightened by the

——"e'en in sound Divines."

Ver. 81. *On morning wings*, &c.] Much happier and nobler than the original. W.

Ver. 86. *Or tir'd*] Either with business or amusement.

[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia nasus
Illis nullus erat; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.
[m] Das aliquid *famæ*, quæ *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus;* adde
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trausius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo,
Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

NOTES.

Ver. 98. *Ere coxcomb-pies*] The last line of this couplet, and the idle conceit of coxcomb-pies and coxcombs, sink it below the original; especially *heroas*.

Ver. 118. *How dar'st thou*] Very spirited, and superior to the original; for *dar'st* is far beyond the mere *eget*. Two lines on this subject, in Armstrong, are exquisitely tender, especially the second:

" E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home."

[k]Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
[l]Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
[m]That sweetest music to an honest ear
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song),
Who has not learn'd, [n]fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o]neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind, a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And [p]buy a rope that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
[q]"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a Taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [r]Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s]new built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:

[t]O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne
[u]Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[x]Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Ofellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
Quam nunc [y]*accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *As M**o's was*, &c.] I think this light stroke of satire ill-placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

" cur, Improbe! caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party: who, when they agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus!

——" quare
" Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire. W.

Ver. 122. *Not at five per cent.*] He could not forbear this stroke against a nobleman, whom he had been for many years accustomed to hear abused by his most intimate friends. A certain parasite, who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of M. was stopped short by that Lord, who

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[t]Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And [u]who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?
[x]Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love would imitate the Man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of Thousands, than if now [w]*Excis'd;*

NOTES.

said, "He was so very great a man, that I forgot he had that vice." We have lived to read with equal astonishment and regret, the clear and indisputable proofs of the treachery, duplicity, hypocrisy, and ingratitude, of this great and able General and Politician. See particularly Sir John Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 194.

Ver. 129. *Thus* BETHEL *spoke,*] This speech of Ofellus continues in the original to the end of this satire. Pope has taken all that follows out of the mouth of Bethel, and speaks entirely in his own person. It is impossible not to be pleased with the picture of his way of life, and the account he gives of his own table, in lines that express common and familiar objects with dignity and elegance. See therefore his bill of fare, of which you will long to partake, and wish you could have dined at Twickenham. Boileau had but a bad house and gardens at Auteuil near Paris.

Ver. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier,* &c.] Mr. Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell. W.

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
Quidquam, præter [x]*olus* fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi seu [y]*longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hœdo:* tum [z]*pensilis uva* secundas
Et *nux* ornabat mensas, cum *duplice ficu.*
Post hoc ludus erat [a]cuppa potare magistra:
Ac *venerata Ceres,* ita culmo surgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.
[b]Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,
aut *vos,*
O pueri, nituistis, ut huc [c]*novus incola* venit?

NOTES.

Ver. 144. *these chicks*] Not used properly or commonly for *chicken.* Dryden has chick, in the singular number, chicken is the plural; we say *oxen,* not oxes; the en is Teutonic.

Ver. 150. *And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.*] The pleasantry of this line consists in the supposed rarity of a Poet's having a table of his own; or a sense of gratitude for the blessings he receives. But it contains, too, a sober reproof of people of condition, for their unmanly and brutal disuse of so natural a duty. W.

Swift always performed this duty with proper seriousness and gravity.

Ver. 154. *Standing Armies came.*] A constant topic of declamation against the court, at this time: and still continues to be so. See what Dr. Adam Smith says, in his excellent Wealth of Nations, of the real and supposed dangers of Standing armies.

Ver. 160. *Welcome the coming,*] From Homer, Odyss. b. 15. v. 74.

χρὴ ξεῖνον παρεόντα φιλεῖν, ἐθέλοντα δὲ πέμπειν.

Theocritus has finely touched this subject in the sixteenth Idyllium.

In forest planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little I can piddle here
On [x]brocoli and mutton, round the year:
But [y]ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [z]Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeous, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
[a]From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [b]cheerful healths (your Mistress shall have place),
And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost?
My Life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after [c]Standing Armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's: is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going Guest.)
"Pray Heav'n it last! (cries SWIFT) as you go on;
I wish to God this house had been your own:

Nam [d]*propriæ telluris* herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [e]nequities aut [f] *vafri inscitia juris*,
Postremum expellet certe [g]*vivacior heres*.
[h]Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [i]quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

Ver. 165. *Well, if the use be mine*, &c.] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says, "My landlady, Mrs. *Vernon*, being dead, this Garden and House are offered me in sale; and, I believe (together with the cottages on each side my grass-plot next the Thames), will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death, (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well, during life,) I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the Friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the Grave."—So that we see (what some who call themselves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in prose and verse were the same. W.

Ver. 171-2. *Or in pure equity (the case not clear),*
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:]

A Protestant Miser's Money in *Chancery*, and a Catholic Miser's person in *Purgatory*, are never to be got out, till the Law and the Church have been well paid for their redemption. W.

Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [d]*Property?* dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to [e]Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or, in pure [f]equity (the case not clear),
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it falls to some [g]ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's dam'd, and all's my own."
[h]Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
[i]Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

NOTES.

Ver. 175. *that to* BACON *could*] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old mansion. Some anecdotes have lately told us, that Bacon was much acquainted with, and had a regard for, Hobbes.

Ver. 177. *proud Buckingham's*, &c.] Villiers Duke of Buckingham. P.

Ver. 180. *Let Us be fix'd,*] The majestic plainness of the original is weakened and impaired by the addition of an antithesis, and a turn of wit in this last line. Whenever I have ventured to censure Pope, I have never forgotten that fine and candid reflection of Quintilian; "Neque id statim legenti persuasum sit, omnia, quæ magni Auctores dixerint, esse perfecta."

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
[b]Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. [c]Veianius, armis
[d]Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e]extrema toties exoret arena.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *whose love*] Equal to the affection which Horace in the original professes for Mæcenas. It has been suspected that his affection to his friend was so strong, as to make him resolve not to outlive him; and that he actually put into execution his promise of ibimus, ibimus. Od. xvii. lib. 3. Both died in the end of the year 746; Horace only three weeks after Mæcenas, November 27. Nothing can be so different as the plain and manly style of the former, in comparison to what Quintilian calls the calamistros of the latter, for which Sanctorius and Macrobius, cap. 86, say Augustus frequently ridiculed him, though Augustus himself was guilty of the same fault: as when he said, *vapide se habere* for *male*. The learned C. G. Heyne, in his excellent edition of Virgil, after observing that the well-known verses usually ascribed to Augustus, on Virgil's ordering his Æneid to be burnt, are the work of some bungling grammarian, and not of that emperor, adds, "Videas tamen Voltairium, horridos hos et ineptos versus non modo Augusto tribuere, verum etiam magnopere probare; ils sont beaux et semblent partir du cœur. Essai sur le Poesie Epique, cap. 3. Ita vides, ad verum pulcrarum sententiarum sensum et judicium, sermonis intelligentiam aliquam esse necessariam." P. V. Maronis Opera, tom. i. p. 131. Lipsiæ, 1767.

Ver. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why [b]will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modest [c]Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [d]retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
Nor [e]fond of bleeding, e'en in BRUNSWICK's cause.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An occasional stroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste:*

"Load some vain Church with old theatric state,
"Turn *Arcs of Triumph to a garden gate.* W.

He is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's Lawn at Bevismount, near Southampton.

There is more pleasantry and humour in Horace's comparing himself to an old gladiator, worn out in the service of the public, from which he had often begged his life, and has now at last been dismissed with the usual ceremonies, than for Pope to compare himself to an old actor or retired general. Pope was in his forty-ninth year, and Horace probably in his forty-seventh year, when he wrote this Epistle. Bentley has arranged the writings of Horace in the following order. He composed the first book of his Satires between the twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth year of his age; the second book, from the year thirty-one to thirty-

[f]Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;
Solve [g]senescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [h]versus et *cætera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i]verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
hoc sum:
[k]Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
Ac ne forte roges, [l]quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
[m]Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et mersor [n]*civilibus undis*,

NOTES.

three; next, the Epodes, in his thirty-fourth and fifth year; next, the first book of his Odes, in three years, from his thirty-sixth to his thirty-eighth year; the second book in the two next years; then, the first book of the Epistles, in his forty-sixth and seventh year; next to that, the fourth book of his Odes, in his forty-ninth year: lastly, the Art of Poetry, and second book of the Epistles, to which an exact date cannot be assigned.

Ver. 10. *Ev'n in* BRUNSWICK'S *cause.*] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cause.* But the terms are synonimous. W.

Ver. 15. *Lest stiff,*] He has excelled Boileau's imitation of these verses, Ep. 10. v. 44. And indeed Boileau himself is excelled by an old French Poet, whom he has frequently imitated, that is, Le Frasnaie Vauquelin, whose Poems were published 1612. Vauquelin says, that he profited much by reading the Satires of Ariosto; he also wrote an art of Poetry; one of his best pieces is an imitation of Horace's Trebatius, being a dialogue between himself and the Chancellor of France.

Ver. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere,

[f]A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g]Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell then [h]Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What [i]right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Lest this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [k]harvest up and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what [l]Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [m]storm, at any door I knock:
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a [n]Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,

NOTES.

was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described; stiff, and not strong; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. P.

Ver. 26. *And house with* Montaigne *now, or now with* Locke.] *i. e.* Choose either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances. For he regarded these Writers as the best Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself: *Montaigne* excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind. W.

Virtutis veræ custos, [o] *rigidusque satelles:*
Nunc in *Aristippi [p] *furtim* præcepta *relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus:* ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Æque *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* æque,
Æque neglectum *pueris senibusque* nocebit.

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res. P.

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *Free as young Lyttleton,*] A just, and not overcharged encomium, on an excellent man, who had always served his friends with warmth (witness his kindness to Thomson), and his country with activity and zeal. His Poems and Dialogues of the Dead are written with elegance and ease; his observations on the Conversion of St. Paul, with clearness and closeness of reasoning; and his History of Henry II. with accuracy and knowledge of those early times and of the English Constitution; and which was compiled from a laborious search into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me, that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then to be published, his first juvenile performance, the Persian Letters, written 1735, in imitation of those of his friend Montesquieu, whom he had known and admired in England, in which he said there were principles and remarks that he wished to retract and alter. I told him, that, notwithstanding his caution, the booksellers, as in fact they have done, would preserve and insert these letters. Another little piece, written also in his early youth, does him much honour; the Observations on the Life of Tully,

Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, °and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my ᵖnative Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
ᵠLong, as to him who works for Debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
So slow th' ʳunprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of the soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That ˢtask, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
Which done the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

NOTES.

in which perhaps a more dispassionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited than in the panegyrical volumes of Middleton.

Ver. 31. *Aristippus, or St. Paul,*] There is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the most profligate parasite of the court of Dionysius, with that of an Apostle. In a few lines before, the name of Montaigne is not sufficiently contrasted by the name of Locke; the place required that two philosophers, holding very different tenets, should have been introduced. Hobbes might have been opposed to Hutcheson. I know not why he omitted a strong sentiment that follows immediately.

"Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor;" Ver. 20.

which line Corneille took for his motto.

Ver. 45. *can no wants endure;*] i. e. *Can want nothing:* badly expressed. W.

[t]*Restat*, ut his ego me ipse regam [u]solerque *elementis*:
[w]Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Est quadam prodire [x]tenus, si non datur ultra.
[y]Fervet Avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et [z]magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? Sunt [a]certa *piacula*, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b]Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, [c]*amator*;
Nemo [d]adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[e]Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitia caruisse. vides, quæ [f]maxima credis

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *I'll do what Mead*] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man; whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Physician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the most *amiable* companions, and the best friends, as well as the most *learned* men I know." W.

The same may with strict justice be said of Heberden, Baker, and Warren.

Ver. 61. *Be furious*,] Horace, in his usual artful way, glanced at his own frailties and weaknesses, as he frequently does in the four last epithets of the 38th verse in the original. As to envy, he had not a grain of it in his nature: and in verse 100 of the original, he laughs at his own passion for building.

[t]Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some [u]comfort, not to be a fool.
[w]Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to [x]go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy [y]blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
Between the Fits this Fever of the Soul;
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a]fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b]furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
[c]Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch [d]Bear;
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
[e]'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no [f]bugbear is so great,
As want of Figure, and a small Estate.

NOTES.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis—
—— & accipe—primum
Ædificas———

The word *arrant'st* is very hard and inharmonious, from the crowd of consonants in it. V. 60.

Ver. 65. *to abhor;—more.*] Dr. King informed me that these were two of the rhymes to which Swift, who was scrupulously

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g]mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h]ea, quæ *stulte* miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?
" [i]Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
O cives, cives! [k]quærenda pecunia primum est;
Virtus post nummos:" hæc [l]*Janus summus* ab *imo*
Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
[m]Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

NOTES.

exact in this respect, used to object, as he frequently did to some others in Pope; and particularly to two in the Essay on Criticism, Verse 237, where *delight* is made to rhyme to *wit;* and to many in his Homer.

Ver. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre*] Pope has given life to the image, and added terror to the simple expression, *Pauperiem.* Bolingbroke translated this passage in Horace, in about twenty-six lines, and sent them to Swift in a letter, dated March 16, 1719. But a poor performance. Pope has omitted the Olympian games.

Ver. 77. *Here, Wisdom calls,* &c.] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty close translation; but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, though one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it. W.

Ver. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold,*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

" Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum."

which only says, *That as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold is of less value than Virtue:* in which *simple inferiority,* and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's

To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And [g]ease thy heart of all that it admires?
[h]Here, Wisdom calls: [i]"Seek Virtue first, be bold!
As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: [k]"Get Money, Money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l]low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose [m]quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

NOTES.

purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuraces in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now first appear in his edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And here I cannot but do justice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can afford to indulge: I mean his extreme readiness, and unfeigned pleasure, in acknowledging his mistakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he possessed in a greater degree, and with less affectation, than any man I ever knew. W.

Ver. 83. *From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,*] They who do not take the delicacy of this satire, may think the figure of *standing quiver'd*, extremely hard and quaint: but it has an exquisite beauty, insinuating that the pen of a Scrivener is as ready

Est [n]animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque :
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desint,
[o]*Plebs* eris. [p]at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [q]*murus aheneus esto,*
Nil *conscire* sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
[r]Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *Maribus* [s]*Curiis* et decantata *Camillis?*
[t]Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, " Rem facias; rem,
" Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem."

NOTES.

as the quill of a porcupine, and as fatal as the shafts of a Parthian. *Quiver'd at the ear* of the Scrivener, describes the position it is usually found in, and alludes to the custom of the American canibals, who make use of their hair (tied in a knot on the top of of their heads) instead of a quiver, for their *poison'd* arrows. W.

This note is another masterpiece of wire-drawing and forced meaning; exactly in the taste of what he so justly laughs at in Dacier, below, at Verse 95.

Ver. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies. W.

Ver. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth, abounds;*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great Man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much and how particularly it was due to him. W.

Ver. 88. *Bug, and Dorimant*] It cannot now be discovered to whom these names belong. So soon does Satire become unintelligible. The same may be said of ver. 112.

Ver. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass;*]

" Hic murus aheneus esto."

Dacier langhs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the ancient Scholiasts had not explained what Horace meant by *a*

Barnard in [n] spirit, sense, and truth, abounds; 85
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A Pension, or such Harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth:
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90
Yet ev'ry [p] Child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.
[r] And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at [s] CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
[t] Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."

NOTES.

wall of brass; for, says Dacier, "Chacun se fait des difficultés à sa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées a son goût:" he then sets himself in good earnest about this important inquiry; and, by a passage in Vegetius, luckily discovers, that it signified an *old veteran*, armed cap-a-pie in *brass*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a very fine stroke of Satire. W.

Ver. 97. *And say*, &c.] The court jargon for Roscia Lex, and Cressy and Poitiers for Curiis, is happy.

Ut [a]propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupî!
An [v]qui, fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum et erectum, [x]*præsens* hortatur et aptat?
[y]Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [z]porticibus, sic judiciis fruar îsdem;
Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit:
Olim quod [a]vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.
[b]*Bellua multorum* est *capitum.* nam quid sequar,
aut quem?
Pars hominum gestit [c]conducere *publica:* sunt qui

NOTES.

Ver. 106. *eye a King.*] Our Author is so perpetually expressing an affected contempt for kings, that it becomes almost a nauseous cant.

——the *pride of kings* ——
——*some monster of a king*——
——*pity kings*—the *gift of kings*——
——*gods of kings*—*much above a king*——
——*Settle wrote of kings* ——
——*Midas;* and a *king*, and many others.

Hawkins Brown laughed at him for his affectation, in the pleasant Imitations of English Poets, on Tobacco.

" Come let me taste thee, unexcised by *kings*."

Kings have been of late years spoken of with even much more disrespect.

Ver. 116. *Because I see,*] Both poets have told this Fable, which Plato also was fond of, with an elegant brevity, a quality for which Babrius was eminent, and in which our modern fabulists miserably fail. Why did Pope omit ægroto? And why would he connect the passage that immediately follows in a forced and quaint manner, which Horace never thought of? As if the word *bellua* had any relation to the *lion* before mentioned?

For what? to have a [u]Box where Eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w]he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through:
And, [x]while he bids thee, sets th' Example too?
If [y]such a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
If honest S*z take Scandal at a Spark,
That less admires the [z]Palace than the Park:
Faith I shall give the answer [a]Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least
The [b]People are a many-headed Beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their [c]Country's Wealth our mightier Misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;

NOTES.

Ver. 129. *Some keep Assemblies,*] This was written fifty years ago. What would our Author have said of the increase of this infamous practice in the year 1796? In what glowing colours would he have proscribed it!

[d]Crustis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant:
[e]*Multis* occulto crescit res fenore. [f]verum
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?
[g]Nullus in orbe sinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit *dives;* [h]lacus et mare *sentit* amorem
Festinantis heri: cui si [i]vitiosa *libido*
Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*

NOTES.

Ver. 130. *Dotards fawn ;*] The legacy-hunters, the hæredipetæ, were a more common character among the ancients than with us. The ridicule, therefore, is now not so striking. Lucian has five pleasant dialogues on the subject, from page 343 to 363, in the Quarto Edition of Hemsterhusius. Horace himself appears to have failed more in exposing this folly, than in any other of his Satires; and principally so, by mixing ancient with modern manners, and making Tiresias instruct Ulysses in petty frauds, and artifices too subtle for the old prophet and hero to dictate and to practise. Sat. 5. lib. ii.

Ben Jonson's Fox is not much relished from our not being acquainted with such characters, which are finely ridiculed by Plautus, in the Soldier, 3d Act.

Illi apud me edunt, me curant; visunt quid agam, ecquid velim;
Priusquam lucet, assunt; rogitant, ut nocte somnum ceperim;
Eos pro liberis habeo, qui mihi mittunt munera;
Sacrificant? dant inde partem mihi majorem, quam sibi;
Abducunt ad exta; me ad se, ad prandium, ad cœnam vocant.

See Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Satire on Lord Sidney Beauclerc.

" Who got by Topham what he lost by Reeve."

Ver. 138. *Sir Job*] Superior to the original; a pleasing little landscape is added to the Satire. But Greenwich-hill is not an exact parallel for Baiæ; where the Romans of the best taste and fashion built their villas. Pope's is the villa of a citizen. The

Some [d] with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent
In dirt and darkness, [e] hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each [f] pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job [g] sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
[h] Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that [i] Dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

NOTES.

absurd and awkward magnificence of some opulent citizens has of late been frequently exposed; but no where with more humour than in the Connoisseur, and in the characters of Sterling and Mrs. Heidelberg, in the Clandestine Marriage. This ridicule of citizens was borrowed from the French. We have some citizens whose good taste is equal to their riches.

Ver. 143. *Now let some whimsey*, &c.] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original:

"Cui si vitiosa Libido
"Fecerit auspicium;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach. W.

Ver. 147. *live in Town.*] Horace says, he will carry his build-

Tolletis, fabri. [k]lectus genialis in aula est?
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:
[l]Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.
[m]Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid [n]*pauper?* ride: mutat [o]*cœnacula, lectos,*
Balnea, [p]*tonsores;* conducto navigio æque
Nauseat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.

[q]Si curatus *inæquali* tonsore capillos
Occurro; rides. si forte subucula pexæ
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga *dissidet impar;*
Rides. quid? [r]mea cum pugnat *sententia* sècum;
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
[s]Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;
[t]Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u]Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,
Nec [v]*medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *prætore* dati; rerum [x]tutela mearum

NOTES.

ings from so proper and pleasant a situation as Baiæ to Teanum; a situation unhealthy, disagreeable, and inland. Pope says, he will not build at all, he will again retire to town. He has, I think, destroyed the connexion by this alteration. Mutability of temper is indeed equally exhibited in both instances, but Horace keeps closer to his subject.

Ver. 163. *You laugh, if coat,*] I am inclined to think that Horace laughs at himself, not at Virgil as hath been supposed, for the ungraceful appearance he sometimes made among the courtiers of Augustus, on account of the incongruity of his dress. Perhaps our *little, round, fat, oily* man was somewhat of a sloven.

At am'rous Flavio is the [k]stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l]The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m]Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n]Poor—The Poor have the same itch;
They change their [o]weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
They [p]hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q]You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r]no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One [s]ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [t]plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
[u]You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this Madness but a common case,
Nor [w]once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [x]Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem
De te *pendentis*, te *respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno [y]minor est *Jove*, dives,
[z]Liber, [a]honoratus, [b]pulcher, [c]rex denique regum;
Præcipue sanus, [d]nisi cum pituita molesta est.

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *Philosopher, and Friend?*] Bentley was for reading, in the original, with Heinsius, *suspicientis*, instead of *respicientis*; which reading Gesner opposes. Horace, in these concluding lines, laughs at the high-flown and unnatural doctrines of the Stoics. Pope has turned his piece of irony into a great compliment to Bolingbroke, whom he so much idolized; little imagining what this friend would say of him soon after his decease.

Ver. 188. *A Fit of Vapours*] By the word *pituita* in the Original, Horace meant the disorder of his eyes. Celsus calls it *pituita*. In Verse 187, "*What's mighty odd*" is a lamentable botch.

Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd;
Rich [y]ev'n when plunder'd, [z]honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd [a]without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; [b]free, tho' in the Tow'r;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Just [c]less than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—[d]except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-God.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
[b]Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui [c]formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent. [d]quid censes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e]ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [f]plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, [g]quo *sensu* credis et *ore?*

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *dear* MURRAY,] This piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance,) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendship.

Ver. 4. *Creech.*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken. P.

Ver. 4. *Words of Creech.*] Who, in truth, is a much better translator than he is usually supposed and allowed to be. He is a nervous and vigorous writer; and many parts, not only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace (though now decried), have not been excelled by other translators. One of his pieces may be pronounced excellent: his translation of the thir-

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Not to admire, is all the Art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain Truth, dear Murray, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very Words of Creech.)
[b]This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-centred Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his Skies,
To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
And view [c]this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [d]Earth's low Entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of [e]Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [f]Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g]eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

NOTES.

teenth Satire of Juvenal; equal to any Dryden has given us of that author.

Ver. 8. *trust the Ruler*] This last line is quaint and even obscure; the two first vigorously expressed. Horace thought of a striking and exalted passage in Lucretius. Book v. l. 1185.

[h]Qui *timet* his adversa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor est *utrobique* molestus:
Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque:*
[i]Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem:
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

[k]Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra, quam satis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.

[l]I nunc, argentum, et marmor [m]*vetus*, æraque, et artes
Suspice: cum gemmis [n]Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod spectant oculi te [o]mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p]mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;
[q]Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
[r]Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[s]Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas;

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *Yet time ennobles, or degrades each Line;*
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:]

One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The Original is,

> " Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas;
> Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vastly inferior to the Imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first. W.

Ver. 45. *It brighten'd* CRAGGS's,] His father had been a barber; but, by industry and ability, got to be Post Master General, and Agent to the Duke of Marlborough.

If weak the [h]pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i]joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpris'd at better, or surpris'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away;
For [k]Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[l]Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprise,
And gaze on [m]Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright [n]Brocade, or Tyrian Die,
Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at [o]Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice:
From [p]morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For [q]Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r]One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?
Yet [s]Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the meanest have their day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [t]cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appî;
Ire tamen restat, Numa [u]quo devenit et Ancus.
[v]Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. [x]vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age *deliciis.*

NOTES.

Ver. 53. TULLY, HYDE!] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, superior to both. TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by *Vanity* and *Fear;* and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People. W.

Ver. 53. *than* HYDE!] Much beyond the Original; particularly on account of the very happy and artful use Pope has made of the neighbourhood of the House of Parliament to Westminster Abbey; and of the well-turned and unexpected compliment he has paid to his illustrious friend. The character of Lord Chancellor Clarendon seems to grow every day brighter, the more it is sonetinized, and his integrity and abilities are more ascertained and acknowledged, even from the publication of private papers, never intended to see the light. They who censure his style as too diffuse and embarrassed with parentheses, may consult Lord Monboddo's 3d vol. of Origin of Languages. When Clarendon was going from Court, just after his profligate and ungrateful master had obliged him to resign the great seal, the Dutchess of Cleveland meanly and wantonly insulted him from a window in the palace. He looked up at her, and only said, with a calm and contemptuous dignity, "Madam, if you live, you will grow old."

Ver. 57. *And desp'rate Misery* lays hold *on Dover.*] There is a prettiness in this expression, which depends on its contrast to that *slippery* medicine, by which this Quack rendered himself famous, namely *Quicksilver.* W.

There surely was never so idle and conceited a remark.

Ver. 60. *Would ye be blest?*] This again is superior to the Original; where quis non, is feeble and flat; and the mention of

Grac'd as thou art, [t]with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far), where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[w]Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any Mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
Would ye be [x]blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

NOTES.

a particular shining character gives a force and spirit to the line. This amiable young nobleman wrote from Paris, 1752, a very pressing remonstrance to Mr. Mallet, to dissuade him, but in vain, from publishing a very offensive digression on the Old Testament, in Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History. "I must say to you, Sir, for the world's sake, and for his sake, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated farther. If this digression be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not easily be answered." He concludes by saying, "I therefore recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raise storms to his memory."

Ver. 61. *whatever* CORNBURY *disdains;*] It is said, that when Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the late Earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him. To which Lord Cornbury answered with a composed dignity—How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be sold; or, at least, how came you to know my price so exactly? To this anecdote Pope alludes.

[y]virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z]cave ne portus occupet alter.
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
[a]Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet [b]uxorem *cum dote, fidemque*, et [c]*amicos*,
Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina [d]Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [e]*Cappadocum rex*.

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *art thou one,*] Here we have a direct and decisive censure of a celebrated infidel writer; at this time, therefore, which was 1737, Pope was strongly and openly on the side of Religion, as he knew the great lawyer to be, to whom he was writing. Horace, it is said, alludes to the words of a dying Hercules in a Greek Tragedy; and Dion Cassius relates, in the twenty-seventh Book of his History, that these were the words which Brutus used just before he stabbed himself, after his defeat at Philippi. But it is observable, that this fact rests solely on the credit of this fawning and fulsome Court Historian; and that Plutarch, who treats largely of Brutus, is silent on the subject. If Brutus had adopted this passage, I cannot bring myself to believe, that Horace would so far have forgotten his old republican principles, as to have mentioned the words adopted by the dying patriot, with a mark of reproach and reprobation.

It must be added, to what is said above, of our Author's orthodoxy at this time, that he wrote a very respectful letter to Dr. Waterland, to thank him for his Vindication of the Athanasian Creed, dated October 16, 1737. Which letter was given by Dr. Waterland to Mr. Seed, and was in the possession of Mr. Seed's widow, 1767, who shewed it to Mr. Bowyer the eminent and learned Printer.

Ver. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets;* the other, in his *Rights of the Christian Church.* W.

Ver. 77. *For, mark*] Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the Original. This 77th line is uncommonly weak and languid

[y]But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly [z]then, on all the Wings of wild Desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold;
[a]Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of Fifty Thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a [b]Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such [c]Friends—as cannot fail to last.
A [d]Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth,
Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e]German Prince is worse,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse.)

NOTES.

Three Divinities, for such Horace has described them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conspire in giving their various accomplishments to this favourite of Fortune. That lively veteran General Oglethorpe told me, that the Duke of Marlborough dining with Prince Eugene spoke in high terms of his Queen Anne: the Prince whispered to Oglethorpe and said, "Regina Pecunia; that's his Queen."

Ne fueris hic tu. [f]chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,
Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habebo,
Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g]Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *supersunt*,
Et *dominum fallunt*, et *prosunt furibus*. [h]ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.
[i]Si fortunatum species et gratia præstat,
[k]*Mercemur* servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum

NOTES.

Ver. 85. *His Wealth,*] By no means equal to the Original: there is so much pleasantry in alluding to the known story of the Prætor coming to borrow dresses (paludamenta) for a chorus in a public spectacle that he intended to exhibit, who asked him to lend him a hundred, says Plutarch; but Lucullus bade him take wo hundred. Horace humorously has made it five thousand. We know nothing of Timon, except it be the Nobleman introduced in the Epistle to Lord Burlington, Ver. 99. There is still another beauty in Horace; he has suddenly, according to his manner, introduced Lucullus speaking; "*qui possum*," &c. He is for ever introducing these little interlocutions, which give his Satires and Epistles an air so lively and dramatic. This, also, is very frequently the practice of Bayle, and is one of those circumstances that has contributed to make his Dictionary so very entertaining; and he need not have said, as he did to Boileau, that the reading his work was like the journey of a caravan over the deserts of Arabia, which often went twenty or thirty leagues together, without finding a single fruit-tree or fountain.

Ver. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,*] The common Reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of

His Wealth brave [f]Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.
[g]Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble Superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h]If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.
[i]But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
Then [k]hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;

NOTES.

his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings. W.

Notwithstanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken some pains, though indeed in vain, to ascertain who these Ladies were, and what the play they patronized. It was once said to be Young's Busiris.

Ver. 99. *or (if you will) a Lord*] It having been disputed betwixt two eminent persons, whether Swift or Pope had in their writings said the severest things on English Peers, it was judged to be Swift in the following passage of Gulliver, v. i. p. 111. The King of Brobdignac asked me what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility; and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives; what course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new Lords; whe-

Qui fodicet latus, et [l]cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m]Hic multum in *Fabia* valet, ille *Velina:*
Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: [n]Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque [o]*facetus* adopta.
Si [p]bene qui cœnat, bene vivit: lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut [q]olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum. [r]crudi tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
Digni; [s]*remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui *potior* [t]*patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

NOTES.

ther the humour of the Prince, a sum of money to a Court Lady, or a Prime Minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these Lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe or some other sinister view could have no place among them. "This is very caustic and severe; but is exceeded by what has been said lately of a young Peer," being swaddled, rocked, and dandled, into a Legislator.

Ver. 109. *laugh at your own jest.*] An admirable picture of septennial folly and meanness during an election canvas, in which the arts of English solicitation are happily applied to Roman. Some strokes of this kind, though mixed with unequal trash, in the Pasquin of Fielding, may be mentioned as capital, and full of the truest humour. It is indeed a fine and fruitful subject for a Satirist. As Pope could not use a nomenclator (servum) he has severely added a Lord. And if he has omitted

Tell at your Levee, as the Crowds approach,
To whom [l]to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m]rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the Chair:
That makes three Members, this can choose a May'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him [n]Son, or Cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and [o]laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [p]to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q]Russel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.
Or shall we [r]ev'ry Decency confound,
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios, take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
[s]K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t]Country, and degrade our Name?

NOTES.

a lively circumstance, *fodicet latus*, he has made ample compensation by *take into your coach*. *Importunus* is skilfully turned by, *this may be troublesome*; as is *facetus*, by, *laugh* at your own jest.

"Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine *amore jocisque*
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.
"Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

Ver. 126. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rochester.

Ver. 128. *And* SWIFT *cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our Poet, speaking in one place of the purpose of his Satire, says,

"In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my *friends*:"

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviser say,

"Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be sore
So much the better, you may laugh the more;"

because their impatience under reproof would shew, they had a great deal amiss, which wanted to be set right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to see a Friend he so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift, as we may see by some posthumous volumes, lately published, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction; or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend virtue, and set off Truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned. But the remains of *wit*, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I choose," says he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, "my Companions amongst those of the least consequence, and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects." And again, "I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad Prose or worse Verses, either of RAGE or RAILLERY," &c. And again, in a Letter to Mr. Gay, "My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle!"

If, after all, we must with [u]Wilmot own,
The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;
And SWIFT cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
[v]Adieu—if this Advice appear the worst,
E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

NOTES.

In this note, Dr. Warburton makes some severe strictures on the manner in which Swift employed his wit, in his latter days. And indeed, in many of his remarks, it appears that Warburton was not partial to the character of Swift; whom he had attacked in one of his earliest productions, on portents and prodigies; in which he says, page 32: "The religious Author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reservoir of fools and madmen; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will answer for the state, that it is a den of savages and cut-throats." Edition, 12mo. 1727. "Misanthropy," says a true philosopher, "is so dangerous a thing, and goes so far in sapping the very foundation of morality and religion, that I esteem the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worse book to peruse, than those which we forbid as the most flagitious and obscene. One absurdity in this author (a wretched philosopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking; in order to render the nature of men odious, and the nature of beasts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beasts, and beastly characters to his men; so that we are to admire the beasts, not for being beasts, but amiable men; and to detest the men, not for being men, but detestable beasts.

"Whoever has been reading this unnatural filth, let him turn for a moment to a Spectator of Addison, and observe the philanthropy of that Classical Writer; I may add, the superior purity of his diction, and his wit." Harris's Philological Inquiries, page 538.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE;

With this Motto in the first Edition, in folio, 1737:

" Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere." Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments passed in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increase of an *Absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epistle will shew the learned World to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that *Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general;* whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry;* whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had con-

ceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility;* that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State;* and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom towards him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own Character.

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Cum tot 'sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *While you, great Patron*] All those nauseous and outrageous compliments, which Horace, in a strain of abject adulation, degraded himself by paying to Augustus, Pope has converted into bitter and pointed sarcasms, conveyed under the form of the most artful irony.

"Horace," says Pope, in the advertisement to this piece, "made his court to this great prince (or rather this cool and subtle tyrant), by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character." Surely he forgot the 15th and 16th lines:

Jurandasque tibi per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes, &c.

We sometimes speak incorrectly of what are called the writers of the Augustan age. Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Tully, J. Cæsar, and Sallust, wrote before the time of Augustus; and Livy, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Propertius, were by no means made good writers by his patronage and encouragement. The reigns of Augustus and Louis XIV. are often said to resemble each other, in the number of illustrious men, of every species of literature, that appeared together in those reigns. But (says the President Henault, with his usual sagacity and judgment), "On ne doit pas croire que ce soit l'effet du hasard; & si ces deux regnes ont de grands rapports, c'est qu'ils ont été accompagnés à peu près des mêmes circonstances. Ces deux Princes sortoient des guerres civiles; de ce tems ou les peuples toujours armés, nourris sans cesse au milieu des périls, entêtés des plus hardis desseins, ne voyent rien ou ils ne puissent atteindre; de ce tems

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! [a]sustain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;

NOTES.

ou les évenemens heureux & malheureux, mille fois répétés, etendent les idées, fortifient l'âme, à force d'épreuves, augmentent son ressort, & lui donnent le desir de gloire qui ne manque jamais de produire de grandes choses." Abrégé. 4to. p. 613.

I beg leave to add, that one of the most unaccountable prejudices that ever obtained, seems to be that of celebrating Augustus for clemency. "Clementiam non voco, lassam crudelitatem," says Seneca. Can we possibly forget his cruel proscriptions, and unjust banishment of Ovid? or the infamous obscenity of his verses? In the second line of the Original, Bentley would read *mœnibus* instead of *moribus*. If we place an interrogation point after Cæsar in the fourth line, it will vindicate the Poet from the seeming inconsistency of, *longo sermone:* Dr. Hurd imagines, but perhaps without just grounds, that by *sermone* we are to understand, *not* the *body* of the epistle, but the *proeme* or *introduction* only. This interpretation appears to be one of those refinements in which this learned Critic has rather too freely indulged himself in his Commentaries and Notes on this Epistle, and on the Art of Poetry. See, for instance, the interpretation he has adopted and amplified, from Catrou, of the temple Virgil has described, as prefiguring the Æneid, in the beginning of the Third Georgic. Notes on the Epistle to Augustus, p. 43.

A noted French Writer calls Augustus, "Un fourbe, un assassin, nommé Octave, parvenu à l'Empire par des crimes qui meritoient le dernier supplice."

Ver. 2. *open all the Main;*] A very obscure expression, as it was suggested to me by a judge of good writing, Lord Macartney.

Legibus emendes: in [b]publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

[c] Romulus*, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, [d]Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt;
[e]Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit [f]invidiam supremo fine domari.

[g]Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

NOTES.

* *Romulus,*] Dion Cassius informs us, book 53, that Augustus was particularly pleased to be called Romulus.

Ver. 3. *Your Country, chief,*] The epithet, *solus,* in the Original must have been particularly pleasing and flattering to Augustus. I have seen a spirited Ode, in which the shade of Brutus was introduced, bitterly reproaching Horace for such a total desertion of his republican principles, as was avowed by the use of this word, *solus.*

Ver. 5. *From such a Monarch,*] This fine imitation was first published in 1737. The strong satire with which it abounds was concealed with such delicate art and address, that many persons, and some of the highest rank in the court, as I have been well informed, read it as a panegyric on the king and ministry, and congratulated themselves that Pope had left the opposition, in which he had been engaged. But it may seem strange they should not see the drift and intention of such lines, as, the six first, the twenty-ninth, the three hundred and fifty-fourth, the three hundred and fifty-sixth, the three hundred and seventy-sixth, the three hundred and ninety-fourth, and many other lines.

Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws, amend;
[b]How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c]Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d]sacred Name,
After a life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Critics storm'd,
Or Laws establish'd, and the World reform'd;
[e]Clos'd their long Glories, with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
[f]Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
And still this Monster to subdue at last.
[g]Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!

NOTES.

Ver. 7. *Edward and Henry,* &c.] *Romulus, et Liber Pater,* &c. Horace very judiciously praises Augustus for the colonies he founded, not for the victories he had won; and therefore compares him not to those who desolated, but to those who civilized, mankind. The Imitation wants this grace: and, for a very obvious reason, our Poet should not have aimed at it; as he has done in the mention of *Alfred.* W.

It has been observed, that Alfred, though he built many churches, yet founded no monastery.

Ver. 17. *The great Alcides,*] This instance has not the same grace here as in the Original, where it comes in well after those of Romulus, Bacchus, Castor, and Pollux; though awkwardly after Edward and Henry. But it was for the sake of the beautiful thought in the next line; which yet does not equal the force of his Original. W.

[h]Præsenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i]Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
* *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
Æstimat; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:
[l]Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *Oppress'd we feel*, &c.] "Les hommes, nés INGRATS et JALOUX," (says an ingenious French Writer, with becoming indignation,) "ne pardonnent pas ceux qui prétendent à leur admiration: de la mériter ils en font un crime, qu'ils punissent par des *calomnies*, des *critiques ameres*, et des *mépris affectés*. La Posterité le vengera de ses oppresseurs, en le comblant de louanges, tandis que ses imbécilles detracteurs, ces hommes *vils*, qui pour être oubliés, n'ont pas besoin de cesser d'être, resteront pour jamais plongés dans l'oubli." W.

Ver. 21. *the beam directly beat*,] In the Original is a confusion of metaphors, rarely to be found in Horace; *urit et prægravat*; which our author has judiciously avoided.

Ver. 30. *None e'er has risen*,] An artful irony for the gross and open adulation of *nil oriturum alias*; but the most unpardonable strain of flattery in one who had served under Brutus, is, telling this Augustus that he will be, *patiens vocari Cæsaris ultor*.

Ver 37. *Chaucer's worst ribaldry*] The laws of the Decemvir do not at all answer to Chaucer; nor the *annosa volumina vatum* to Spenser and Ben Jonson. Nor in Verse below, 48, *tumbling through a hoop*, to *luctamur*. Dr. Hurd gives a forced meaning to *Achivis unctis*, and says it means, the *unwearied assiduity* of the Greek artists; the practice of *anointing* being essential to their agonistic trials, and that Horace puts the attending circumstances for the thing itself.

Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
To thee, the World its present homage pays,
The Harvest early, [h]but mature the praise:
Great Friend of LIBERTY? in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame *:
Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
[i]As Heav'n's own Oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k]None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the Rust we value, not the Gold.
[l]Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote:

NOTES.

Ver. 38. *And beastly Skelton,* &c.] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. P.

His Poems, says Dr. Farmer, are printed, 1736, with the Title of "Pithy, Pleausant, and Profitable Workes of Maister Skelton, Poete Laureate." But, says Mr. Cibber, after several other Writers, "How, or by what interest he was made Laureat, or whether it was a title he assumed to himself, cannot be determined." This is an error pretty generally received, and it may be worth our while to remove it.

A facetious Author says somewhere, That a Poet Laureat, in the modern idea, is a gentleman who hath an annual stipend for

Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
[m]Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
Si, quia [n]Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
Venimus ad summum fortunæ: *pingimus*, atque
[o]*Psallimus*, et [p]*luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si [q]meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

NOTES.

reminding us of the new year, and the birth-day; but formerly a Poet Laureat was a real University Graduate.

"Skelton wore lawrell wreath
And past in schoels ye knoe,"

says Churchyarde in the Poem prefixed to his Works. And Master Caxton, in his Preface to the Boke of Eneydos, 1490, hath a passage, which well deserves to be quoted without abridgment: "I praye mayster John Skelton late created Poete Laureate in the Unyversite of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte thys sayd booke, and taddresse and expowne whereas shall be founde faulte; to theym that shall requyre it; for hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and Englysshe every dyfficulte that is therein, for he hath late translated the Epystles of Tullye and the Book of Dyodorus Syculus, and diverse other Workes, out of Latyn into Englisshe, not in rude and old langage, but in polyshed and ornate termes, craftily, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other noble Poets and Oratours, to me unknowen: and also he hath redde the IX Muses, and understands their musicalle scyences, and to whom of them eche scyence is appropred: I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's

One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
[m]He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Tho' justly [n]Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not We be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry Public Virtue we excel:
We build, we paint, [o]we sing, we dance as well,
And [p]learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If [q]Time improve our Wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British Bards begin t' immortalize?

NOTES.

well!" Skelton was rector of Diss in Norfolk, and patronised by the Earl of Northumberland. He wrote against Wolsey. Erasmus styled him, very strangely, Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus. A most curious and accurate account, accompanied with remarks on the poetry and taste of this country in the reign of Henry VII. is given in the 15th section of the History of English Poetry.

Ver. 40. *Christ's Kirk of the Green;*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. P.

It was printed at Oxford 1691, in quarto, by Gibson, who was then a young man, at the end of Polemo Middinia, a Macaronic Poem by W. Drummond of Hawthornden.

Ver. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club. P.

Ver. 43. *Tho' justly Greece*] The Poet, as Dr. Hurd rightly observes, does not admit that the most ancient Greek writings were the best; what he allows is, the Superiority of the oldest Greek writings extant; which is a very different thing. The turn of his argument confines us to this sense.

Est vetus atque probus, [r]centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s]veteresne poetas,
An quos et præsens et postera respuat ætas?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur [t]*honeste*,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut [u]equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione [w]ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x]*fastos*, et virtutem æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [y]*Libitina* sacravit.
[z]Ennius et *sapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur

NOTES.

Ver. 55. *can have no flaw*,] A very reprehensible expression; as also the words below, Verse 58, *right and sound*. On the contrary, *look in Stowe*, Verse 66, is very happy.

Ver. 63. *the Horse-tail bare*,] Lambinus says this passage relates to a story mentioned in Plutarch of a soldier of Sertorius.

Ver. 69. *Shakspeare*] Shakspeare and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other, in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*. P.

Dryden does, indeed, call them so, but very undeservedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Besides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor less reasonable than most of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to serve, and few principles to go upon. This may be said as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity. W.

This censure of Dryden's critical works is surely too severe.

" Who lasts a [r]century can have no flaw,
I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him [s]Ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
" We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By [t]courtesy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the [u]Horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt [w]down Ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in [x]Stowe,
And estimating Authors by the year,
Bestow a Garland only on a [y]Bier.
Shakspeare (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will),
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *and ev'ry Play-house bill*] A ridicule on those who talk of *Shakspeare*, because he is in fashion; who, if they dared to do justice to their taste or conscience, would own they liked *Durfey* better. W.

Ver. 70. *Style the Divine,*] Is it not a true observation, that what nations gain in correctness and elegance, they lose in force and sublimity?

Ver. 71. *For gain, not glory,*] I believe this perfectly true of Shakspeare, but not of Ben Jonson; who was not made, as was Shakspeare, a poet by accident, but had spent his life in a close study of the art. And as some of his plays, particularly the Silent Woman, were the first models of just comedy in our language, he could not, with propriety, be substituted for the ruder writers of Rome. The expression in Verse 74, *the Life to come*, is somewhat licentious.

Quo [a]*promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea.*
Nævius [b]in manibus non est; at [c]mentibus hæret
Pene recens:[d] adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur [e]quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti:
Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro

NOTES.

Ver. 74. *The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.*]

"Quo promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea."

The beauty of this arises from a circumstance in Ennius's story. But as this could not be imitated, our Poet endeavoured to equal it; and has succeeded. W.

(Certaintly not succeeded).

Ver. 77. *Forgot his Epic,*] Rhymer absurdly prefers the Davideis to the Jerusalem of Tasso.

Ver. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. P.

Ver. 79. *Yet surely, surely,*] Gesner observes that these lines, in the Original, are not Horace's own opinions; a circumstance observed by our author. Gesner much improved Baxter's Horace.

Ver. 83. *Cowley's Wit;*] Why mention Cowley, when only dramatic writers are spoken of, and characterized? In Verse 85, he alludes to a line of Rochester on Shadwell and Wycherley. It is plain he was only copying the trite and trivial opinions of the pretenders to taste, by omitting Otway, and mentioning only Southern and Rowe, as masters of the pathetic; but whose Isabella and Jane Shore may in truth be almost put in competition

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
[a]The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b]Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But still [c]I love the Language of his Heart.
" Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all [e]debates where Critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
Of Shakspeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe.

NOTES.

with Belvidera. It is singular that Horace, in the Original, should mention Afranius only as the copier of Menander, and not Terence. Instead of Livi, meaning Livius Andronicus, in the succeeding lines, Bentley would read Lævi; because he says that Livius Andronicus was too obsolete to be read by the scholars of Orbilius.

Ver. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;*] Nothing was less true than this particular: but the whole paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer,

" Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat." P.

Ver. 85. *How Shadwell hasty,*] These lines answer to lines 58, 59, in the Original. Dr. Hurd observes, that Menander and his follower Terence were not admired by the Roman writers, till after the Augustan age: The reason was, " that popular eloquence which continued, in a good degree of vigour, to that time,

Spectat Roma potens; [f]habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
[g]Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.
Si [h]veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

NOTES.

participating more of the freedom of the *old* comic banter, and rejecting, as improper to its end, the refinements of the *new*, insensibly depraved the public taste; which by degrees only, and not till a studied and cautious declamation had, by the necessary influence of absolute power, succeeded to the liberty of their old oratory, was fully reconciled to the delicacy and strict decorum of Menander's wit."

Ver. 89. *the people's Voice is odd,*] "The capricious levity," says Dr. Hurd, on this passage, "of popular opinion hath been noted even to a proverb: and yet it is this, which, after all, fixes the fate of authors. This seemingly odd phenomenon I would thus account for: What is usually complimented with the high and reverend appellation of public judgment is, in any single instance, but the repetition or echo, for the most part eagerly catched and strongly reverberated on all sides, of a few leading voices, which have happened to gain the confidence, and so direct the cry, of the public. But (as, in fact, it too often falls out) this prerogative of the few may be abused to the prejudice of the many. The partialities of friendship, the fashionableness of the writer, his compliance with the reigning taste, the lucky concurrence of time and opportunity, the cabal of a party, nay, the very freaks of whim and caprice; these, or any of them, as occasion serves, can support the dullest, as the opposite disadvantages can depress the noblest, performance; and give a currency or neglect to either, far beyond what the genuine character of each demands. Hence the public voice, which is but the aggregate of these corrupt judgments, infinitely multiplied, is, with the wise, at such a juncture, deservedly of little esteem. Yet in a succession of such judgments, delivered at different times and by different sets or juntos of these sovereign arbiters of the fate of au-

These, [f]only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; [g]the People's Voice is odd:
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [h]Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

NOTES.

thors, the public opinion naturally gets clear of these accidental corruptions. Every fresh succession shakes off some: till, by degrees, the work is seen in its proper form, unsupported of every other recommendation, than what its native inherent excellence bestows upon it. Then, and not till then, the voice of the people becomes sacred; after which it soon advances into divinity, before which all ages must fall down and worship. For now reason alone, without her corrupt assessors, takes the chair; and her sentence, when once promulgated and authorized by the general voice, fixes the unalterable doom of authors."

[g]Ὅλως καλὰ νόμιζε ὕψη καὶ ἀληθινὰ, τὰ διαπαντὸς ἀρέσκοντα καὶ πᾶσιν. Longinus, Sect. 7.

Ver. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries. P.

It was written by J. Still, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells.

If our author had been more acquainted with, and had not so much despised, our old Plays, he would have acquitted himself better in his edition of Shakspeare. A correct edition of this Comedy, written 1551, was given by Mr. R. Dodsley, in his valuable Collection of Old Plays; a publication which had the merit of exciting an attention to our ancient writers. Mr. R. Dodsley was a man of singular integrity, modesty, good sense, and good taste. He was honoured with the regard and friendship of some of the most celebrated writers of his time; particularly of Mr. Pope himself. He planned and conducted several works of great utility. He himself produced many pleasing and agreeable pieces, though not of the first rate; particularly his

Si quædam nimis [i]*antique*, si pleraque [k]*dure*
Dicere cedit eos, [l]*ignave* multa fatetur;
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.

NOTES.

Toyshop; his Œconomy of Human Life; his Poem on Public Virtue; his Ode, entitled Melpomene; and his Tragedy of Cleone. I reflect with pleasure on the number of eminent men I have met at his hospitable Table. "The true *Noctes Atticæ*," Johnson used to say, "are revived at honest Dodsley's House."

Ver. 92. *Careless Husband praise*,] This line is quoted as an instance of our Author's candour towards Cibber. This play was at first denied to be Cibber's, and was given to the Duke of Argyle, and other noblemen. It met with the greatest success, and was soon ascribed to its right author. Mrs. Oldfield's abilities were first known and admired by her acting Lady Betty Modish. The reconciliation scene between Sir Charles and Lady Easy was applauded. But Dr. Armstrong in his Sketches, p. 247, thinks it unnatural. Cibber was fond of these reconciliation scenes, and has used them in four of his plays; namely, Love's Last Shift, The Careless Husband, Wife's Resentment, Provoked Husband. It is singular, that Cibber should be the first writer that, after the Restoration, produced a play, his Love's Last Shift, in which any purity of manners, any decency of language, and any respect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were preserved. (See Davis's Miscell. p. 400. v. 3.) Cibber, says Dr. Armstrong, besides his abilities as a writer, and the singular variety of his powers as an actor, was, to the last, one of the most agreeable, cheerful, and best humoured men you would ever wish to converse with. Armstrong, consequently, could not think him a proper hero for the Dunciad.

Ver. 97. *affects the Obsolete*,] One, who is allowed to have studied Spenser attentively, has remarked, "that the censure of Johnson upon his style, is perhaps unreasonable; Spenser in affecting the ancients writ no language." The ground-work and substance of his style is the language of his age. This indeed

Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Public is a Fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the [i]Obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on [k]Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l]prose he sweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.

NOTES.

is seasoned with various expressions, adopted from the elder poets; but in such a manner, that the language of his age was rather strengthened and dignified, than debased and disguised, by such a practice. In truth, the affectation of Spenser in this point is by no means so striking and visible as B. Jonson has insinuated; nor is his phraseology so difficult and obsolete as it is generally supposed to be. For many stanzas, together, we may frequently read him with as much facility as we can the same number of lines in Shakspeare. Observations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 133, by Thomas Warton, A. M.

Ver. 98. *And Sidney's verse*] For a specimen, take the following stanza of one of his Sapphics. Arcadia, book i. p. 142.

If the spheres senseless do yet hold a music,
If the swan's sweet voice be not heard, but at death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost
Yieldeth a lute's tune.

Ver. 100. *Now Serpent-like,*] Nobody can deny there are inequalities in this poem; and this observation of our Author is adopted from Dryden, who says, that Milton runs into a flat thought sometimes for a hundred lines together; "but 'tis when he is got into a track of Scripture;" but such passages bear no proportion to the general sublime of the poem; which, as the same Dryden says, we all admire with so much justice.

[m]Non equidem insector, *delendaque carmina* Livî
Esse reor, memini quæ [n]*plagosum* [o]*mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
sed emendata videri
Pulcraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:

NOTES.

Ver. 104. *Bentley*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest Wits, [P. S.] and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest Scholars of his time, [C. H.] will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Master both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whose Writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taste*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of composition. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision, and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whose diction he was always for reducing to the prosaic rules of logical severity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech call *verbum ardens*, he was sure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical standish. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Master of all the mysteries of the ancient *Rhythmus*,

[m]Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like [n]slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [o]read at school.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease;

NOTES.

The most important of his Works, as a scholar, is his *Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris;* and the least considerable, his *Remarks on the Discourse concerning Freethinking.* Yet the first, with all its superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as usual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

"A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:"

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the first case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometimes mistake his own force, he was never the Dupe of the public judgment: of which, a learned prelate, now living, gave me this instance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticism (the *Answer* to the Oxford writers), he bade him not be discouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long against a work of so much learning. To which the other replied, "Indeed Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himself." W.

Ver. 104. *his desp'rate hook,*] Alluding to the several passages of Milton, which Bentley has reprobated, by including them within hooks; some with judgment, and some without any. W.

Is it possible the commentator could be serious in giving this turn to the word *hook?*

Inter quæ [p]*verbum emicuit* si forte *decorum*,
Si [q]*versus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

[r]Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.

[s]Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attæ*
Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ [t]*gravis Æsopus*, quæ doctus *Roscius* egit.

NOTES.

Ver. 109. *Sprat,*] Rightly put at the head of the small Wits. He is now known to most advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His learning was comprised in the well rounding of a period: For, as Seneca said of Triarius, "Compositione verborum belle cadentium multos *Scholasticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eton nor Westminster, but a little country school by the Churchyard side, should at last come to be a Bishop. —But the honour of being a Westminster School-boy some have at one age, and some at another; and some all their life long. Our grateful Bishop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age. W.

Ver. 110. *Like twinkling stars*] Among the trash that fills those six volumes, called Dryden's Miscellanies, are several copies of verses so dull and despicable, that they would hardly gain admittance in a modern monthly magazine;

"Unfinished things one knows not what to call."

Dodsley's six volumes are on the whole superior. Milton, in his Second Defence, has very severely proscribed the common writers of miscellaneous poems. "Poetas equidem vere dictos, et diligo et colo, et audiendo sæpe delector; istos vero versiculorum nugivendos quis non oderit? quo genere nihil stultius, aut vanius, aut corruptius; aut mendacius. Laudant, vituperant, sine delectu, sine discrimine, judicio, aut modo, nunc principes, nunc

Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er),
One Simile, that [p]solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or [q]lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[r]I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.
[s]On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which [t]Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

NOTES.

plebeios, doctos juxta atque indoctos, probos an improbos perinde habent; prout Cantharus, aut spes nummuli, aut fatuus ille furor inflat, ac rapit." A sensible French writer makes the very same complaint that our author has done in verse 116. Some shining passages, and a few striking lines, were sufficient to recommend a whole piece. The weakness and meanness of many other lines were excused, on being considered only as made merely for connecting the former, and therefore they were called, as we learn from Marolles's Memoirs, des Vers de Passages. Du Bos, Sect. 7. The reading such works, says Bayle, is like the journey of a caravan over the deserts of Arabia, which often goes twenty or thirty leagues together without finding a single fruit-tree or fountain. This thought has a close resemblance to the 111th line of our Poet.

Ver. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,*
Or well-mouth'd Booth—]

The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, signifies dignity of gesture and action; and in this sense the imitator uses the word *grave:* nothing being more destructive of his character than

Vel quia nil [u]rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
Jam [v]*Saliare Numæ carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
[x]Quod si tam Græcis *novitas* invisa fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

NOTES.

ranting, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chase*, here applied to his successor, was not given without a particular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between scientific music and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to Betterton, as the earliest of our Author's friends; whom he no less esteemed (as *Cicero* did Roscius) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a *third* accomplished Actor*: the present ornament of the English Theatre. W.

Ver. 122. *Which Betterton's grave*] There are few characters drawn with such precision, life, nature, and truth, as what Cibber has given us of Betterton, in the fourth chapter of his life. It required no small mastery of language, and knowledge of the difficult art of acting, to be able to convey to the reader an exact and complete idea of the manner in which Betterton so admirably personated the characters of Othello, Hamlet, Hotspur, Brutus, and Macbeth. It were to be wished the same justice could be done to Mr. Garrick, who perhaps would not suffer much by a comparison with Betterton. It is at least to be lamented that Dr. Johnson should speak so contemptibly, as he has done more

* Mr. Garrick.

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names,)
How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's Age!
You'd think [u]no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some brave Examples yet remain,
Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extol's old Bards, [w]or Merlin's Prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[x]Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?

NOTES.

than once, of the profession and abilities of his friend and pupil. Booth was educated at Westminster-school, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, who had himself a great love of theatrical representations; and whose early praises of Booth for performing the Pamphilus of Terence, determined him to try his fortune on the stage. His first appearance was in the part of Oroonoko, on the Irish theatre; and in London, that of Maximus in Valentinian. He was reckoned second to Betterton after he had performed Artaban in Rowe's Ambitious Step-Mother, and Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother. But Othello was thought his masterpiece. He was a man of considerable literature, strict integrity, and amiable manners. His figure was clumsy, he stooped, had a large head, and very short arms. Roscius squinted. The lines 122 and 123, on Betterton and Booth, contain too feeble an encomium on the merits of these two excellent actors.

Ver. 124. *a muster-roll of Names*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. P.

Ver. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as Ver. 133—4 excel it. W.

[y] Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in *vitium fortuna labier æqua;*
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit [z]*equorum.*

NOTES.

Ver. 140. *with Charles restor'd;*] He says properly, *restor'd*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather. W.

It was more than a revival.

Ver. 142. A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. P.

Ver. 143. *in Horsemanship t'excel—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. P.

How deep this infection then reached, may be seen (but not without surprise) from the famous George Lord Digby's translating the three first books of Cassandra. Neither Philosophy, Public business, nor the Bigotry of Religion, could keep him (when the folly was become fashionable) from an amusement fit only for boys and girls. W.

Astræa, by Honorè d'Urfè, was the best of these High Romances, the first volume of which was published 1610, and dedicated to Henry the Fourth. Boileau has written a Dialogue in the manner of Lucian, full of wit and pleasantry, to expose the High Romance of Gomberville, Calprenade, and De Scuderi, tom. iii. p. 1.

Ver. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance,*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongst us, is least attended to. This of *fictitious history*, or the *Fable*, is not below our notice.—The close connexion which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, strongly inclines us to turn our attention on human affairs, in preference to most other pursuits, and eagerly to wait the course and issue of them. But as the progress of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy our impatience, by the invention of *history*. Which, by recording the principal circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[y]In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
" All by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud in [z]Horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.

NOTES.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess; so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too insipid, to a taste stimulated by the luxury of art; Men wanted something of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages, those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune: and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see, that too eager a pursuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of Phantoms and Chimeras. And now, those who had run farthest after these delusions, were the first to stop short and recover themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of Spanish invention. These presented us with something of *humanity*; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before had been conducted by *Necromancy*, so all, now, was managed by *intrigue*. And though this *humanity* had indeed a kind of *life*, it had, yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, grew, however, disgusted at the dryness of the *Conduct*, and want of ease in the *Catastrophe*.

The avoiding of these defects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the French, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which,

[a]Marmorit aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suspendit [b]picta vultum mentemque tabella;

NOTES.

some celebrated story of antiquity was so disguised by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagances, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over-refinement of *Platonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus in attempting a more natural representation of it, in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely obliged) hit upon the true secret by which alone a deviation from fact and reality, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of LIFE and MANNERS.

In this species of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its perfection. But the rage of appetite for these amusements, which succeeded, and the monstrous things that now serve for our entertainment, will put us in mind of a story, which Plutarch tells of Cæsar: who observing certain Barbarians at Rome caressing young puppy-dogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque resemblances.—Yet amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we have been lately entertained with what I venture to call, a Masterpiece, in the *Fable;* and of a new species likewise. The piece I mean is THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO. The scene is laid in *Gothic Chivalry*. Where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the Author to go beyond his subject, and effect the full purpose of the *ancient Tragedy*, that is, *to purge the passions by pity and terror*, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the best Dramatic Writers. W.

Then [a]Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [b]animated Canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:

NOTES.

Ver. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas*] If Wycherley in his Comedies had nature, says Mr. Walpole, it is nature stark naked. "The painters of that time veiled it but little more; Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent, to be taken for any thing but maids of honour. Yet fantastic as his compositions seem, they were pretty much in the dress of the times, as is evident by a Puritan tract in the year 1678, entitled, Just and Reasonable Reprehensions of Naked Breasts and Shoulders."

When Oliver Cromwell sat to Sir Peter Lely, he said to him while sitting, "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

Ver. 150. *The sleepy eye,*] This charming line bears a wonderful resemblance to one in an exquisite Greek Epigram of Antipater, which it is not probable Pope could have seen:

Ἡ τακεραῖς λεύσσουσα κόραις μαλακώτερον ὕπνου.
Liquiscentibus tuens oculis mollius somno.

Ver. 151. *all was Love and Sport,*] The memoirs of the Count Grammont, without Burnet's History, would be alone a sufficient monument of the unexampled and coarse corruption and debauchery of the Court of Charles the Second, who diffused a taste, not only for French manners, but for French government, into this Country, full of low admiration of that vain, unfeeling, ambitious, profuse Despot, Louis XIV.

Ver. 152. *debauch'd at Court:*] In a letter to Lord Clarendon, January 27, 1658; the Duke of Ormond says of Charles II.

Nunc [c]tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis:
[d]Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.
[e]Romæ dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [g]nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[f]*Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h]et calet uno
Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.

NOTES.

"I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conversations, is become an irresistible part of his nature, and will never suffer him to animate his own designs, and others' actions, with that spirit which is requisite for his quality, and much more for his fortune."

Ver. 153. *On each enervate string*, &c.] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. P.

Ver. 155. *But Britain*,] Our Author has widely and improperly departed from the context and meaning of his Original. Horace speaks only of a change of taste in works of Art and Literature. Pope has altered it to Politics and Disputes on Government.

Ver. 160. *Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.*] i. e. The love of Liberty—Mr. Voltaire, while in England, writes thus to a friend in Paris—"I had a mind at first to print our poor *Henry* at my own expences in London: but the loss of my money is a sad stop to my design. I question if I shall try the way of Subscriptions by the favour of the Court. I am weary of Courts.

On [c]each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
But [d]Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause.
[e]Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And send his Wife to church, his Son to School.
To [f]worship like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on [g]good Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [h]Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:

NOTES.

All that is King, or belongs to a King, frights my republican Philosophy. I won't drink the least draught of Slavery in the Land of Liberty. I have written freely to —, and I will always do so, having no reason to lay myself under any restraint. I fear, I hope nothing from *your* Country: all that I wish for, is to see you one day here. I am entertaining myself with this pleasant hope. If it is but a dream, let me enjoy it: don't undeceive me: let me believe I shall have the pleasure to see you in London, drawing up the strong spirit of this unaccountable Nation. You will translate their thoughts better when you live amongst them. You will see a Nation fond of their Liberty, learned, witty, despising Life and Death, a nation of Philosophers. Not but that there are some fools in England. Every Country has its madmen. It may be, French folly is pleasanter than English madness, but by —— English Wisdom and English Honesty is above *yours*." MS. Eng. Lett. Oct. 15, 1726.

Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior [l]Parthis *mendacior;* et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
[k]Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* est,
Promittunt [l]medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
[m]Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
[n]Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige; vatis [o]*avarus*

NOTES.

Ver. 172. *Our Wives read Milton,*] Our age deserves rather to be congratulated than satirized, for the general diffusion of knowledge and literature that has taken place, particularly among the fair sex; among whom may be found, not only many intelligent readers, but also able judges of poetry. See Mrs. Montague's Essay on Shakspeare.

Ver. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprising Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. P.

Ver. 186. *Should Ripley venture,*] Politics and Partiality says Lord Orford, in his Anecdotes on Painting, concurred to help on this censure. Ripley was employed by the minister, and had not the countenance of Lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is no less true, that the Admiralty is a most ugly edifice, and deservedly veiled by Mr. Adams's handsome screen. Yet Ripley in the mechanic part, and in disposition of apartments and conveniences, was unluckily superior to the Earl himself. Lord Orford's at Houghton, and Lord Walpole's at Woollerton, one of the best towns of the size in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artist of the charge of ignorance.

Ver. 191. *the Folly benefits mankind;*] For the honour and defence of our favourite art, we must here add Dr. Hurd's note on this passage.

"This apology for poets, and, in them, for poetry itself, though delivered with much apparent negligence and unconcern, yet, if considered, will be found to comprise in it every thing, that any, or all, of its most zealous advocates have ever pretended in its behalf.

Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the Bays[l],
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, [i]lie,
Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When sick of Muse, or follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to shew our Wit.

[k]He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l]Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile;)
But [m]those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, [n]reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind; 191
And rarely [o]Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

NOTES.

"For it comprehends; I. [From Ver. 118 to 124.] The personal good qualities of the Poet. Nothing is more insisted on by those, who take upon themselves the patronage and recommendation of any art, than that it tends to raise in the professor of it all those virtues which contribute most to his own proper enjoyment, and render him most agreeable to others. Now this it seems may be urged on the side of poetry, with a peculiar force. For not only the study of this art hath a direct tendency to produce a neglect or disregard of worldly honours and emoluments

Non temere est animus: versus amat, hoc studet unum;

NOTES.

(from the too eager appetite of which almost all the calamities, as well as the more unfriendly vices, of men arise), but he, whom the benign aspect of the muse hath glanced upon and destined for her peculiar service, is, by constitution, which is ever the best security, fortified against the attacks of them. Thus his raptures in the enjoyment of his muse, make him overlook the common accidents of life: (ver. 121.) he is generous, open, and undesigning by nature: (ver. 122.) to which we must not forget to add, that he is temperate, that is to say, poor by profession.

Vivit siliquis et pane secundo.

"II. (From ver. 124 to 139.) The Utility of the Poet to the State: and this both on a Civil and Moral Account. For, 1. the poets, whom we read in our younger years, and from whom we learn the power of words, and hidden harmony of numbers, that is, as a profound Scotchman teaches, the first and most essential principles of eloquence, enable, by degrees, and instruct their pupil to appear with advantage in that extensively useful capacity of a public speaker.

"And, indeed, graver writers than our poet have sent the orator to this school. But the pretensions of poetry go on much farther. It delights (from ver. 130 to 132) to immortalize the triumphs of virtue; to record or feign illustrious examples of heroic worth, for the service of the rising age: and, which is the last and best fruit of philosophy itself, it can relieve even the languor of ill-health, and sustain poverty herself under the scorn and insult of contumelious opulence.

"2. In a moral view its services are not less considerable; (for it may be observed the poet was so far of a mind with the philosopher, to give no quarter to immoral poets;) and to this end it serves, 1. (ver. 127) in turning the ear of youth from that early corruptor of its innocence, the seducement of a loose and impure communication.

"2. Next (ver. 128) in forming our riper age, (which it does with all the address and tenderness of friendship, Amicis praeceptis,) by the sanctity and wisdom of its precepts. And, 3.

Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the Bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, [i]lie,
Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When sick of Muse, or follies we deplore,
And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to shew our Wit.

[k]He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l]Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile;)
But [m]those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, [n]reflect, the mischief is not great;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o]Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.

NOTES.

"For it comprehends; I. [From Ver. 118 to 124.] The personal good qualities of the Poet. Nothing is more insisted on by those, who take upon themselves the patronage and recommendation of any art, than that it tends to raise in the professor of it all those virtues which contribute most to his own proper enjoyment, and render him most agreeable to others. Now this it seems may be urged on the side of poetry, with a peculiar force. For not only the study of this art hath a direct tendency to produce a neglect or disregard of worldly honours and emoluments

Detrimenta, [q] *fugas* servorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non [r] *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis, et pane secundo[s];
[t] Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi.*
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
[u] Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

NOTES.

"Thus hath the great Poet, in the compass of a few lines, drawn together a complete defence of his art; for what more could the warmest admirer of poetry, or, because zeal is quickened by opposition, what more could the vehement declaimer against Plato (who proscribed it) urge in its behalf, than that it furnishes, to the Poet himself, the surest means of solitary and social enjoyment; and farther serves to the most important civil, moral, and religious purposes."

Ver. 195. *Flight of Cashiers,*] Alluding to Mr. Knight's (one of the Cashiers of the South-Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that Bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer.

Ver. 201. *Of little use*] Except these two lines, vivit siliquis, and militiæ quanquam piger et malus, all that follows is serious in the Original. And I do not think os tenerum is ridicule.

Ver. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo,* has a relation to his Epicurism: *Os tenerum pueri,* is ridicule: the nobler office of a Poet follows; *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert,* &c. which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses. P.

Ver. 213, 214. *Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,*
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;]

The sudden stop after mentioning the name of *Dryden* has a

[q]Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To [r]cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his [s]diet.

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me shew, a Poet's of some weight,
And ('tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
[u]What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!——In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.

NOTES.

great beauty. The Poet's *tenderness* for his master is expressed in the second line by making his *case general;* and his *honour* for him, in the first line, by making his *case particular*, as the only one that deserved pity. W.

Ver. 215. *excuse some Courtly stains*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*,

Torquet ab *obscœnis* jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

NOTES.

he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly; and told him that he had better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice; and seem disposed to follow it. But soon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However, he assured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *Party* views; and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had said,

"Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd;"

he was much troubled; said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion; and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expense both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the succession, Mr. Addison thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purposely and directly written to oppose the schemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner,

"The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir'd
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd;
And, boldly rising for Britannia's Laws,
Engag'd great CATO in her country's cause;
On you submissive waits." W.

In Spence's Collections, I read these anecdotes of Addison, at his house at Byfleet in Surrey, 1754. These anecdotes, which

He, "from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the Side of Truth,

NOTES.

were very curious, and contained many unknown particular circumstances of his contemporaries, were sold to Mr. Dodsley the bookseller, and prepared to be published; when Mr. Lowth, the late excellent bishop of London, and Dr. Ridley, on a close inspection of them, imagined, that from some personalities in them, they were improper for the public eye. They therefore prevailed on Mr. Dodsley to relinquish his bargain, which he readily and generously agreed to do; and the Anecdotes were sealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcastle, the patron and friend of Spence. When Dr. Johnson was writing the Lives of the Poets, application was made to the Duke for an inspection of what related to Pope. It is to be hoped no farther use was ever made of them in any other publication.

Ver. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains.*] Mr. Addison's literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worse Critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of men and books superficial. But, in the pleasantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as she had done once before in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a right use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander. W.

If Addison's verses are heavy, as is asserted in this note, yet has he displayed (for I must repeat the assertion) a great power of true poetic imagination, in his Vision of Mirza, the Story of Balsora, of Constantia and Theodosius, and many most beautiful allegories. The author, who called his Campaign a Gazette in Rhyme, never meant to deny that there were many very brilliant passages in this poem. The regular march from place to place, which he followed, like the route of a muster master general, was all that was pointed at. See Boileau, Art. Poet.

Ver. 217. *He, from the taste obscene,* &c.] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

"torquet ab obscœnis;"

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers, Spectators,*

Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
Recte facta refert: [x]orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* solatur et *ægrum.*

NOTES.

and *Guardians;* the Character of which is given in the preceding note. But the excellence of the papers called the *Spectator,* may be best gathered from their breaking through party-madness, at their birth, and, like the infant Hercules, in the fable of the two Snakes, strangling the rage both of the Whig and Tory papers. The fact is too important not to be delivered to posterity. Swift had inflamed party-rage into madness, by his *Examiners,* where all the Heads of the Whig interest found their characters torn in pieces, and treated in the most cruel and unjust manner. The *Tatler,* till then the delight of the Public, was no longer heard; and the efforts of *Steele's* indiscreet zeal to turn it into a party-paper, did not succeed. So the *Tatler* soon became silent, as no longer inspired by Mr. Addison, who disliked that foolish attempt. But relying on his strength, and supported by the honesty of his intentions, he resolved to try whether it was possible to soften the savage rage of Party, by calling off the public attention to it, and fixing it on those amiable *lucubrations,* with a few of which the world has been so lately charmed in the *Tatler.* It was this, and, at the same time to keep his friend Steele out of mischief, which made him espouse the projected paper of the *Spectator.* His constant assistance in it had a wonderful effect. It was indeed the full effort of the finest and most original genius in this way of writing. Yet whoever now reflects upon the success at that critical juncture, cannot be less struck with it than men were at that time. Swift, as appears by his Letters lately published, was surprised at the extraordinary success. It mortified his pride, that Mr. A. could draw the public attention from party-matters, when managed by him, where he shone without a rival. He frequently drops hints of his uneasiness that Whigs and Tories were unanimous in the applauses they gave to the *Spectator:* and invidiously represents it as a woman's paper, and patronised chiefly by the Ladies. W.

Ver. 220. *And pours each*] All this Addison has accomplished in an eminent and unequalled degree in his Prose Writings; but propriety required that the example should have been given, not from writings in prose, but verse. Pope has here deserted and

Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her Cause,
Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x]relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [y]stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms:

NOTES.

deviated from his Original, and put a change on his readers. I will just add, that Addison said he had taken the admirable character of Vellum from the Scornful Lady.

Ver. 224. *The Rights a Court attack'd,*] For this passage our Author was threatened with a prosecution.

Ver. 226. *The Idiot and the Poor,*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand. P.

Ver. 229. *who merit other palms;*] Horace, in the seven lines of the Original, *Castis cum pueris*, &c. is perfectly serious, and Pope has indulged a vein of ill-placed humour and pleasantry, in laughing at poor Sternhold and Hopkins, and Psalm-singing in country churches. A very accurate and entertaining account is given in the History of English Poetry, of this musical version of the Psalms, which was made after the model of Clement Marot, who, about the year 1570, hoped to have introduced a spirit of devotion into the Court of Francis I. by substituting divine hymns instead of chansons d'amour, among the ladies and nobility. And Thomas Sternhold, a native of Hampshire, and educated at Winchester college, hoped to do the same in the court of Edward VI. to whom he was groom of the bedchamber. His coadjutor was John Hopkins, a schoolmaster in Suffolk, who translated fifty-eight of the Psalms; and another assistant was

Castis cum [a]pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde [a]*preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et *præsentia numina* sentit;
Cœlestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f] Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter: [g] donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas

NOTES.

William Whyttingham, dean of Durham, who also versified the Decalogue, the Nicene, Apostolic, and Athanasian Creeds. And Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing the tragedy of Gorboduc, joined also in this work, and turned into metre twenty-seven Psalms. History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 168, by Thomas Warton.

Ver. 240. *by Violence of Song.*] Dr. Brown, an able judge of music, says, that the performance of our parochial psalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are sung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is skilfully and devoutly employed by a sensible organist, the union of this instrument with the voices of a well-instructed congregation, forms one of the grandest scenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverse of this appears, when a company of

The [z] Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion [a] touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
Verse prays for Peace, or sings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that Grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And [d] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
Our [e] rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants, share,
Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and [g] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.

NOTES.

illiterate people form themselves into a choir distinct from the congregation. Here devotion is lost between the impotent vanity of those who sing, and the ignorant wonder of those who listen.

But Mr. Mason has exhausted this subject in his very judicious and elegant Essay on Psalmody.

Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
Ad[i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

[k] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille
Defluxit [l] *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus

NOTES.

Ver. 263. *We conquer'd France,*] Pope has failed in ascribing that introduction of our polite literature to France, which Horace attributes to Greece among the Romans (ver. 15. orig.). It was to Italy, among the moderns, that we owed our true taste to poetry. Spenser and Milton imitated the Italians, and not the French. And if he had correctness in his view, let us remember, that in point of regularity and correctness, the French had no dramatic piece equal to the Silent Woman of Ben Jonson, performed 1609; at which time Corneille was but three years old. The rules of the drama are as much violated in the Cid, 1637, beautiful as it is, as in the Macbeth, Lear, and Othello, all written before Corneille was born; whose first comedy, Melite, which is now never acted, was represented 1624. The pieces of the very fertile Hardy (for he wrote six hundred), the immediate predecessor of Corneille, are full of improbabilities, indecorums, and absurdities, and by no means comparable to Melite. As to the correctness of the French stage, of which we hear so much, the rules of the three unities are indeed rigorously and scrupulously observed; but the best of their tragedies, even some of those of the sweet and exact Racine, have defects of another kind, and are what may be justly called descriptive and declamatory dramas; and contain the sentiments and feelings of the author, or the spectator, rather than of the

Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome [h]dread of statues bound,
The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to [i]Flatt'ry's side; but some more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
[k]We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [l]Numbers learn'd to flow.

NOTES.

person introduced as speaking. "After the Restoration," says Pope, in the margin, "Waller, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation." But the model was unfortunately and injudiciously chosen; for the Pompey of Corneille is one of his most exceptionable tragedies. And the rhyme translation they gave of it is performed pitifully enough. Even Voltaire confesses, that Corneille is always making his heroes say of themselves, that they are great men. Pope mentions only Waller and Denham as masters of versification; What! did Milton contribute nothing to the harmony and extent of our language? nothing to our national taste, by his noble imitations of Homer, Virgil, and the Greek tragedies? Surely his verses vary, and resound as much, and display as much majesty and energy, as any that can be found in Dryden. And we will venture to say, that he that studies Milton attentively, will gain a truer taste for genuine poetry, than he that forms himself on French writers, and their followers. His name surely was not to be omitted on this occasion. Let the fond admirers of French poetry attend to the confession of their last great poet: "Cette maigreur, ordinaire à la versification Française, ce vuide de grandes idées, est un peu la suite de la gêne de nos phrases et de notre rime."

Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent, [m]*vestigia ruris.*
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post [n]*Punica bella* quietus quærere cœpit,
Quod [o] Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:

NOTES.

Corneille was induced to write this tragedy of Pompey from his great admiration of Lucan, many of whose lines he translated and inserted in his play, full of tumid expressions and violent exaggerations. The last act is very feeble and uninteresting.

"The translation," says Fenton, "from Corneille, I found appropriated to Mr. Waller, in a letter which was communicated to me by my honoured friend Sir Clement Cotterel, master of the ceremonies; it was written to his grandfather by Mrs. Philips, the celebrated Orinda; and contains the following criticism on our Author's performance, and her opinion of the whole: "I must then tell you, that Mr. Waller's own act is not free, in my opinion, from just exceptions. The words, Roman blade, choke me very much; his frequent double rhymes in an heroic poem; his calling Pompey a consul, when that was not in the original, or the history (both the consuls being with him at Pharsalia); Pharsalian kites, for les vautours de Pharsale. I cannot relish his Englishing, le dernier preuve de leur amitié, their new friendship; and many additions and omissions of the Author's sense. I think a translation ought not to be used, as musicians do a ground, with all the liberty of descant; but as painters when they copy. And the rule that I understood of translation, till these gentlemen informed me better, was, to write so Corneille's sense, as it is to be supposed Corneille would have done if he had been an Englishman; not confined to his lines, nor his numbers (unless we can do it happily), but always to his meaning."

Ver. 269. *The long majestic March,*] But Dryden himself says, that he used the Alexandrine line in imitation of Spenser. It cannot be allowed that Pope, as is asserted in the following note, by his perpetual encomiums preserved his Master falling

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic March, and Energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our [m] rustic vein, 270
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd Nation [n] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [o] Racine, and Corneille's noble sire,
Shew'd us that France had something to admire.

NOTES.

into neglect. This truly great but incorrect Poet stood in no need of such assistance.

Ver. 269. *Energy divine.*] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, occasioned these perpetual encomiums; which have preserved his Master from falling into neglect, and have even raised his reputation higher than ever. *Cicero* did the same grateful office to *Crassus* and *Antonius*, to whom he had the same obligations. One of the principal reasons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his famous Dialogue *de Oratore* is, " ut laudem eorum jam prope senescentem quantum ego possem (says he) ab oblivione hominum, atque a silentio vindicarem—deberi hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.—"

Ver. 274. *Corneille's noble fire,*] Father Tournemine used to relate, that M. de Chalons, who had been secretary to Mary de Medicis, and had retired to Rouen, was the person who advised Corneille to study the Spanish language; and read to him some passages of Guillon de Castro, which struck Corneille so much, that he determined to imitate his Cid. The artifices used by Richelieu, and the engines he set to work to crush this fine play, are well known. Not one of the Cardinal's tools was so vehement as the Abbe d'Aubignac; who attacked Corneille on account of his family, his person, his gesture, his voice, and even the conduct of his domestic affairs. When the Cid first appeared, says Fontenelle, the Cardinal was as much alarmed as if he had seen the Spaniards at the gates of Paris. In the year 1635 Richelieu, in the midst of the important political concerns that occupied his mighty genius, wrote the greatest part of a play, called La Comedie des Tuilleries, in which Corneille proposed some altera-

Nam [p]spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q]turpem putat inscite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r]*medio* quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet *Comœdia* tanto

NOTES.

tions to be made in the third act: which honest freedom the Cardinal never forgave.

The Medea of Corneille was played 1635. It was the first tolerable tragedy produced in France after the Sophonisba of Mairet, 1633. It is remarkable, that both in Italy and France, Sophonisba was the story that gave rise to the drama from the hands of Trissino and Mairet.

Ver. 275. *that France had something*] "Were I a Frenchman," said Akenside, "concerned for the poetical glory of my country, I should lament its unmusical language, and the impossibility of forming it to numbers or harmony. The French Ode is an uncertain mixture of different feet, changing at random the rhythmus or movement of the verse, and disappointing one's ear, just as if a dancer in the midst of a minuet should fall a capering in the harlequin step, or break out into a Lancashire hornpipe. Their Alexandrine measure, which they call heroic, has its pause or cæsura in every line at the same place; so that two hammers on a smith's anvil make just as much music as Racine or Boileau. If this be without remedy in the French language, their language is very unfortunate for Poetry; but is it not diverting to hear these finished critics and masters of correctness valuing themselves upon this wretched, unmusical poverty in their verse, and blaming the licentiousness of English Poetry, because it allows a variation of the pause, and a suspension of the period from one verse into any part of another? without which Poetry has less harmony than Prose."

Ibid. *Something to admire.*] How highly soever we ought to think of the exact Racine, who deserved a stronger epithet, and of the spirited Corneille, France shewed us also another Poet worthy admiration, I mean Moliere; who, in his way, is equal, if not superior, to the two former; I fear we have no English writer of comedy whom we can put in competition with Moliere. Yet this incomparable writer, whose comedies are a school of virtue, and whose life was irreproachable, was forbidden Christian burial by Harlay archbishop of Paris, because he was an Actor; and, on a remonstrance from his wife to the king, was at last allowed

Not but the [p] Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The [r] humble Muse of Comedy require.

NOTES.

to be privately interred without the usual funeral ceremonies, while Madam Moliere cried out, "Quoi, l'on refusera la sepulture à un homme qui merite des autels!" As to the skilfulness of Racine in speaking, mentioned above, it is known that he taught Chammesle, with whom he was in love, to speak with justness and propriety, who also instructed her niece Madam du Clos in the same style of speaking; but which sort of declamation being rather too pompous and stiff, was brought down to a more natural tone by Baron and Le Covreur. Garrick did the same on our stage.

Ver. 282. *Some doubt,*] "Tragedy," says Dr. Hurd, "whose end is the pathos, produces it by action, while comedy produces its end, the humorous, by character. Now it is much more difficult to paint manners, than to plan action, because, that requires the Philosopher's knowledge of human nature; this only the Historian's knowledge of human events." But in answer to this assertion, Dr. Brown observes, "That, in the course of this argument, it seems entirely forgot, that the tragic Poet's province is not only to plan, but to paint too. Had he no farther task, than what depends on the mere historian's knowledge of human events, the reasoning would hold: but as it is the first and most essential effort of his genius, in the construction of a complete tragedy, to invent and order a pathetic plan, consistent in all its parts, and rising towards its completion by a succession of incidents which may keep up and continually increase terror or pity; it is manifest that the perfection of his plan depends not on his mere historic knowledge of human events, but on his philosophic discernment of human passions; aided by a warm and enlarged invention: talents as rare, at least, as the knowledge or discernment of human characters. If to this we add the subsequent

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [s]aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t]*partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dossennus [u]*edacibus in parasitis;*
Quam [w]*non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco.*
Gestit enim [x]nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad scenam [y]ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:

NOTES.

task, of giving the high colourings of passion to the tragic plan thus ordered, the difficulty of writing a complete tragedy may seem to be in some respects equal, in others superior, to that of producing a complete comedy: for, in the conduct of this last species, it is acknowledged, that a small degree of poetic invention will support it." Brumoy has given a long and judicious dissertation on this question in the fifth volume of his Grecian Theatre, page 251, which at last he leaves undecided. But does there not appear to be a fundamental error in stating the question? for character is as essentially necessary to tragedy as to comedy. How are the incidents that constitute a fable to be brought about, but by agents, that are compelled to act in such or such a manner, by their particular propensities and passions, which constitute character? Are not Electra and Medea as strong characters as Lady Townley and Millamant? and Othello and Macbeth as Thraso or Menedemus? In short, in a good tragedy, there must be a union both of character and action. But it is said that a good plot is not so essential to comedy as to tragedy; if so, the superior difficulty of writing the former disappears. In the rank and order of geniuses it must, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is superior. And, therefore, I think the opinion, which I am sorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakspeare's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to lessen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

There still remains another remark to be made on this passage of Horace: How were the Romans to judge of the truth and nature of the characters in their comedies, when these characters

But in known Images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less[s].
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if [t]Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how [u]loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [w]eat with vast applause!
But fill their [x]purse, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom [y]Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,

NOTES.

were those of another nation, and their comedies being chiefly mere translations from the Greek, and therefore to them "not known images of life?"

Ver. 287. *Congreve*] He alludes to the characters of Brisk and Witwood. Dr. Johnson says, rather strangely, "his comedies have the operation of tragedies."

Ver. 290. *Astrea*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, &c. P.

Ver. 291. *Who fairly puts*] How came Mrs. Behn's name to be inserted among the *best* writers that have not succeeded?

Ver. 296. *Oh you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*] The Metaphor is fine; but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

"Ventoso gloria curru,"

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph. It has a great beauty too, taken in a more serious light, as representing the Poet a *Slave* to, and Attendant on, Fame or *Glory*,

"Quem tulit ad scenam—Gloria;"

as was the custom in their Triumphs. In other respects the imitation has the preference. It is more just. For a Poet makes

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: [a]valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
[a]Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, et [b]depugnare parati
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut [c]*ursum* aut *pugiles:* his nam plebecula gaudet:
Verum [d]*equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e]*equitum* turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

NOTES.

his first entrance on the stage not, immediately, to *triumph*, but to *try his fortune*. However,

"Who pants for Glory," &c.

is much superior to the Original. W.

Dr. Hurd imagines these lines are not spoken by the Poet in his own person, but are the sentiments of an objector, whom, according to his manner, Horace suddenly introduces as urging them. Pope, we see, did not consider the Passage in this light.

Ver. 300. *Who pants for glory*] I would appeal again to any candid reader, after he has perused Dr. Warburton's extraordinary note on this passage, and ask him, if he thinks this learned commentator unjustly and unfairly treated, in the strictures which we have presumed to make on some of his overstrained and subtle remarks, so remote from the meaning of our Poet, and so unworthy of the acuteness and penetration of the author of the Divine Legation.

Ver. 305. *The many-headed Monster*] This epithet is taken from Ben Jonson.

With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[a]Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[a]There still remains to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, [b]to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, [c]the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now [d]of Lords:
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot [e]and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermine, Gold, and Lawn;
The Champion too! and to complete the jest,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.

NOTES.

Ver. 310. *What dear delight*] In former Editions,

For Farce the People true delight affords,
Farce, long the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords.

Ver. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from Operas to *Pantomimes*. W.

Ver. 316. *Pageants on pageants,*] Long before Horace wrote, Tully, in an Epistle to Marius, book 7, had ridiculed these absurd shows, spectacles, and processions, on the stage. "Quid enim delectationis habent sexcenti muli in Clytemnestra? aut in equo Trojano craterarum tria millia? aut armatura varia, peditatus et equitatus, ut in aliqua pugna? quæ popularem admirationem habuerunt, delectationem tibi nullam attulissent."

[f]Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g]*elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [h]narrare putaret *asello*
Fabellam surdo. nam quæ [i]pervincere voces
Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
[k]*Garganum mugire* putes *nemus*, aut *mare Tuscum.*
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
[l]*Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus* [m]*oblitus actor*
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
[n]Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

NOTES.

Ver. 319. *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. P.

Of late years, and since this was written, these extravagances have been carried to a greater length of folly and absurdity, which have nearly ruined the stage, and extinguished a taste for true dramatic poetry.

Yet let this verse (" and long may it remain!") shew there was one who held it in disdain long before our Author; Rowe thus complains, in his Prologue to one of his best plays:

> Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
> Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?

Ver. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep,*] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. P.

With [f]laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
Let Bear or [g]Elephant be e'er so white,
The People, sure, the People are the sight!
Ah luckless [h]Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its [i]throats the Gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the Pit ascends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k]Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l]petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the [m]lost Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters,—hark! the Universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"
[n]Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:

NOTES.

Ver. 331. *At Quin's high plume,*] More celebrated for acting inimitably well the characters of Zanga and Falstaff, than that of Cato. But still more justly celebrated for his original wit, his generosity and friendship for Thomson, whose distresses he once relieved in the most liberal and delicate manner.

Ver. 335. *But has he spoken!*] Æsopus, says Tully, lost his voice by straining it to speak loud enough to be heard amidst the noise of the theatre. We must always recollect the vast extent of the ancient theatres, and the multitude of the audience and spectators.

Ire poeta ; °meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

NOTES.

Ver. 342. *'Tis he, who gives*] These six following verses are much superior to the Original, and some of the most forcible in our language. They contain the very end and essence of dramatic poetry. The scenes of most of the ancient tragedies were laid at Thebes or Athens.

This is a perfect and just idea of true and genuine poetry; to the exclusion of mere moral couplets and didactic lines of Horace's and Boileau's Satires and Epistles; the former of whom positively and directly disclaims all right and title to the name of Poet, on the score of his ethic pieces alone. For,

——neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis——

are words we hear often repeated, but whose meaning is not extended and weighed as it ought to be. If by such a decision the ranks of rhymers should be diminished, the greater is the dignity of the few that remain in the field. We do not, it should seem, sufficiently attend to the difference there is betwixt a man of wit, a man of sense, and a true poet. Donne and Swift were undoubtedly men of wit and men of sense; but what traces have they left of pure poetry? It is remarkable that Dryden says of Donne, " He was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of this nation." Which of these characters is the most valuable and useful is entirely out of the question; all we plead for is, to have their several provinces kept distinct from each other.

It is observable, says Dr. Hurd, that Horace, here, makes his own feeling the test of poetical merit. Which is said with a philosophical exactness. For the pathos in tragic, humour in comic, and the same holds of the sublime in the narrative, and of every other species of excellence in universal poetry, is the object not of reason but sentiment, and can be estimated only from its impression on the mind, not by any speculative or general rules. Rules themselves are indeed nothing else but an appeal to experience; conclusions drawn from wide and general observations of the aptness and efficacy of certain means to produce these impressions. So that feeling or sentiment itself is not only the surest but the sole ultimate arbiter of works of ge-

'Tis he, °who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
In rage, compose, with more than Magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345

NOTES.

nius. Yet though this be true, the invention of general rules is not without its merit, nor the application of them without its use, as may appear from the following considerations:—It may be affirmed, universally, of all didactic writing, that it is employed in referring particular facts to general principles. General principles themselves can often be referred to others more general; and these again carried still higher, till we come to a single principle, in which all the rest are involved. When this is done, science of every kind hath attained its highest perfection. The account here given might be illustrated from various instances. But it will be sufficient to confine ourselves to the single one of criticism; by which I understand that species of didactic writing which refers to general rules the virtues and faults of composition. And the perfection of this art would consist in an ability to refer every beauty and blemish to a separate class; and every class, by a gradual progression, to some one single principle. But the art is, as yet, far short of perfection. For many of these beauties and blemishes can be referred to no general rule at all; and the rules which have been discovered seem many of them unconnected, and not reducible to a common principle. It must be admitted, however, that such critics are employed in their proper office, as to contribute to the confirmation of rules already established, or the invention of new ones. Rules already established are then confirmed, when more particulars are referred to them. The invention of new rules implies, 1. A collection of various particulars not yet regulated. 2. A discovery of those circumstances of resemblance or agreement, whereby they become capable of being regulated. And, 3. A subsequent regulation of them, or arrangement into one class, according to such circumstance of agreement. When this is done, the rule is completed. But if the critic is not able to observe any common circumstance of resemblance in the several particulars he hath collected, by which they may, all of them, be referred to one general class, he hath then made no advancement in the art of criticism. Yet the collection of his particular observations may be of use to other critics; just as collections

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[p]Verum age, et his, qui se *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem: si [q]munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris;* et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

[r]Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea,) cum tibi librum

NOTES.

of natural history, though no part of philosophy, may yet assist philosophical inquirers. We see then, from this general view of the matter, that the merit of inventing general rules consists in reducing criticism to an art; and that the use of applying them, in practice, when the art is thus formed, is, to direct the caprices of taste by the authority of rule, which we call reason.

Ver. 348. *This part of the Poetic state,*] I will give the reader the pleasure of seeing Lord Oxford's opinion and estimate of our late writers of tragedy, prefixed to his own Mysterious Mother:

" The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men that we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakspeare; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid pleasing kind of dignity in Rowe; and even shone in his Jane Shore. It trod in sublime and classic fetters in Cato, but void of nature or the power of affecting the passions. In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakspeare; but, falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in the Mourning Bride; grew stark mad in Lee, whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was still a Poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton, who

And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[p] But not this part of the Poetic state,
Alone deserves the favour of the Great:
Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

NOTES.

were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand, and then it languished. We have not mounted again above the two last."—Except, may I venture to add, in Douglas? Pope and Swift did not do justice to the man who could write the Siege of Damascus, by saying he was one of the Mediocribus.

Ver. 350. *Think of those Authors, Sir,*] Augustus being greatly and exclusively fond of dramatic Poets alone, Horace puts in a word of recommendation for those of another species: The good Prince, to whom our Author was writing, was equally indifferent to Poets of all kinds and sorts, and asked, when some body was highly praising Milton, "Why did he not write his Paradise Lost in prose!"

Ver. 354. *A Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library then building by Augustus. P.

Ver. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books. P.

To mention Merlin's Cave, for the Palatine Library, heightens the ridicule.

[s]*Solicito* damus, aut *fesso:* cum lædimur, [t]*unum*
Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprendere *versum:*
Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati:*
Cum [v]lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo;*
Cum [x]speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et *scribere cogas.*
Sed tamen est [y] *operæ pretium* cognoscere, *quales*
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetæ.*
[a]Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra

NOTES.

Ver. 366. *Repeat unask'd:*] Unavoidably weaker than the Original, loca jam recitata; public recitations before great audiences, collected for that purpose, being common at Rome (see many Epistles in Pliny), to which we have no custom that can answer in an imitation. Juvenal, in a well-known passage, laughs at Statius's reciting his Thebaid,

" Curritur ad vocem jucundam," &c.

Ver. 379. *Laureat's weighty place.*] It became a fashion for all the admirers and followers of Pope to join with him in condemning Colley Cibber. Dr. Johnson wrote a very pointed Epigram on this subject, which was also equally severe on George the Second:

The [t]season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when we defend
A [t]single verse we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u]unask'd; lament, [w]the Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epistles to the King;
And [x]from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the Crown:
Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y]think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown;)
Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,
Fit to bestow the [z]Laureat's weighty place.
[a]Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

NOTES.

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For nature form'd the Poet for the King."

Ver. 380—1. *Charles, to late times,* &c.] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church History of England,* printed at Brussels 1742, fol. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent: "Before Panzani set out on his journey (to England),

Fortis [b] *Alexandri vultum simulantia.* quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

NOTES.

which was about the year 1635, her Majesty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini; wherein, amongst other things, she desired he would use his interest with the famous Sculptor Cavalier Ber[a]nini, that he would cut two Bustos; one of the King, the other of herself: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alleging that her husband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no present could be more acceptable to him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refused the like favour to Cardinal Richelieu, who desired his own Busto from the same hand. But Barberini's reputation and address prevailed upon him to grant the request. I mention this Busto upon account of the extraordinary circumstances which attended it; some whereof are taken notice of by our Historians: but what I shall farther relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to which he was to form the King's Busto, he observed such melancholic lines, that they in a manner spoke some dismal fate that would befal the person it represented. And this he signified to those who were present." P. 38. W.

Ver. 380. *Charles, to late times*] If Alexander, to whom this alludes in the Original, was fond of Chœrilus, yet had he profited so much by the lessons of his master Aristotle, as to be still more fond of Homer. The vile tastes of Tiberius, Nero, and Caligula, are too well known to be here mentioned. It is indeed astonishing to consider how few kings have had any discerning spirit in wit.

Ver. 382. *And great Nassau*] "This prince," says Mr. Walpole, "like most of those in our annals, contributed nothing to the advancement of the Arts. He was born in a country where taste never flourished, and nature had not given it to him, as an embellishment to his great qualities. Reserved, unsociable, ill in his health, and sowered by his situation, he sought none of those amusements, that make the hours of the happy much happier. He had so little leisure to attend to, or so little disposition to, men of wit, that when St. Evremond was introduced to him, the king said, coldly, "I think you was a major-general in the French service."

And great [b]Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385

NOTES.

Ver. 384. *So well in paint*] The taste and knowledge of Charles I. in the fine arts are universally known and acknowledged; and his fondness for Shakspeare and Fairfax's Tasso, shews his judgment in Poetry. The 243d line of the Original, Musarum dona, is explained, I believe, in a forced and fanciful manner by Dr. Hurd, who says, the expression implies, that these images of virtue, which are represented as of such importance to the glory of princes, are not the mere offerings of Poetry to greatness, but the free-gifts of the Muse to the Poet.

Ver. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.*] This is not to be wondered at, since the *Sacerdotal* character has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning of Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch, which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surprised the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. "You must take heed how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be so ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SARVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious and full of tittle-tattle, that the KING'S *judgment was of him, that he was some* PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he would make the King weary of him. This did not take place, but that afterward he fell to it again, as was especially observed one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think), my Lord entreated him to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr.

Ad libros et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
[c]Bœotum in crasso jurares aere natum.
[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque*
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ;]
Nec magis expressi [d]vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallem

NOTES.

Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some question of that profession; and was so full of words, that Dr. Steward afterward told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him, that, like a* SMATTERER, *he had studied some two or three questions; whereof when he came in company he must be talking, to vindicate his skill; but if he were put from those, he would shew himself but a* SIMPLE FELLOW. There was present also Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that faculty, with whom he falleth in also, about some of those questions, which are now controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland; and being matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what a man he had there, who never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time. I write this unto you so largely, that you may know the disposition of the man: and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT." Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. p. 459.—Scribl.

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely's* case was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for, as exposed as their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a second Century of *my Lords of Ely*.—But it was enough that this *simple fellow* was an Arminian and a Republican, to be despised by Abbot and his Master. For in the opinion of these great judges of merit, Religion and Society could not subsist without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY POWER.—However, this *discerning spirit*, it is certain,

The Hero William and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles:
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c]Russian Bear."
Not with such [d]majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms august, of King or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

NOTES.

had not left L. when the grave Historian Anthony Wood was so hospitably entertained there. Who, in the journal of his life under the year 1671, tells the following story: "I and John Echard, the Author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with Archbishop Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbishop had withdrawn and *selected* his company, I was called into the withdrawing-room, and Echard was left behind to *go drink and smoke with the Chaplains:*" So well adjusted was this respect of persons: Echard, the wittiest man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all peradventure the dullest, was called in to enjoy the conversation of his Grace. W.

Ver. 385. *But Kings in Wit*] They may, nevertheless, be very good Kings. It is not for his verses, any more than for his victories, that the late King of Prussia will be celebrated by posterity: but for softening the rigours of a despotic government, by a code of milder laws than his crouching people had known before: and for building many villages and farm-houses, to encourage agriculture, and repair the wastes and ravages of war. He must therefore be pardoned for an absurd judgment, which he has passed on Homer, whom he could not read in the Original, where he says; "Ses chants et l'action ont peu ou point de liaison les uns avec les autres, ce qui leur a mérité le nom de rapsodies." Preface to the Henriade.

Ver. 387. *Pension'd Quarles;*] Who has lately been more favourably spoken of by some ingenious critics: particularly by the author of Thirty Letters.

Repentes per humum, [e]quam *res* componere *gestas*,
Terrarumque [f]situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et [g]*barbara regna*, tuisque
Auspiciis *totum* [h]*confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Claustraque [h]custodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i]formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque parvum
[k]Carmen *majestas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem [l]*stulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Præcipue cum se *numeris* commendat et arte.
Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m]*deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n]officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In [o]*pejus* vultu proponi cereus usquam,
Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne [p]rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum [q]scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

Ver. 397. *How dearly bought!*] A very bitter stroke of satire! especially in the word, *dearly*.

Ver. 409. *They say, I bite.*] If any key had been wanting to the artful irony contained in this imitation, especially in the last sixteen lines, this one verse would have been sufficient to fix the Poet's intention. Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Hurd takes the least notice of any irony being intended in this imitation. To what motive shall we ascribe this cautious silence?

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e]Arms, your Actions, your Repose, to sing!
What [f]seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g]barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h]Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i]Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k]Verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains:
The Zeal of [l]Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say [m]I bite.
A vile [n]Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o]woful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he [p]blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q]Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
'Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et
Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære.
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
Des nummos, excepta nihil te si *fuga* lædit."

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Dear Col'nel,*] Addressed to Colonel Cotterell of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles the First, translated Davila into English. The second line of this Imitation, "You love," &c. is feeble and useless. Horace, without preface, enters at once in his second line on the story, "Si quis forte," &c. And the fifteenth line, "But, Sir, to you," is uncommonly languid and prosaic.

Ver. 4. *This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity. W.

Ver. 20. *it is, to steal.*] The fault of the Slave-seller's Boy is only his having run away; but the young Frenchman has been

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM's and your country's Friend!
You love a Verse, take such as I can send.
[b]A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
My only son, I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
Sir, he's your slave for twenty pound a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please:
A perfect genius at an Op'ra-song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a Lord;
But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal
(Could you o'erlook but that), it is, to steal."

NOTES.

guilty of stealing; this makes his behaviour more unpardonable, and less likely to be overlooked by the purchaser: a circumstance that alters the nature of the illusion, and the probability of the bargain.

[c]Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.
Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
[d]Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea sævus
Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e]Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

NOTES.

Ver. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. P.

Sir Godfrey Kneller. W.

Ver. 27. *Consider then,*] Horace offers seven reasons by way of apology for not sending an epistle to his friend Florus; that he told him he was naturally indolent; that no man in his senses would write verses, if not compelled by necessity; that he was now too old to be writing verses; that it was impossible to gratify the different tastes of readers: that it was also impossible to write amidst the noise and bustle of Rome; that the profession of a poet is subject to many inconveniences, arising from envy, jealousy, and flattery; that it is time to leave off trifling studies and pursuits, and fix his whole attention on morals and the duties of life.

Ver. 33. *In Anna's Wars*, &c.] Many parts of this story are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original. W.

Marlborough is placed here to answer Lucullus in the Original. The character of the latter is so well and elegantly drawn

[c]If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash away,
And punish'd him, that put it in his way.
[d]Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[e]In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger, join'd
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great Commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

NOTES.

by Middleton in the first volume of the Life of Tully, as to make it one of the most pleasing parts of that celebrated work.

Ver. 37. *This put the Man*, &c.] Much below the Original,

"Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratus pariter, *jejunis dentibus acer*."

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous. W.

Ver. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.
Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, "Ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit.
[f] Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,
Atque inter silvas Academi *quærere* verum.
Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;

NOTES.

it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery. W.

Ver. 45. *Its name*] An idle expletive line. As also is verse 49, below, *Don't you remember;* evidently taken from Dacier; ne savez vous l'histoire du soldat de Lucullus?

Ver. 50. *D'ye think me,*] Dunkin's translation of these two lines is Horatian;

An't please you, Captain, let another trudge it,
The man may venture, who has lost his budget.

Ver. 51. *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.*] This has neither the force nor the justness of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

"——— Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit;"

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger; many being sufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the sudden change of condition occasioned by losses. What betrayed our Poet into this inaccuracy of expression was, its suiting bet-

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my Friend (he cried), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
[f] Bred up at home, full early I begun,
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;
And certain Laws, by Suff'rers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit and of trust:

NOTES.

ter with the *application*. But, in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And such should not forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application*: for then they reflect mutual light upon one another. W.

Ver. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*] This circumstance has a happier application in the *Imitation* than in the *Original;* and properly introduces the 68th verse.

Ver. 55. *The better art*] Dacier interprets the words, *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*, the study of geometry, which is rather absurd.

Ver. 57. *in Maudlin's learned grove.*] He had a partiality for this College in Oxford, in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him at that College.

Civilisque rudem belli tuli æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutæ*,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

[s]Singula de nobis anni *prædantur* euntes?
Eripuere *jocos*, *venerem*, *convivia*, *ludum*;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *mighty* WILLIAM'S] Horace uses some very artful and apologetical terms, in the Original, in speaking of the part he had taken against Augustus. Dura tempora—belli æstus civilis – Augusti lacertis—dimisere—decisis pennis—for being totally plundered.

Ver. 64. *For Right Hereditary*] Admirable as these lines are, yet, from the nature of the subject, they cannot be so interesting as the events in Horace's life: the inconveniency Pope laboured under from being a Papist, and subject to penal laws, are not so striking as Horace's being taken from Athens by Brutus; and having the command of a Roman legion given to him; being present at the battle of Philippi; and losing all his property for his attachment to Brutus and his republican friends. Dacier, like a true Frenchman, imagines, that a want of proper officers induced Brutus to give Horace this command in the army. Did he not recollect or know, that great numbers of young Romans, of spirit and ability, flocked to the standard of Brutus, and appeared forward in supporting the great cause of liberty?

Ver. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and consequently reflects

Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer), since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
'Years following years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend:
This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stand still?

NOTES.

back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation. W.

Ver. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital. W.

Ver. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations. W.

Ver. 74. *In one our Frolics,*] These two lines are languid in comparison of the brevity of the Original;

——jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Languid also is verse 80,

——what would you have me do?

and verse 85 is too quaint and proverbial. Also in verse 88, instead of the single word *præterea*, he has given a whole line. But on the other hand, the verses 90 and 91 are very forcible.

[h] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: his delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.
[i] Præter cætera, me *Romæne* poemata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.

NOTES.

Ver. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric Poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid: the other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicey taste, and equally high-flavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense;* whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace. W.

The note on this passage concerning our common modern lyric poetry, was written some years before Gray had so effectually vindicated this species of poetry from the objections here made to it.

Ver. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as *intimating* that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury. W.

But it does not appear to be at all *intimated.*

Ver. 93. *A Poet begs*, &c.] Many are the poets who could not do justice to their works by reading them with propriety. Corneille, Dryden, and Thomson, were remarkably bad readers. On the contrary, Virgil, Racine, and Boileau, and above all Nat Lee, were most excellent reciters. Just reading is an uncommon talent. The Duke de la Rochefoucault would never become a member of the French Academy, lest he should expose himself

[h]But after all what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests.
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.
[i]But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muse, or self, or soul, attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square—

NOTES.

by his pronunciation of the speech necessary on that occasion. I had once the pleasure of hearing Quin read the Second Book of Milton, with marvellous propriety and harmony. And the late Mr. Henderson excelled in recitation.

Ver. 94. *In Palace-yard*] I am sorry he omitted, intervalla humane commoda; which heightens the distress and inconvenience. In verse 101, a hackney-coach is better than, calidus redemtor. But verse 107 contains an image unnecessarily coarse and filthy. And verse 115 is little to the purpose. I will give the reader an opportunity of comparing, and if he is impartial, of preferring, this passage of Pope with one of Boileau on the same subject.

Qu'en tous lieux les chagrins m'attendent un passage.
Un cousin, abusant d'un factieux parentage,
Veut qu'encore tout poudreux, et sans me débotter,
Chez vingt juges pour lui j'aille solliciter;
Il faut voir de ce pas le plus considerables,
L'un demeure au Marais, et l'autre aux Incurables.

Intervalla vides humane commoda. "Verum
Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet."
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
[k]I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?
[l]Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit *Athenas,*
Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, *statua taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum

NOTES.

Je reçois vingt airs qui me glacent d'effroy,
Hier, dit on, de vous en parla chez le roy—
Epistre 6. v. 45.

Compare also the sixth satire of Boileau, containing the Description of Les Embarras de Paris, from verse 3, to verse 82; particularly verse 45.

Ver. 112. *Blackmore himself,*] In the *Battle* of the *Books*, we are surprised to find Swift preferring Blackmore to Dryden.

Ver. 113. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. P.

Ver. 123. *court, and city roars,*] Not so strong as the original metaphor;

"Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis."

Milton wrote his Paradise Lost in London, as did Thomson his three last Seasons, and his charming Castle of Indolence; and

Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottos and to Groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l] The man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete.
See! strew'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun?
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city, roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;

NOTES.

Armstrong his Art of Preserving Health, a fine classical poem, omitted in the Collection of English Poets.

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille,
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?
[n] *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos;* mirabile visu,

NOTES.

Ver. 132. *And shook his head at* MURRAY, *as a Wit.*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excel, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted.*—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, M. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countrymen, he says, "Il faisoit ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus austères Magistrats, consommés comme lui dans l'etude des Loix, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la literature. Que ceux qui meprisent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui mettent je ne sai quelle miserable grandeur à se renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à plaindre! ignorent ils que CICERON, après avoir rempli la première place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens, écrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conferoit avec des Philosophes; qu'il alloit au Théatre; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'amitié d'Esopus et de Roscius, et *laissoit aux petits esprits, leur constante gravité, qui n'est que la masque de la mediocrité?*"

The miserable malice of the human heart has been always backward to confess that great Parts and great Science were to be found together. The eminent Person, here mentioned, hath long triumphed over so vile a prejudice. BACON was not so happy. The blemishes in his moral character disabled him from stemming and subduing it. Indeed, *Envy* was ever unwilling to allow any man to excel in more than one accomplishment. As to the particular application of this wayward judgment, it is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Thus, for instance, when the Public would not allow the great Lawyer, *Coke*, to be a Classic Scholar and a

Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?
[m]The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd the Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.
" 'Twas, Sir, your law,"—and " Sir, your eloquence."
" Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."
[n]Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

NOTES.

Wit too (though he had given so many delectable specimens of both), they were perhaps in the right. But when they assumed (though they spoke by the Organ of Q. Elizabeth herself) that Bacon, a great Philosopher, was yet no Lawyer, they were certainly in the wrong. W.

Ver. 132. MURRAY, *as a Wit.*] Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accomplished person was more of a polite scholar than a profound lawyer; as if law and literature were incompatible; a notion that might easily be confuted by the examples of Lords Somers and Hardwicke, Mr. Yorke and Judge Blackstone, and many others.

Ver. 135. *all poetic merit,*] The words of the Original alluded to, contain a beautiful metaphor of a work, Gælatum Musis Novem, polished and finished by the hands of the Muses themselves. Bentley has wantonly and tastelessly altered the word to *Sacratum;* as he has done the word *alterius,* ver. 176, to *alternis,* and the word *contracta,* ver. 80, to *non tacta;* and in ver. 90, he has changed *vexat* for *versat;* and in ver. 87, *frater* for *pactus;* and would have *procul* repeated, ver. 199.

Pauperies immunda *procul, procul*——

Cælatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*
Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et *procul* audi,
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum,*
Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.

°Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,

NOTES.

Ver. 140. *but Stephen,*] Mr. *Stephen Duck,* a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.—Queen Caroline, who moderated in a Sovereign between the two great Philosophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the most sublime points in Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy, chose this man for her favourite Poet. W.

By the interest of Mr. Spence, who had a sincere regard for Stephen Duck, whose life he wrote, and published his poems, he obtained the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. He was unfortunately drowned at Reading, 1756.

Ver. 145. *allow me Dryden's strains,*] The older he grew, the better Dryden wrote. We may apply to him, what Oppian says of the spirited horses of Cappadocia;

κραιπνότεροι δὲ πέλουσιν ὅσῳ μάλα γηράσκουσι.

Lib. i. Cynegytic. ver. 201.

Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please,
" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing that I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
°In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;

NOTES.

It has been imagined that Horace laughs at Propertius in that line of the Original,

" Quis, nisi Callimachus?"

Ver. 147. *Much do I suffer,*] Multa fero, in the Original, has been idly interpreted to mean, "I carry with me a great many compliments, soothing speeches," &c.

Ver. 149. *if the whim should bite*] This expression, and the *confounded stuff*, in ver. 152, are coarse and vulgar, and unworthy of our Author. So also are the words above, ver. 131, *would make you split*, which without the addition of the word *laughter* is not English. Rhyme conceals such defects; as observed before.

Ver. 154. *They treat themselves*] Literary history scarce affords a more ridiculous example of the vanity and self-applause of

Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti:
Audebit, quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
[p] *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,

NOTES.

authors than what is related of Cardinal Richelieu, (in the Melanges d'Histoire of M. de Vigneul Marville), whose tragedy of Europa having been censured by the French Academy, who did not know the author, the Cardinal, in a fit of indignation, tore the copy into a thousand pieces, scattered it about his chamber, and retired full of rage to his bed. But at midnight called for light and for his attendant, and with great pains and difficulty, gathered up the fragments of his beloved play and carefully pasted them together.

Ver. 160. *That wants or force,*] These four words are a striking example of the energy and comprehensiveness of our Author's style; they contain almost a whole system of criticism.

Ver. 162. *Nay tho' at Court*] Not happily turned from intra penetralia Vestæ.—But he could not forbear a fling at the Court. In ver. 164, why in downright charity?

Ver. 164. *revive the dead;*] This revival of old words, says Dr. Hurd, is one of those niceties in composition, not to be attempted by any but great masters. It may be done two ways; 1. By restoring such terms as are grown entirely obsolete; or, 2. By selecting out of those, which have still a currency, and are not quite laid aside, such as are most forcible and expressive. For so I understand a passage in Cicero, who uses this double use of old words, as an argument, to his orator, for the diligent study of the old Latin writers. His words are these: "Loquendi elegantia, quanquam expolitur scientia literarum, tamen augetur

'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long,
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such Verse as we can read?
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
[p] In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;

NOTES.

legendis oratoribus (veteribus) et poetis: sunt enim illi veteres, qui ornare nondum poterant ea, quæ dicebant, omnes prope præclare locuti—Neque tamen erit utendum verbis iis, quibus jam consuetudo nostra non utitur, nisi quando ornandi causa, parce, quod ostendam; sed usitatis ita poterit uti, lectissimis ut utatur is, qui in veteribus erit scriptis studiose et multum volutatus. (De Orat. l. iii. c. 10.) These choice words amongst such as are still in use, I take to be those which are employed by the old writers in some peculiarly strong and energetic sense, yet so as with advantage to be copied by the moderns, without appearing barbarous or affected. (See Hor. lib. ii. ver. 115.) And the reason, by the way, of our finding such words in the old writers of every language, may be this; when ideas are new to us, they strike us most forcibly, and we endeavour to express, not our sense only, but our sensations, in the terms we use to explain them. The passion of wonder, which philosophy would cure us of, is of singular use in raising the conception, and strengthening the expression of poets. And such is always the condition of old writers, when the arts are reviving, or but beginning to refine. The other use of old terms, *i. e.* when become obsolete, he says, must be made *parce*, more sparingly. The contrary would, in oratory, be insufferable affectation. The rule holds in poetry, but with greater latitude;

Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas:
Adsciscet *nova*, quæ *genitor produxerit usus:*

NOTES.

for, as he observes in another place, and the reason of the thing speaks, hæc sunt poetarum licentiæ liberiora. (De O. iii. 38.) But the elegance of the style, we are told, is increased both ways. The reason is, according to Quinctilian, (who was perfectly of Cicero's mind in this matter. See l. x. c. 1.) "Verba a vetustate repetita afferunt orationi majestatem aliquam non sine delectatione; nam et auctoritatem antiquitatis habent; et, quia intermissa sunt, gratiam novitati similem parant."

Ver. 167. *Command old words that long have slept, to wake,*] The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their sepulchres.

"Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulcris."

Horace has not the same force,

"Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum." W.

Ver. 167. *old words*] Mr. Harte told me he had often talked on this subject with his friend Pope, and the following was the result of their conversations: "That language of ours may be called Classical English, which is to be found in a few chosen writers inclusively from the times of Spenser till the death of Mr. Pope; for false refinements, after a language has arisen to a certain degree of perfection, give reasons to suspect that a language is upon the decline. The same circumstances have happened formerly, and the event has been almost invariably the same. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace; and yet the former was, if one may so speak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

"I have known some of my contemporary poets (and those not very voluminous writers), who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope devised only about threescore words between them; many of which were compound epithets. But most of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being chosen and raised from excellent off-sets. Indeed, the former Author revived also a great number of ancient words and expressions; and this he did (beginning at Chaucer) with so much delicacy of choice, and in a manner so compte-

Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;

NOTES.

hensive, that he left the latter Author (who was in that point equally judicious and sagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

"Some few of Dryden's revived words I have presumed to continue; of which take the following instances: as, *gridéline*, *filamet*, and *carmine* (with reference to colours and mixture of colours), *cymar*, *eygre*, *trine*, EYPHKA, *paraclete*, *panoply*, *rood*, *dorp*, *eglantine*, *orisons*, *aspirations*, &c. I mention this lest any one should be angry with me, or pleased with me in particular places, where I discover neither boldness nor invention.—I owe also to Fenton the participle *meander'd*; and to Sir W. Davenant the Latinism of *funeral* ILICET.

"As to compound-epithets, those *ambitiosa ornamenta* of modern poetry, Dryden has devised a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but those few are exquisitely beautiful. Mr. Pope seized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own polishing.

"Compound-epithets first came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakspeare and Ben Jonson both ridiculed the ostentatious and immoderate use of them, in their prologues to Troilus and Cressida, and to Every Man in his Humour. By the above-named prologues it appears that bombast grew fashionable about the same era. Now in both instances an affected taste is the same as a false taste. The author of Hieronimo (who, I may venture to assure the reader, was one John Smith*) first led up the dance. Then came the bold and self-sufficient translator of Du Bartas†, who broke down all the flood-gates of the true stream of eloquence (which formerly preserved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks), and like the rat in the low country dikes, mischievously or wantonly deluged the whole land.

"Of innovated phrases and words, of words revived, of compound-epithets, &c. I may one day or other say more, in a distinct Criticism on Dryden's Poetry. It shall therefore only suf-

* John Smith writ also the Hector of Germany.

† Joshua Sylvester.

Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:

NOTES.

fice to observe here, that our two great poetical Masters never thought that the interposition of a hyphen, without just grounds and reasons, made a compound-epithet. On the contrary, it was their opinion (and to this opinion their practice was conformable), that such union should only be made between TWO NOUNS, as *patriot-king*, *ideot-laugh*, &c. or between an ADJECTIVE and NOUN, or NOUN and ADJECTIVE, *vice versa*, or an ADJECTIVE and PARTICIPLE, as *laughter-loving*, *cloud-compelling*, *rosy-finger'd*, &c. As also by an Adverb used as part of an ADJECTIVE, as you may see in the words *well-concocted*, *well-digested*, &c. But NEVER by a full real ADVERB and ADJECTIVE, as *inly-pining*, *sadly-musing*, and to make free with myself (though I only did it by way of irony), my expression of *simply-marry'd*, Epithets, p. 163, of which sort of novelties modern poetry chiefly consists. Nor should such compound-epithets be looked upon as the Poet's making; for they owe their existence to the compositor of the press, and the intervention of a hyphen."

Much of the same analogy by which Dryden and Pope guided themselves, in the present case, may be seen in the purer Greek and Roman languages; but all the hyphens in the world (supposing hyphens had then been known) would not have truly joined together the *dulce ridentem* or *dulce loquentem*, of Horace.

In a word, some few precautions of the present kind are not unnecessary: English poetry begins to grow capricious, fantastical, and affectedly luxuriant; and these therefore (as Augustus said of Haterius)

"Sufflaminari paululum debent."

Horace, it is said, gave but two new words, and Virgil only one, to the Latin tongue.

Old words to *wake*, is taken from Bacon, to *awake all antiquity*.

Ver. 168. *brave Raleigh spake;*] The conclusion of his History of the World, is written with uncommon energy and elegance. Among other particulars, Aubrey, in his manuscript notes, relates, that he was accustomed to speak, though so great

Or bid the new be English, ages hence
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense),
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But shew no mercy to an empty line:

NOTES.

a master of style, in a broad Devonshire dialect. His voice was small. And he adds a remarkable anecdote, that, at a consultation held at Whitehall, among several considerable personages, just after Queen Elizabeth's death, Raleigh declared his opinion, that it was the wisest way for them to keep the staff in their own hands, and set up a commonwealth, and not to be subject to a needy, beggarly nation. This secret declaration of Raleigh was conveyed by one of the Cabal to King James, who never forgave Raleigh for uttering it.

Ver. 174. *Prune the luxuriant*, &c.] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsh*, whose candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsh encouraged him greatly; and used to tell him, there was one road still open for distinction, in which he might excel the rest of his countrymen; and that was *correctness*; in which the English poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had several great geniuses, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriances*. This, therefore, as he had talents that seemed capable of things worthy to be improved, should be his principal study. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the most agreeable, as well as useful, of all his poetical exercises: and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he speaks of, in the following lines:

"Then polish all with so much *life* and *ease*,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been observed oftener to produce a heavy stiffness; which, by another image, the Ancients called *smelling of the lamp*. And without doubt, most an end, this will be the consequence, when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it

Ludentis speciem dabit, et *torquebitur*, ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
[q] Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,

NOTES.

is discharged as a task. But when it becomes, by habit, an exercise of amusement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its sallies, will preserve the *life;* and the fancy lightening the judgment, will produce the *ease* here spoken of. W.

Ver. 176. *Then polish all*, &c.] M. Voltaire, speaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, says,—"L'art d'être eloquent en vers est de tous les arts le plus difficile et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui sçauront arranger ou ouvrage, et le versifier d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter en vrai Poete, c'est un talent qui est donné à trois ou quatre hommes sur la terre." W.

We are informed by his ingenious Biographer, that it was not Gray's method to sketch his general design in careless verse; he always finished as he proceeded; this, though it made his execution slow, made his compositions more perfect.

Ver. 177. *You think 'tis nature*,] Inferior to the example Horace has here used for executing a difficulty with seeming ease, taken from a pantomime, who represents the rude and awkward and distorted gestures of a Cyclops, with apparent facility and grace, though these gestures cannot be performed without much real labour and previous discipline. The cyclops of Euripides is alluded to; the only satiric drama that has remained of the ancients.

Ver. 178. *But ease in writing*, &c.] That species of Writers, which Mr. Pope elsewhere calls

"The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with ease*,"

understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain Wit says) were *easily written;* whereas our Poet supposes it to be the last, and hardly attained perfection of a laboured

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
"If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;

NOTES.

work. But the *Gentleman-writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he sometimes calls *prose run mad*, are the two extremes of that perfect style, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own writings. As *case* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern; so the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the affected writings of the present. Which last character, Quintilian describes very justly, and accounts as well for its success,—"Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui semper quærit quod nimium est; verum et raro evenit, et cætera vitia non pensat." I remember once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, called *Night Thoughts*, where the Poet was always on the strain, and labouring for expression, he said pleasantly: *This is a strange man; he seems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is better than an ordinary stool.* He himself was never swelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room. W.

In point of correctness, of perspicuity of style, and propriety of sentiment, there cannot be, on the whole, any comparison betwixt Pope and Young. But the strokes of the true sublime in the Night Thoughts, the sallies of wit in the Universal Passion, and the strong character of Zanga in the Revenge, are sufficient to preserve Young from the contempt flung upon him in this note of Dr. Warburton.

In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque *theatro:*
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,
Comis in uxorem; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso *non insanire* lagenæ:
Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
[r] Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum;
[s] Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *veræ numerosque modosque* ediscere *vitæ.*
Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor:

NOTES.

Ver. 184. *There liv'd* in primo] Much of the grace and propriety of this story of the Madman at Argos is lost, by transferring the scene from the theatre to the parliament-house, from poetry to politics. The original story of this sort of madness is mentioned by Aristotle, and also by Ælian. Var. Hist. c. xxv. l. 4. of a madman, named Thrasyllus, who used to go down to Piræum, and thought all the ships that arrived in that port were his own. Horace judiciously laid the scene of this insanity in the theatre. Pope's story was entirely fiction, and unsuited to the subject, which was dramatic poetry. The reader shall have the pleasure of comparing it with Boileau's imitation of the same passage, in his 4th Satire, ver 103.

" Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme sensé,
D'un mal assez bizarre eut le cerveau blessé,
S'imaginant sans cesse, en sa douce manie,
Des esprits bien heureux entendre l'harmonie.
Enfin un medicin fort expert en son art,
Le guerit par adresse, ou plutot par hazard,

Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
My Friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care;
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.
[r]Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the Soul.
[s]Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.

NOTES.

Mais voulant de ses soins exiger le salaire,
Moi, vous payez? lui dit le bigot en colere,
Vous, dont l'art infernal, par des secrets maudits,
En me tirant d'erreur, m'oste du paradis?"

Ver. 202. *To rules of Poetry*] These four lines are far superior to the Original, particularly the third and the fourth.

[t]Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

[u]Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?
At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

[v]Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et ære est,
Quædam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus:*
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbi,

NOTES.

Ver. 210. *compliments apart,*] This is languid and redundant; but the two preceding lines, hinting at what passed in his mind, on leaving London until he got to Twickenham, very pleasing. *Feel the smart,* ver. 217, is ill expressed.

Ver. 218. *When golden Angels*] These lines are undoubtedly good; but the introduction of the absurd practice of touching for the king's evil, and the satire on servile chaplains, seem forced.

Ver. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Kennet. W.

Ver. 229. *If* D*** *lov'd*] I have in vain searched for the name to whom this blank belongs. Of all sorts of writing, personal

There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart.
'If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
" Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
" When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to Church to hear these Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.
'If there be truth in Law, and use can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.

NOTES.

satire is not only the most unintelligible, but the most short-lived. How many of the characters to whom La Bruyere alludes are unknown; Theodas, is Santeuil; Menalcas, Count de Brancas.

It was a long time before it was understood that M. de la Rochefoucault, in his 71st maxim, meant to point out the Chevalier de Rohan: in his 342d maxim, the D. d'Espernon; and in his 393d, M. le Tellier; and in maxim 200, the narrow conversation of Boileau and Racine, who never talked on any subject but poetry and criticism. Three parts of Hudibras are become unintelligible.

Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum sentit.
[x]das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emptum.
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim?*

[y]Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adsita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z]Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte suprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, at hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:
Quid *vici* prosunt, aut *horrea?* quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus

NOTES.

Ver. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-against Hampton-Court.

Ver. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here supplied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original. W.

Ver. 254. *All vast possessions*] The next ten lines are far superior to the Original, both for their poetry and philosophy; and for the artful introduction of the name of his excellent and amiable friend, Lord Bathurst.

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All [x]Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[y]Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood, that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are Weights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[z]Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'st thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase,)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
[b] Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus, alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum?
Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

NOTES.

Ver. 264. *Gold, Silver,*] These four lines are fine examples of the close, energetic, comprehensive, style of which he was so perfect a master.

Ver. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second. When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Husbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips; it was the favourite subject of his conversation. W.

He is said to have been slow in his parts, rough in his manners, and impatient of contradiction; but generous and humane at bottom; and of strong, good judgment.

Ver. 274. *Like Bu—*] Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe, whose curious Diary has discovered many despicable courtsecrets and mean intrigues.

[a] Ver. 277. *Fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia. P.

Here are lines that will justly confer immortality on a man who well deserved so magnificent a eulogium. He was at once a great *hero* and a great *legislator*. The vigour of his mind and body have seldom been equalled. The vivacity of his genius continued to a great old age. The variety of his adventures, and the very different scenes in which he had been engaged, make one regret that his life has never been written. Dr. John-

Inexorable Death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer, fall.
'Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian die,
There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
'Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils, from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;

NOTES.

son once offered to do it, if the General would furnish the materials. Johnson had a great regard for him, for he was one of the first persons that highly, in all companies, praised his *London*. His first campaign was made under Prince Eugene, against the Turks; and this great General always spoke of Oglethorpe in the highest terms. Neither he nor Eugene loved Marlborough. He once told me (for I had the pleasure of knowing him well), that Eugene, speaking of Marlborough, said, "There is a great difference in making war *en maitre*, or *en avocat*." But his settlement of the Colony in Georgia gave a greater lustre to his character than even his military exploits.

Ver. 280. *That God of Nature*, &c.] Here our Poet had an

[c]Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *hæres*,
Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumptum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.
[f]Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva;* ferar *unus et idem*.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.
[g]Non es avarus: abi. quid! cætera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

NOTES.

opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy; and so giving a much better sense to his Original; and correcting both the *Naturalism* and the *Fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words:

"Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ." W.

Ver. 302. *In pow'r, wit,*] The six words in the Original,

"Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,"

are wonderfully close, emphatical, and compact; but I think they could hardly be better expressed than by our Author. He has not, perhaps, succeeded so well in imitating another line below,

"Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,"

Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the same.
[c]Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid Want be far away.
[f]What is't to me (a passenger God wot),
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The Ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that fail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
[g]"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone:

NOTES.

a line of admirable brevity. If I was to undertake to point out all the beauties of our Author, as I presume to do some of his blemishes, these notes would be almost nauseously confined to perpetual panegyric;—it being the rare and singular talent of this Poet in general, rendre sans effort chaque idée, par le terme qui lui est propre.

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?
Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una?
[b]Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

NOTES.

Ver. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition he would explode; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits; such as the *diablerie* of *witchcraft* and *purgatory*. W.

If this was the intention of the Imitator, he should not have inserted the words, *devil* and *fire*.

Ver. 326. *Leave such to trifle*] It, perhaps, might have been better to have omitted these two last lines; the second of which has a quaint and modern turn; and the humour consists in being driven off the stage, *potum largius æquo*. The word *lusisti*, in the Original, is used in a loose and naughty sense, says Upton. As also l. 4. 13. Od. and in Propertius,

"——populus lusit Erichthonius."

But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

THE

SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucilii* scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? Hor.

[illegible]

[illegible]

and [illegible]

shew [illegible]

and virtuous [illegible]

arraigned [illegible]

had done [illegible]

On [illegible]

In pursuance [illegible]

as he expresses it, [illegible]

to have given two [illegible]

and classical elegance [illegible]

versifier, and a [illegible]

Dorne's, by the [illegible]

was only to [illegible]

first edition [illegible]

we find that [illegible]

rected through [illegible]

entitles it, [illegible]

Opt. This [illegible]

reasoning [illegible]

unhappy [illegible]

ing written [illegible]

advocate for [illegible]

And as he [illegible]

theologic [illegible]

of the [illegible]

all [illegible]

which [illegible]

this [illegible]

[illegible]

THE wit, the vigour, and the honesty, of Mr. Pope's Satiric Writings had raised a great clamour against him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and society. In answer to this charge he had it in his purpose to shew, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had arraigned Vice publicly, and shewn it in stronger colours, than he had done, whether they found it,

"On the Pillory, or near the Throne."

In pursuance of this purpose, our Poet had admirably *versified*, as he expresses it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Bishop Hall's likewise, whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and as a mere Academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by the fantastic language of Courts, Mr. Pope's purpose was only to correct a little, and smooth the versification. In the first edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Pope's library, we find that long Satire, called the first of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the versification mended for his use. He entitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. Opt.* This writer Hall fell under a severe examiner of his wit and reasoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the Long Parliament, having written in defence of Episcopacy, Milton, who first set out an advocate for Presbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to task. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adversaries, from the Bishop's theologic writings, he fell upon his Poetry. But a stronger proof of the excellency of these Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the *title* to the three first Books, which Hall, ridiculously enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRES: on this, for want of better hold, Milton fastens, and sufficiently mumbles. W.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Yes; thank my stars!*] Two noblemen of taste and learning, the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford, desired Pope to melt down and cast anew, the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vast fund of sterling wit and strong sense, by the most harsh and uncouth diction. Pope succeeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited so little by the example Spenser had set, of a most musical and mellifluous versification; far beyond the versification of Fairfax, who is frequently mentioned as the greatest improver of the harmony of our language. The Satires of Hall, written in very smooth and pleasing numbers, preceded those of Donne many years; for his Virgidemiarum were published, in six books, in the year 1597: in which he calls himself the very first English Satirist. This, however, was not true in fact; for Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Castle in Kent, the friend and favourite of Henry VIII. and, as was suggested, of Ann Boleyn, was our first writer of Satire worth notice. But it was not in his numbers only that Donne was reprehensible. He abounds in false thoughts, in far-sought sentiments, in forced unnatural conceits. He was the first corrupter of Cowley. Dryden was the first who called him a metaphysical poet. He had a considerable share of learning, and though he entered late into orders, yet he was esteemed a good divine. James I. was so earnest to prefer him in the church, that he even refused the Earl of Somerset, his favourite, the request he earnestly

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

NOTES.

made, of giving Donne an office in the council. In the entertaining account of that conversation, which Ben Jonson is said to have held with Mr. Drummond, of Hawthornden in Scotland, in the year 1619, containing his judgments of the English Poets, he speaks thus of Donne (who was his intimate friend, and had frequently addressed him in various poems:) "Donne was originally a poet; his grandfather, on the mother's side, was Heywood the epigrammatist; but for not being understood, he would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things; his Verses of the Lost Ochadine, he had by heart; and that passage of the Calm, "That dust and feather did not stir, all was so quiet." He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's transformation, or metempsychosis, was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and hereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman; his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the heretics, from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this; and since he was made Doctor, repented heartily, and resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his Anniversary was profane; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable; to which Donne answered, That he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was."

Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himself,) to live by's labour'd scenes.
As in some Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw

NOTES.

Donne was one of our Poets who wrote elegantly in Latin, as did Ben Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Addison, and Gray. In Donne's Introduction to his Witty Catalogue of Imaginary Books (which Swift has imitated before the Tale of a Tub), there is a passage so minutely applicable to the present times, that I am tempted to transcribe it: "Ævum sortiti sumus, quo plane indoctis nihil

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of Some carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.

One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:

NOTES.

turpius, *plene doctis* nihil rarius. Tam omnes in literis aliquid sciunt, tam nemo omnia. Media igitur plerumque itur via, et ad evitandam ignorantiæ turpitudinem, et legendi fastidium." Mr. Moore has lately answered Donne's Paradox on Self-Murder, vol. 2. p. 2. 41.

Ver. 27. *Those write*] The Original required little alteration.

Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
. . . . . to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,

NOTES.

Ver. 38. *Irishmen out-swear;*] The Original says,

"out-swear the Letanie,"

improved by the Imitator into a just stroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used at that time by the enemies of the English Liturgy: who, disliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphrasis for *swearing*. W.

Ver. 43. *Of whose strange crimes*] Such as Sanchez de Matrimonio has minutely enumerated and described. Such Canonists deserved this animadversion. In Pascal's fine Provincial Letters are also some strange and striking examples.

Ver. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous:

"In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell."

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence:
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass.

NOTES.

As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to *receive* every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature*, or the *Gospels*, enjoin. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original sense is much more confined; being a short summary of moral duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve temporary ends. W.

Ver. 48. *makes a calf an ox*,] An unaccountable blunder in our Author. As if an ox was in his *natural* state.

Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'r he goes
His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the pleas and Bench.**
Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
Then sick with Poetry, and possest with Muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which choose
Law practice for mere gain; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre

NOTES.

Ver. 61. *Language, which Boreas*—] The Original has here a very fine stroke of Satire,

"Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar."

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men; and disposed some even of the best Protestants to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved for charity, hospitality, and even for the service of religion. W.

Ver. 78. *Like a King's Favourite*] A line from the Original, as

No young Divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he!
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts;
Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain!
Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
'Twas only Suretyship that brought them there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.

NOTES,

also line 60; which shews that Donne, if he had properly attended to it, could have written harmoniously.

Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge; for
Bastardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th'sea) he'll compass all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench scraps kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe,
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
These he writes not: nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryar

NOTES.

Ver. 105. *So Luther*, &c.] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instruments, to the bigness of *gloss'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himself, and to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the necessary words; and becomes as concise and loose as the hasty postils of a modern Divine. So *Luther*, while

These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of Bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till like the Sea, they compass all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand:
And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song;

NOTES.

a Monk, and by his Institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But

Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause;
But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
As slily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are these spread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals

NOTES.

when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater-noster by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition* was the *power and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition; and both together, to insinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally *secularized*.—About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a strong propensity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which appears from several strokes in these Satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is entitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechisms; which shews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this *catalogue* (to intimate his sentiments of Reformation) he puts Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only observe, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais' famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the finest passages in that extravagant Satire, which was

But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;

NOTES.

the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the subject of many imitations. The best of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.—Dr. Donne afterward took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his sermons in the false taste of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pseudo martyr*, to prove that Papists ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Ecclesiastical Policy*, he has approved himself entirely ignorant both of the *Origin* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page, and elsewhere, he holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of Civil Society, then it is, that the *soul* of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is sent into it immediately from God, just as he sends the soul into the human embryo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 191st page, and elsewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this absurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and sublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life. W.

Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I did kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *These as good works*, &c.] Dr. Donne says,

——"But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now."

The popish doctrine of *good works* was one of those abuses in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude. And having throughout this satire given several malignant strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous to abuse, he had reason to bespeak the Reader's candour, in the concluding lines,

——"But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws." W.

And all mankind, might that just Mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court Sychophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

NOTES.

Ver. 125. *Thus much I've said,*] These three additional lines are redundant. And two strong epithets in the last line of Donne, *vast* and *huge*, were too emphatical to be omitted.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive*, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A Recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
Before he scap'd; so it pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
ful, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,

NOTES.

* More short, severe, and pointed, than Pope's paraphrastical lines.

Ver. 7. *The Poet's hell,*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original. W.

Ver. 10. *Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;*] *Courtiers* have the same pride *in admiring*, which *Poets* have *in being admired.* For VANITY is often as much gratified in paying our Court to our superiors, as in receiving it from our inferiors. W.

Ver. 13. *Had no new verses, nor new suit to shew;*] Insinuating that *Court-poetry*, like *Court-clothes*, only comes thither in honour of the Sovereign; and serves but to supply a day's conversation. W.

Ver. 14. *the Dev'l would*] This addition is mean. And line below, 26, is perhaps the greatest violation of *harmony* Pope has

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to shew;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,

NOTES.

ever been guilty of, by beginning the Verse with the word *Noah*. And line 17, *his fine was odd*, seems to be very exceptionable.

Ver. 19. *So was I punish'd,*] Thus in former editions:

Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudged,

As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'against strangers rise;
One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are?
His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black tho' bare.
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

NOTES.

Pope made many alterations in this Satire, and seems to have taken pains in correcting it. Line 65, and succeeding ones, stood thus:

Well met, he cries, and happy sure for each,
For I am pleas'd to learn and you to teach.

Line 86 stood as follows:

Obliging Sir, I love you I profess,
But wish you lik'd Retreat a little less,
Spirits like you, believe me, should be seen,
And like Ulysses visit Courts and men;
So much alone, to speak plain truth between us,
You'll die of spleen—excuse me, nunquam minus.

As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropt out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise Justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Bess*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.

NOTES.

Line 154 ran thus:

Shews Poland's Interest, takes the Primate's Part.

Dr. Johnson speaks, methinks, too slightingly of these Imitations of *Donne*, when he says, "That Pope seems to have known their *imbecility*."

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Compliment:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist? and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men

NOTES.

Ver. 68. *The King's, said I.*] "This sneer," said the ingenious Mr. Wilkes, "is really indecent. The good Bishop who published an edition of his works, ought, in the *mild limbo* of his Commentary, to have softened the severity of this passage."

Ver. 71. *Onslow,*] By an affected gravity, and a solemn and important air, he presided for many years over the House of Commons; but not with the ability, knowledge, patience, prudence, and amiable manners, of the *present* Speaker, Mr. Addington, 1795. It is a curious fact in the History of English Liberty, that the very first person who was raised by the Com-

This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name.
What *Speech* esteem you most? "The *King's*," said I.
But the best *words?*—"O, Sir, the *Dictionary.*"
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect *Speaker?*—"Onslow, past dispute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift for closer style,
But Ho**y for a period of a mile."

NOTES.

mons to the dignity of their Speaker, was a member who had been imprisoned by Edward the Third, for attacking his Ministers and his Mistress in Parliament.

Ver. 73. *But Hoadly for a period*] Party occasioned this cen-

Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter
To Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste:

NOTES.

sure on a Writer, whose style, it must be confessed, was *sometimes*, but not *always* (as for instance, in his *Treatise* on the *Sacrament*), *languid* and *diffuse:* but who, having spent his life in defending the British Constitution, the Revolution, and the Succession of the House of Hanover, certainly did, by no means, deserve to be styled, as he lately hath been, "That *Republican* Prelate, Bishop Hoadly." The late excellent Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth, thought very differently of him, and calls him, in his admirable Life of Wickham, "The great *Advocate* of *Civil* and *Religious* Liberty."

Ver. 73. *a period of a mile.*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long;* which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression, was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that sober rule of Quintilian, licet omnis hyperbole sit ultra fidem non tamen debet esse ultra MODUM. Scribl.

Ver. 75. *so Panurge was;*] It is surprising that Rabelais, whose book is the most cutting satire on the Pope, the Church,

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguist, and so Panurge was;
Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty *gift of Tongues* enough;
Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely shewn,
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.
" Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?

NOTES.

and the principal events of his time, should have escaped severe censure and punishment. Garagantuas is decisively Francis I. and Henry II. is Pantagruel; and Charles V. Pierocole. Swift, who formed himself on Rabelais, has exactly copied the famous speech of Panurge, in the Tale of the Tub, where Lord Peter, giving to Martin and John a piece of dry bread, tells them, it contains beef, partridge, capons, and the best wine of Burgundy. Rabelais, like Swift, loved *politics*. See his Letters from Rome, when he accompanied the Cardinal Bellay, Ambassador of Francis I. to Pope Paul III. Rabelais imitated, in many passages, the *Literæ Virorum Obscurorum*.

Ver. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Donne makes his threadbare Traveller content himself under his poverty, with the reflection, that even Panurge himself (the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais) went a begging. There is infinite wit in this passage of Donne, yet very *licentious*, in coupling the *Apostles* and *Panurge* in this buffoon manner.

By adding the words, " a pretty *gift of Tongues*," Pope has made it still more *licentious*.

No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-stretch Lutestring squeaks, O Sir,
'Tis sweat to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is King's-street.
He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly: I chaff'd him: but as Itch

NOTES.

Ver. 95. *Aretine has made;*] Alluding to the infamous Sonnets which this celebrated Italian wit composed to accompany the *Sixteen* obscene Figures that were designed by Julio Romano, who, as well as Titian, was his friend; and engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi. By writing which, Aretine lost the favour and countenance of Leo the Tenth, and Clement VII. but was afterward restored to the favour of the Medici Family, and wrote some books of devotion. The lines written for his epitaph shew his character sufficiently:

Qui giace l'Aretin poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d'ogn'un fuor che dio,
Scusandosi col dir non lo conosco.
Mazzuchelli, vol. i. p. 1012.

Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court shew Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies,
" Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who shews the Tombs! said I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family;
He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards, talk,
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
" Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your Paduasoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille—

NOTES.

Ver. 104. *from King to King*] Much superior to the Original, where is a vile conceit,

" The way to it is King's-street."

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress;
And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows
what
A subtle Statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hasts to an Offices reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport;
shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *Wild to get loose,*] Donne in this Satire imitates the *Impertinent* of Horace. Sat. ix. b. 1. And Horace copied the character from Theophrastus. There was an edition in folio, 1737, with this title, *The Impertinent*, or a *Visit to the Court*, a Satire by Mr. Pope.—And no mention is made of Donne in this Edition.

Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at, all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas,
He hears, and as a Still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
A subtle Minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore;
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:

He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
Like a big Wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this Makaron * talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.

NOTES.

* Whom we call an Ass, the Italians style *Maccheroni*. W.

Ver. 144. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his Original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions, is

"A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport;"

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the most unpopular abuse of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent mask. And one of their *Antimasks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of Monopolies: which Mr. Whitlocke thus describes: "In this Antimasque of Projectors," says he, "came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begged a patent of Monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, &c. Several other Projectors were in like manner personated in this Antimasque; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the Law; and the Attorney NOY, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Antimasque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became so general, that Ben Jonson makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another. W.

Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis see the Country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising Courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife;
And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom;

NOTES.

Ver. 151. *What Lady's face,* &c.] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

" And wiser than all us,
He knows what Lady——"

the Reader expects it will conclude—*what Lady is painted.* No, just the contrary,

" what Lady is not painted:"

satirically insinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting; in which case, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression; but upon the frequency of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing. W.

Ver. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders. W.

He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefathers sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my pow'r
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,
And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I

NOTES.

Ver. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *heat*. They both call out, as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

" O qui me gelidis——"
" Oh quickly bear me hence——" W.

The next twenty-two lines are not only far superior to the Original, but, perhaps, equal to any Pope ever wrote, or to any

He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart: and still afraid, to see
All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense:

NOTES.

in our language in rhyme. The 188th and 189th lines in the first Edition ran thus,

Here still reflection led on sober thought,
Which Fancy colour'd and a Vision wrought.

It may indeed be urged, that these lines, though containing exquisite poetry, are not of a uniform tone with the rest of the

Gave it, as ransom; but as fidlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you: so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of highborn or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?

NOTES.

piece. But such a frigid objection ought to vanish before so much excellence.

Ver. 192. *Not Dante dreaming*] It is only within a few years that the merits of this *great* and *original* Poet were attended to, and made known in this country. And this seems to be owing to a translation of the very pathetic story of *Count Ugolino*; to the judicious and spirited summary given of this poem, in the 31st section of the *History of English Poetry*; and to Mr. Hayley's elegant translation of three cantos of the *Inferno*. Notwithstanding the feeble and tasteless attacks of Voltaire, real judges will ever think that it abounds in many strokes of the true *sublime*, and the *pathetic*, though mixed with the strongest traits of the *satiric*. With what vigour and vehemence has he

Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Vision hermits can to Hell transport,
And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?

NOTES.

justly lashed the profligacy, the tyranny, and the corruptions, of the Church of Rome, being one of the very *first* writers that called her the *Great Harlot* in the Apocalypse, canto 19, of the Inferno. Nor has he been less severe on cruel and despotic princes; and in one place makes Hugh Capet confess that his father was a *butcher: Figliuol d' un Beccajo di Parigi. Purgat.* canto 20, and own himself the cause and origin of much mischief to Christendom:

I suoi radici de la mala pianta,
Che la terra Christiana tutta aduggià,
Si che buon frutto rado se ne schianta.

I only just add, that Mr. Addison appears not to have read Dante, from his never *once* referring to him in his Criticisms on Milton, who was such an *admirer* and *imitator* of this great Italian Poet. Algarotti justly laments the loss of an inestimable treasure, a copy of Dante, which Michael Angelo had enriched with designs drawn with his pen, on the margin of each leaf. Dante was justly styled, *Il poeta dell' evidenza.*

These first stanzas of the 24th canto of the Inferno, printed in Dodsley's Musæum, No. 2, page 57, is by Mr. Spence. Voltaire absurdly calls Il Inferno, "Ce Salmigondis."

No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your Waxen * garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are †; their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well
At stage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know

NOTES.

* A show of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First. W.

† i. e. of wood. W.

Ver. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous show of the Court of France in Waxwork. P.

Ver. 213. *At Fig's, at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-house: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobi-

O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff'd Nobility?
Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See where the British youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears:
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.

NOTES.

lity received instruction in those days: it was also customary for the Nobility and Gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. P.

Ver. 218. *That's Velvet*] Much superior to the Original in brevity and elegance: the next line is a stricture on the act for licensing plays, which about this time occasioned great debates in the House of Lords, and a very spirited and remarkable speech of Lord Chesterfield in behalf of play-writers:—"Wit," said he, "my Lords, is the *property* of those who have it; and very often the *only property* they have. Thank Heaven, my Lords, we are otherwise provided for." The first play that was prohibited by this act, was *Gustavus Vasa*, by Brooke; the next was the *Edward and Elconora* of Thomson.

That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the Presence were a Mosque: and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.

NOTES.

Ver. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain. W.

Ver. 227. *Like frigates fraught*] Here is a very close resemblance to the picture of *Dalilah*, in *Samson Agonistes:*

" ——Who is this
That so bedect, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship
Of Tarsus bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving?"

Ver. 240. *by Durer's rules,*] The best Painter Germany ever produced; he was patronised and beloved by Maximilian I. and by Charles V. and, what was of more consequence to an artist, by Raphael himself, who sent him several designs, and his own portrait. He formed himself on no other painter, had a manner

Our Court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;

NOTES.

of his own, which indeed was hard; he wanted *grace*, had not studied the *antique*, and copied only *common nature* and the *forms* before him. He attended not to *Costume*. His Madonnas were dressed like German ladies, and his Jews had beards and mustacchios. See a most judicious Criticism on the Works and Talents of Albert Durer, by a living painter of great genius and learning, Mr. Fuseli, in the *third* volume of that entertaining publication, intitled, *Anecdotes of some distinguished Persons*, p. 234.

So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition;*
And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelesness, good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among

NOTES.

Ver. 250. *So first to preach*] An inimitable portrait of a smooth, and smug, and satin, modern divine!

Ver. 256. *or Gonson*] He was a famous Westminster justice of peace; and Hogarth introduced him in one of his pictures.

But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest:*
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore'right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

NOTES.

Ver. 262. *The Captain's honest,*] Much resembling Noll Bluff, in Congreve's *Old Batchelor,* who was copied from *Thraso,* and also from Ben Jonson.

Those *Askaparts**, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

* A Giant famous in Romances. P.

Ver. 273. *As men from Jails*] A line so smooth that our Author thought proper to adopt it from the Original. There are many *such*, as I have before observed, which shew, that if Donne had taken equal pains, he need not have left his numbers so *much more rugged* and *disgusting*, than many of his contemporaries, especially one so exquisitely melodious as Drummond of Hawthornden; who, in truth, more than Fairfax, Waller, or Denham, deserves to be called the first polisher of English Versification. Milton read him much. And Pope copied him, not only in his Pastorals, as before observed, but in his Eloisa. A well-written Life of Drummond is inserted in the fifth volume of the new Edition of the Biographia Britannica, with many curious particulars imparted by Mr. Park.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from Jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly sins, I see the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

NOTES.

Ver. 274. *For, hung with deadly sins,*] The room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. P.

Ver. 286. *my Wit,*] The private character of Donne was very amiable and interesting; particularly so, on account of his secret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage; of his constant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the sensibility he displayed towards all his friends and relations.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

The following words of Quintilian might not be an improper motto for these Dialogues:

"Ingenii plurimum est in eo, et acerbitas mira, et urbanitas, et vis summa; sed plus stomacho, quam consilio dedit. Præterea ut amari sales, ita frequenter amaritudo ipsa ridicula est."

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 2 in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like St. Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth*, &c.] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

"'Tis all from Horace," &c. P.

By long habit of writing, and almost constantly in one sort of measure, he had now arrived at a happy and elegant familiarity of style, without flatness. The satire in these pieces is of the strongest kind; sometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It must be owned to be carried to excess. Our country is represented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed

You grow correct that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"

NOTES.

with dissipation, depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, so emasculated and debased by every species of folly and wickedness, in about twenty years afterward, carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all the quarters of the world, and astonished the most distant nations with a display of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtue. So vain and groundless are the prognostications of poets, as well as politicians. It is to be wished, that a genius could be found to write an *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-one*, as a counter-part to these two Dialogues, which were more diligently laboured, and more frequently corrected than any of our Author's compositions. I have often heard Mr. Dodsley say, that he was employed by the Author to copy them fairly. Every line was then written twice over; a clean transcript was then delivered to Mr. Pope, and when he afterward sent it to Mr. Dodsley to be printed, he found every line had been written twice over a second time. Swift tells our Author, these Dialogues are equal, if not superior, to any part of his works. They are, in truth, more Horatian than the professed *Imitations* of Horace. They at first were entitled, from the *year* in which they were published, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*. They were afterward called, *fantastically* enough, *Epilogue to the Satires*, as the Epistle to Arbuthnot was intitled *Prologue to the Satires*. It is remarkable that the first was published the very same morning with Johnson's admirable *London;* which Pope much approved, and searched diligently for the Author, who lived then in obscurity. *London* had a second edition in a week. Pope has himself given more notes and illustrations on these Dialogues than on any other of his poems.

Ver. 2. *see nothing in't.*] He used the *colloquial* (I will not say *barbarism*, but) *abbreviation*, to imitate familiar conversation.

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice:*
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown,*
Blunt could *do bus'ness,* H—ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects,*
And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing,*
Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.

NOTES.

Ver. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans, in much better metre,*
"To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."]
The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
Qu'on est assis à l'aise aux sermons de Cotin."

Ver. 12. *Bubo observes,*] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation. P.

Bubo is said to mean Mr. Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe.

Ver. 13. *Horace would say,*] The business of the friend here introduced is to dissuade our Poet from *personal* invectives. But he dexterously turns the very advice he is giving into the bitterest satire. Sir Billy was Sir William Young, who from a great fluency, was often employed to make long speeches till the minister's friends were collected in the House.

Ver. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Gaoler of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. P.

He was the father of the Author of the absurd and prosaic Translation of *Ariosto;* an account of him is given in the Anecdotes of Hogarth.

Ver. 15. *In Sappho touch*] In former Editions,

Sir George of some slight gallantries suspect.

Ver. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master.

His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen.*
But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
That great men never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26, in the MS.

There's honest *Tacitus** once talk'd as big,
But he is now an *independent Whig?*

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *Screen.*]

" Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit." Pers.

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. P.

Ver. 24. *Patriots there are,* &c.] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.

Ver. 26. *The great man*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister. P.

Ver. 27. *Go see Sir* ROBERT] We must not judge of this minister's character from the *Dissertation* on *Parties,* nor from the eloquent *Philippics,* for *eloquent* they were, uttered against him in both Houses of Parliament. Hume has drawn his portrait with candour and impartiality. And some of his most vehement antagonists, particularly the great Lord Chatham, lived to allow the merits of that *long* and *pacific* ministry, which so much ex-

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30

NOTES.

tended the commerce, and consequently enlarged the riches of this country.

Ver. 29. *Seen him I have,* &c.] This, and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which it was feared would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and solicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. Pope, who was then a hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Priest's behalf. He acquainted the Minister with the grounds of his solicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his Mr. P.'s sake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt must needs be discharged either here or in purgatory. The Minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility. W.

To the account given in this note may be added, that in gratitude for this favour conferred on his friend, Pope presented to Mr. Horatio Walpole, afterward Lord Walpole, a set of his Works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton.

Seen him, uncumber'd with the venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions. P.

Ver. 34. *He does not think me*] In former editions,

He thinks me Poet of no venal kind.

Ver. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This *request* appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the *principle* it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at. W.

If Walpole really thought so ill of mankind, which may be doubted, it may remind us of what Suetonius says of Nero, c. 29: "Ex nonnullis comperi, persuasissimum habuisse eum, neminem hominum pudicum esse; verum plerosque dissimulare vitium, calliditate obtegere." When Pulteney and the Patriots had resolved not to oppose Sir Robert's famous *Excise* scheme, as really thinking it a wise, expeditious, and certain method of collecting the Revenue, Lord Bolingbroke went round to them all, in a great hurry, and earnestly told them they *must oppose* it, unless they wished Sir Robert to be Minister for ever. "The wiser any measure is," added he, "the more those that are in opposition, and out of place, should oppose it; a foolish scheme falls to the ground of itself."

Just before Atterbury went into exile, a large fine dropped to him as Dean of Westminster, but he could have no right to receive it, without the seal being set to the lease in a full chapter. Sir Robert Walpole earnestly inquired, if a chapter could *not be* held in the tower, that the Bishop might receive the benefit of this fine. A chapter was accordingly there held, and the Bishop received a thousand pounds for his share of the fine. This anec-

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.
F. Why, yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
A Horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty:*
A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:

NOTES.

dote, which is well authenticated, does great credit to the liberality and good temper of Sir Robert Walpole.

Ver. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture,* &c.] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of a transitory name. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion, "Un ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais un ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes." W.

Ver. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Osborne* (who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Coffee-house Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C. W.

Ver. 38. *A horse-laugh,*] When the Abbé Terrai, Comptroller of the Finances in France, under Louis XV. was once informed that one of his oppressive and iniquitous measures was universally condemned, he only replied coolly, "Who pretends that it is just?"—an answer exactly suited to a Minister of a despotic Prince. The Abbé had swallowed a proper dose of that useful *nepenthe* mentioned below at verse 96.

Ver. 39. *A Joke on* JEKYL,] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. P.

Ver. 39. *some odd* Old Whig] Whose principles are, or ought to be; "That the government of *one*, for the sake of *one*, is Tyranny; and so is the Government of a *few*, for the sake of *themselves:* but Government executed for the good of *all*, and with the consent of *all*, is *Liberty*."

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the Man so near
His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"
Why, answer, LYTTLETON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *Why, answer,* LYTTLETON,] George Lyttleton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty. P.

Ver. 51. *Sejanus,*] This profligate minister prevailed on the Senate to order a book of Crematius Cordus, in praise of Brutus and Cassius, to be burnt. This prohibition naturally increased the circulation of the work. "Libros cremandos," says Tacitus, "censuere patres; sed manserunt occultati, etenim punitis ingeniis, gliscit auctoritas." "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," says Lord Bacon; "and a *forbidden* writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out."

Ver. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. P.

Ver. 51. FLEURY,] Cardinal, and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. P.

Ver. 51. *honest* FLEURY,] Fontenelle who had been acquainted with the Cardinal before his ministry, visiting him and finding him in his usual serenity and gaiety of temper, said to him, "Is it possible that your Eminence still continues to be happy?" The

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit;
Come Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!

NOTES.

short Billets which the Cardinal wrote to Fontenelle, and which are preserved in the 11th Vol. of his Works, are full of wit, elegance, and pleasantry.

A person who had seen many courts, and been acquainted with many ministers, says, "I cannot refrain from combating the opinion, which supposes prodigious abilities, and a genius almost divine, in those who have governed Empires with some degree of success. It is not a superior penetration that makes statesmen; it is their character. All men, how inconsiderable soever their share of sense may be, see their own interest nearly alike. A citizen of *Bern* or *Amsterdam*, in this respect, is equal to *Sejanus*, *Ximenes*, *Buckingham*, *Richelieu*, or *Mazarine*; but our own conduct, and our enterprises, depend absolutely on our own natural dispositions; and our success depends upon fortune.

A curious account is given of the rise and fortunes of Cardinal Fleury, in the first volume of St. Simon's Memoirs, by which it appears that it was with great difficulty Louis XIV. who thought the manners of Fleury, at that time, too dissipated for a grave ecclesiastic, was prevailed on by the Archbishop of Paris, to give him the Bishopric of Frejus, his first great preferment.

Ver. 66. *Henley—Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. P.

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense,
That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterward got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. P.

Ver. 69. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,*] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence.* This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occasions, but slight and superficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this master-stroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Master Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his *Spital sermon, preached in the year* 1595, layeth open the whole Mystery. "The voice of a Preacher (saith he, himselfe a powerful Preacher) ought to be the voice of a *Crier*, which should not pipe to make the People dance, but mourne to make them *weep.* Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemishe in his eye, might serve at the Aulter; because for that impediment in his eye he could not well shew his inwarde sorrowing by his outward *weeping.* And when they offered up their first-borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Prieste, or their *Preacher*, they offered also with him a paire of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. That paire of turtle-doves did signify a paire of *mournfull eyes:* those two younge pigeons did signifie likewise *two weeping eyes:* And at that offering they prayed for their first-borne, that afterward he might have such eyes himselfe. For indeed, as Austin witnesseth, THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE with *sighing* than with speaking, with *weeping* than with words. Plus gemitibus quam sermonibus, plus fletu quam affatu." Scribl. W.

As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense;*

NOTES.

Ver. 75. *Pride of Middleton*] The life of Tully, the most important of his works, procured Dr. Middleton a great reputation, and a great sum of money, which he generously gave to his nieces. It is a most pleasing and useful work, and gives a comprehensive view of a most interesting period in the Roman History, and of the characters principally concerned in those important events. It may be worth observing, that he is much indebted, without acknowledging it, to a curious book little known, entitled, *G. Bellendini, Scoti, de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, Libri 16. *Parisiis. Apud Tussanum du Bray:* 1634. Folio; dedicated to King Charles. It comprehends a history of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Augustus, drawn up in the very words of Cicero, without any alteration of any expression. In this book Middleton found every part of Cicero's own history in his own words, and his works arranged in chronological order, without farther trouble. The impression of this work being shipped for England, was lost in the vessel, which was cast away, and only a few copies remained that had been left in France. I venture to say, that the style of Middleton, which is commonly esteemed very *pure*, is blemished with many *vulgar* and *cant* terms; such as, "Pompey *had a month's mind; on that score; these advances; this squeamishness;*" &c. He has not been successful in the translations of those many Epistles of Tully which he has inserted; which, however curious, yet break the thread of the narration. Mongault and Melmoth have far exceeded him in their excellent translations of those pieces.

Ver. 75. *and Bland,*] He had been master of Eton College, and a friend of Sir Robert Walpole. He translated into Latin, with much purity and elegance, the Soliloquy of Cato in the beginning of the fifth act of that Tragedy.

Ver. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!*] i. e. full of school *phrases* and *Anglicisms*. W.

Ver. 78. *Nation's Sense;*] The cant of Politics at that time. W.

Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad Verse on CAROLIŇA's Urn,
And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!
So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

NOTES.

Ver. 80. CAROLINA] Queen consort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution. P.

Ver. 82. *and* all *her Children blest!*] No subtle commentary can torture these words to mean any thing but the most poignant sarcasm on the behaviour of this great personage to her son on her death-bed. A very severe copy of verses was circulated at the time, said to be written by Lord Chesterfield, which ended thus:

"And unforgiving unforgiven, died!"

at the same time our Author himself wrote the following couplet on the same subject:

"Here lies wrapt up in forty thousand towels
The only proof that C*** had bowels."

So that our Author's own Note is at *vgriance* with his *Text*, as is a Letter written to Mr. Allen.

Ver. 84. *No* Gazetteer *more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his business is to write the Government's newspaper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steele for some time had this post; and he describes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himself and his writings*: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest Minister of State, to wit, in the office of *Gazetteer*; where I worked faithfully, according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all Ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People say, which I do not deserve." W.

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:
For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame, transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *Why so? if Satire*] About this time a great spirit of liberty was prevalent. All the men of wit and genius, who indeed were all in the opposition, joined in increasing it. *Glover* wrote his *Leonidas* with this view; *Nugent*, his *Odes* to *Mankind*, and to Mr. *Pulteney*; *King*, his *Miltonis Epistola*, and *Templum Libertatis*; *Thomson*, his *Britannia*, his *Liberty*, and his Tragedy of *Agamemnon*; *Mallet*, his *Mustapha*; and *Brooke*, his *Gustavus Vasa*; our Author, his *Imitations* of Horace, and these two *Dialogues*; and *Johnson*, his *London*.

Ver. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I. he was so to King George II. *This* Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. P.

Ver. 97. *There, where no Passion,* &c.] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on lise ce que les Historiens de tous les tems ont dit sur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des hommes de tous les Pais sur le miserable caractère des COURTISANS; ces ne sont point des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail, l'aversion pour la vérité; la flaterie, la trahison, la perfidie,

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friends, disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
But past the Sense of human Miseries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;

NOTES.

l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'esperance de ses foiblesses, et plus que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes-gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-la soient trompeurs, et que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant il est vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernment." W.

This testament, which Voltaire laboured to prove to be spurious, has lately been shewn to be genuine.

The passage in our Author far exceeds a celebrated one in *Pastor Fido*, where *Guarini* thus characterizes courts and courtiers. Scena 1.

L' ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
E la rapina di pieta vestita,
Crescer col danno e precipizio altrui,
E far a se di l' altrui biasmo onore,
Son le virtù di quella gente infida.

Ver. 99. *There, where no Father's,*] The miseries and meannesses of a mere court-life, are painted with a force and vigour surprising in an Author that was himself a courtier, and preceptor to Louis the XIVth's brother; the celebrated *La Mothe Le Vayer*, 2d vol. p. 354, in his Essay, entitled, *De la Servitude de la Cour;* abounding, as his manner is, with a multitude of examples and illustrations from ancient and modern history. He goes so far as to say, that a true courtier would not scruple to behave as *Harpalus* does in *Herodotus*, who being asked by Astyages, how he relished the flesh of his own son, which the tyrant had obliged him to eat, politely answered, "That *every thing* he found at the king's table was *always agreeable*."

No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns died, could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer or Peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast:
But shall the Dignity of *Vice* be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter (paltry things),
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 112. In some Editions,
Who starves a Mother——

NOTES.

Ver. 115. *Cibber's Son;—Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. P.

Ver. 122. *To pay their Debts,*] This severe line relates to a fact of too delicate a nature to be explained.

Ver. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foolish book called

But shall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?

NOTES.

The Oracles of Reason, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. P.

Ver. 123. *If Blount dispatch'd himself,*] He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount, who wrote an admirable account of a *Voyage* to the Levant, 1636; and younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who wrote the *Censura Authorum*. And this *Charles Blount* was not only the Author of *The Oracles of Reason*, but of an infidel treatise, entitled, *Anima Mundi*, and of the *Life of Apollonius Tyanæus*, in folio, 1680; with notes said to be taken from the manuscript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was his sister-in-law, with whom he was in love, when he destroyed himself.

Ver. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called, *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted *Gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the Philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become a *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station*; and that as to him, his *guide, philosopher, and friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company." All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his relief. —This unhappy man at last died a penitent. W.

Ver. 125. *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him

This, this, my friends, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*.
Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;

NOTES.

a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these Authors. P.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1732, it is related, that Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, and Bridget his wife, were found hanging in their chamber, about two yards distant from each other; and below, in their kitchen, their little child, two years old, shot through the head, in its cradle. They were neatly dressed in clean linen, a curtain was drawn between the man and woman, a pistol loaded lying near him, and a knife by her. They left two letters, one for the landlord about his rent, and the other to Mr. Brindley, endeavouring to justify the manner and causes of their death; and begging their dog and cat might be taken care of. Voltaire also has given this account in an Essay on English Suicides. Mélanges, vol. iv.

Ver. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin.*] Alluding to the *Forms of Prayer* composed in the times of public calamity and distress; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*. W.

Ver. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lower rank of the People, till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. P.

Ver 131. *Let modest* FOSTER,] This confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, that *there be very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do.* Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. Scribl. W.

He was an eloquent and persuasive Preacher, and wrote an excellent Defence of Christianity against *Tindal*. Dr. Warburton's note is a direct *contradiction* to the sentiment of his friend, who meant to pay a deserved compliment to a worthy and amiable dissenting Teacher, and who quoted him with approbation to Bolingbroke.

A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward Shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore:
Let *Greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more,

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *a Quaker's Wife,*] Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time.

Ver. 134. *Outdo Landaffe*] A Prelate of irreproachable character, who is said never to have offended Pope; and whose son is no small ornament to his Profession, Dr. Harris of Doctors Commons.

Ver. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied. P.

Ver. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN,] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. *Allen*, writes thus—"I am going to insert, in the body of my works, my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public, to correct myself on such occasions; and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean *Humility*. I must therefore, in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell every body, this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it," &c. *Twit. Nov.* 2. W.

Ver. 144. *Let* Greatness OWN HER, *and she's mean no more,*] The Poet, in this whole passage, was willing to be understood as alluding to a very extraordinary story told by *Procopius* in his *Secret History;* the sum of which is as follows:

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;

NOTES.

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora and her two Sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger: and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters in the habit and quality of a slave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance nor play on the flute, she was put into the lowest class of Buffoons, to make diversion for the Rabble; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities she suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became an absolute favourite of the people. After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and distress: from whence (as it was no wonder) she was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came; but after a large circuit through the East, where she worked her way by a free course of prostitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time consort in the Empire with his Uncle *Justin*; and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no sooner saw Theodora than he fell desperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empress *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, although she rarely denied him any thing, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaisance. But she did not live long: and then nothing but the ancient LAWS, which forbade a Senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the sun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (says the Historian), and an encouragement to the most abandoned licence. And now, no sooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phrase) OWNED *by Greatness*, than she, whom not long before it was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a single Magistrate (says Procopius) that expressed

In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,

NOTES.

the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single Prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to Court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her Virtue. As for the common People, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her buffoonery, and her prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever, who shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* Faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See Procop. Anec. c. ix.—W.

Upon this note Gibbon observes, vol. iv. p. 26. "Without Warburton's critical *Telescope*, I should never have seen, in this general picture of triumphant vice, any personal allusion to *Theodora*." Her infamous conduct may be read in the 4th vol. of the *Menagiana*. What Bayle says of J. Scaliger may be justly applied to many of Warburton's notes. "Les commentaires qu'il feroient de lui sont pleines de conjectures hardies, ingenieuses, et fort savantes; mais il n'est gueres apparent que les auteurs ayent songé à tout de qu'il leur fait dire. On s'eloigne de leur sens aussi bien, quand on a beaucoup d'esprit, quand on en a pas." Repub. des Lett. 1684.

Ver. 148. *And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both. W.

Ver. 149. *scarlet head,*] Alluding to the *Scarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypse*. W.

Ver. 151 *Lo! at the wheels*] A groupe of allegorical persons

Dragg'd in the Dust! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er, the Law:

NOTES.

worthy the pencil of *Rubens!* and described in expressions worthy of *Virgil!*" This is perhaps the noblest passage in all his works, without any exception whatever.

Ver. 162, *'Tis Av'rice all,*] "So far from having the virtues, we have not even the vices of our ancestors," says Bolingbroke.

Ver. 169. *While Truth, Worth,*] "Sitting once in my library," says Mr. Harris, "with a friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I read him, out of a book, the following passage: In our times it may be spoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the Church is under foot; the Clergy is in error; the Devil reigneth, &c. &c. My friend interrupted me with a sigh, and said, Alas! how true! How just a picture of the times! I asked him, Of what times? Of what times? replied he, with emotion, Can you suppose any other, but the present? Were any before ever so bad, so corrupt, so, &c. Forgive me (said I) for stopping you. The times I am reading of are older than you imagine; the sentiment was delivered above four hundred years ago; its Author, Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371."

While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villany."
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Shew, there was one who held it in disdain.

NOTES.

Ver. 170. *Nothing is Sacred now*] "There is a certain list of vices committed in all ages (says Sir Thomas Brown), and declaimed against by all Authors, which will last as long as human nature; or digested into common places, may serve for any theme, and never be out of date until doomsday."

They, whom envy, malevolence, melancholy, discontent, and disappointment, have induced to think that the world is totally degenerated, and that it is daily growing worse and worse, would do well to read a sensible, but too much neglected, treatise of an old divine, written 1630, Hakewill's Apology, or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'Tis all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *'Tis all a Libel*] The King of Prussia observing from his window a mob assembled to read a paper fixed on a wall, ordered one of his pages to see what it contained, who informed him that it was a vile and severe invective against his Majesty. "Take it down," said the King, "and place it lower on the wall, that it may be more easily and more universally read."—"Rien ne raccourcit plus des grands hommes," says Montesquieu, "que l'attention qu'ils donnent à de certaines procedés personels. J'en connois *deux*, qui ont été absolument insensibles, Cæsar et le Duc d'Orleans regent."

The liberty of the Press was about this time thought to be in danger; and Milton's noble and nervous discourse on this subject, entitled, *Areopagitica*, was reprinted in an octavo pamphlet, with a preface written by Thomson, the poet. "If we think to regulate printing," says Milton, "thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric.—He who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious."—"It seems not more reasonable," says Johnson, "to leave the right of printing

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In reverence to the sins of *Thirty-nine!*
Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.
Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?

NOTES.

unrestrained, because writers may be afterward censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief." To which Mr. Hayley answers, "To suffer no book to be published without a licence, is tyranny as absurd, as it would be to suffer no traveller to pass along the highway, without producing a certificate that he is not a robber."

Ver. 1. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury. W.

Ver. 8. *Feign what I will*, &c.] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *intention*; and then, to prevent a likeness, I aggravate the features. But alas! the growth of vice is so monstrously sudden, that it rises up to a *resemblance* before I can get from the press. W.

Ver. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. P.

Ver. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] It is a pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning: the *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it: which his argument requires they should do. For *dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud: but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the *person*.

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind!
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *the Town's inquiring yet.*] So true is Swift's observation on *personal* satire; "I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands, *hints*, *initial letters*, or *town facts* and *passages*; and in a few years not even those who live in London." See verse 238 below, for two *asterisks*, not filled up or known. A mortifying reflection to the writers of *satire*, and daily topics of censure!

Ver. 22. *F. You mean—P. I don't.*] The same friend is here again introduced making such remonstrances as before. And several parts of the dialogue here are more rapid and short, and approach nearer to common conversation, than any lines he had ever before written; and are examples of that style mentioned by Horace,

"——parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

Ver. 29. *Like Royal Harts,* &c.] Alluding to the old Game

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires,
As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*,
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;

NOTES.

laws; when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests. W.

Ver. 31. *As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but without reflection: for if *beasts of Nature*, then not beasts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Feræ Naturæ*, *Things* uncivilized and free. *Feræ*, as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, Asinus silvestris. Scribl. W.

Ver. 35. *You hurt a man*] In a *former* Edition there was the following note on this line: "For as the reasonable De la Bruyere observes, Qui ne sait être un *Erasme*, doit penser à être *Evêque*." Dr. Warburton omitted it after he got a seat on the Bench.

Ver. 35. *rising in the Trade.*] This was as offensive to some ambitious Ecclesiastics, as was the late proposal to put a stop to translations of Bishops.

Ver. 39. *Wretched* Wild;] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. P.

Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange spleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *why lay it on a King.*] He is serious in the foregoing subjects of Satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their Masters. W.

Ver. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. P.

Ver. 65. SCARB'ROW] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter,

Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vie for Pelham's Love),
The Scene, the Master, op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart:
Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

NOTES.

whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. P.

His character is ably and elegantly drawn by Lord Chesterfield, and the manner of his lamented death, minutely and pathetically related by Dr. Maty, in the Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield's Life.

Ver. 66. Esher's *peaceful Grove*,] The house and gardens of Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. P.

Ver. 67. Kent *and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist. W.

Ver. 71. Secker *is decent*,] To say of a prelate, whose life was exemplary, and his learning excellent, that he was only *decent*, is surely to *damn with faint praise*. His lectures and his sermons are written with a rare mixture of simplicity and energy, and contain (what sermons too seldom possess) a great knowledge of life and human nature. Dr. Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and Mr. Merrick, frequently acknowledged his uncommon skill in Oriental learning; but the Author of Warburton's Life has lately thought proper to deny him this praise. The characters of *Benson* and *Rundel* are justly drawn. It was *Gibson*, Bishop of London, who prevented the latter, though strongly patronised by Lord Chancellor Talbot, from being an English Bishop, on account of some unguarded expressions he had used relating to *Abraham's* offering of his son *Isaac*.

Ver. 73. *Berkeley*, &c.] Dr. Berkeley was, I believe, a good

But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my Love:
I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.

NOTES.

Man, a good Christian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was besides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abused by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life persisting in, the most outrageous whimsey that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impossibility of the real or actual existence of matter; which he supported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falsehood; expose reason to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticism; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonstration doubtful. To this man may be eminently applied that oracle of the Stagyrite, which says, *To follow Reason against the* SENSES, *is a sure sign of a bad understanding.*

But if (though at the expense of his moral character) we should suppose, that all this was only a wanton exercise of wit; how his metaphysics came to get him the character of a great genius, unless from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loss to conceive. His pretended demonstration, on this capital question, being the poorest, lowest, and most miserable, of all sophisms; that is, a sophism which begs the question, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly shewn: a few pages of whose reasoning have not only more sense and substance than all the elegant discourses of Dr. Berkeley, but infinitely better entitle him to the character of a great Genius. He was truly such: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable Metaphysics, established on the Physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the Wisdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's Poetry was to the Wit of the past. W.

Ver. 77. SOMMERS] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The Author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Minister; who, to qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. P.

Oft, in the clear, still Mirror of Retreat,
I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great:
CARLETON's calm sense, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same:
How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!
How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!

NOTES.

" One of those divine men," says Lord Orford finely, " who like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the historians of the last age, and its best authors, represent him, as the most incorrupt lawyer, and the honestest statesman; as a master orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man, who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity. He was at once the model of Addison, and the touchstone of Swift: the one wrote from him, the other for him."

Ver. 77. HALIFAX,] A Peer, no less distinguished by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's ministry. P.

Ver. 79. SHREWSBURY,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. P.

Ver. 80. CARLETON] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. P.

Ver. 80. STANHOPE] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. P.

Ver. 80. STANHOPE'S *noble Flame*,] Who confessed to old Whiston, that, in his opinion, it was almost impossible for a Minister of State to be an honest man.

Ver. 83. *How shin'd the Soul*,] Among these, Atterbury was his chief intimate. The turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college

How can I PUL'TNEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit:
ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the Field:

NOTES.

over which he presided. It was with difficulty Queen Anne was persuaded to make him a bishop; which she did at last, on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt; who pressed the Queen to do it, because truly she had before disappointed him, in not placing Sacheverell on the bench. After her decease, Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the Pretender; and on their refusal, upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths; for he was accustomed to swear on any strong provocation. In a Collection of Letters, lately published by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed, on the authority of Elijah Fenton, that Atterbury, speaking of Pope, said, there was,

Mens curva in corpore curvo.

This sentiment seems utterly inconsistent with the warm friendship supposed to subsist between these celebrated men. But Dr. Herring, in the 2d vol. of this collection, p. 104, says, "If Atterbury was not worse used than any honest man in the world ever was, there were strong contradictions between his public and private character."

Ver. 84. PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD] I have heard a lady of exquisite wit and judgment, say of these two celebrated men, "The latter was always striving to be witty, and the former could not help being so."

The two lines on *Argyle* are said to have been added, on the Duke's declaring in the House of Lords, on occasion of some of Pope's satires, that if any man dared to use his name in an invective, he would run him through the body, and throw himself on the mercy of his Peers, who, he trusted, would weigh the provocation.

Bolingbroke's Letters to Wyndham, is one of the most curious of his works, and gave a deadly and incurable blow to the folly and madness of Jacobitism.

Ver. 84. CHESTERFIELD *forget*,] His character was much sunk by the publication of the loose and libertine Letters to his Son.

Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
The Master of our Passions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud List should end,
Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.
Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where she shines, I praise:
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.

NOTES.

Ver. 88. WYNDHAM,] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. P.

Ver. 88. *Or* WYNDHAM, *just to*] In former Editions,

Or WYNDHAM arm'd for Freedom——

Ver. 92. *And if yet higher*, &c.] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. W.

Frederic Prince of Wales; who possessed many of what the King of Prussia called, ces qualités sociables qui s'allient si rarement avec la morgue et la grandeur des Souverains.

Ver. 93. *Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *persons*. W.

Ver. 93. *a Friend.*] At a visit at Twickenham, the Prince very pleasantly observed to Pope, that his professed love to Princes was inconsistent with his dislike of Kings, since Princes may in time be Kings. "Sir," replied Pope, "I consider Royalty, under the known and authorized type of a Lion; whilst he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret Bias to a Knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse.
But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,
For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.

NOTES.

Ver. 99. *My* LORD MAY'R.] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man. W.

Ver. 100. *nay, look not grave*] This is a feeble and useless parenthesis.

Ver. 102. *To find an honest man*, &c.] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify. W.

Ver. 112. *Enough for half*] Is not this rather too high language! except you will call it,

" superbiam
Quæsitam meritis."——

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command;
No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *What* RICHELIEU *wanted*,] A curious and uncommon fact is mentioned by the learned Abbé Longuerue, Part ii. p. 5. That Cardinal Richelieu had, from time to time, fits of insanity, during which no person was permitted to approach him but a few confidants, and especially Bois-Robert. He gave, says Segrais, p. 170, one hundred and twenty thousand crowns a year in pensions to men of learning and science. The history of his founding the French Academy is well known; which is frequently said to have polished and fixed the French language. But Malherbe, their first correct writer, died before the institution of this Academy.

Ver. 116. LOUIS *scarce could gain*,] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which he gives us an instance in Ver. 231, where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant. W.

"The *relentless* despotism of Louis," says a certain eloquent writer, "was proudly arrayed in manners, gallantry, splendour, magnificence, and even covered over with the imposing robes of science and literature."—But the despotism was notwithstanding *relentless*.

Ver. 120. *One honest line*;] The line, however, is not so *honest*, as, at first sight, it appears to be. Virgil here spoke the language of Augustus's courtiers, who held that the rigid precepts of the *over-virtuous Cato* were utterly *impracticable*, and *unsuited* to the times in which he lived; that they were calculated for a nation of *Sages* and *Philosophers*, and were proper for the Polity of *Plato*, and not for the Dregs of *Romulus*. *Augustus* was too cool and subtle a tyrant not to suffer the praises of the patriots; and even his friend Horace was permitted to say, "*Catonis no-*

—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's
no sin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.

NOTES.

bile Lethum." The line in question is in the 8th Book of the Æneid, v. 670.

Secretosque *Pios, his* dantem jura *Catonem.*

They were only the *Pii* (not the *Romans* of *that* age) who were capable of obeying the *jura Catonis.* So artful is the expression! A much honester passage, in Virgil, is that in which he had the courage to represent his hero assisting the Etruscans in punishing their tyrannical king, in the 8th Book of the Æneid, p. 494.

Ver. 121. *O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!*] A pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion. W.

A remote allusion!

Ver. 128. *Come then, I'll comply,*] Here is a most happy imitation of Persius, and of Boileau;

——Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba,
Nil moror; euge! omnes, omnes, bene miræ eritis res:
Hoc juvat? Persius, Sat. i. v. 110.

And thus Boileau, Sat. ix. v. 287.

Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer de stile,
Je le declare donc, Quinault est un Virgile.
Pradon comme un soleil en nos ans a paru.
Pelletier ecrit mieux qu' Ablancourt ni Patru.
Cotin a ses sermons trainant toute la terre,
Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à sa chaire.

But Pope has plainly the superiority by the artful and ironical compliments paid to his friends.

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTLETON a dark designing Knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?
What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

NOTES.

Ver. 129. *Spirit of* Arnall!] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. P.

Ver. 130. POLWARTH] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. P.

Ver. 143. *To break my Windows*] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham. All the great persons celebrated in these Satires were in violent opposition to government. It is rather singular that he has not mentioned Mr. Pitt, one of the most able and most formidable; especially with his friends Lyttleton, Cobham, and Pulteney.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose Flatt'ry be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.

NOTES.

Ver. 159. *Or P—e*] Judge Page, who is said to have treated delinquents too roughly.

Ver. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. P.

Ver. 161. *In Pow'r*] Lord Melcombe was the Author of this line, in an Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole.

Ver. 164. *The Priest*, &c.] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. P.

Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a Panegyric on Queen Caroline. The two following unpublished lines of our Author, have been communicated to me by a learned friend, on a picture of this Queen, drawn by Lady Burlington:

Peace! flattering Bishop, lying Dean!
This Portrait only saints the Queen!

A comet happening to appear when Cardinal Mazarine lay on his death-bed, some of his many abject flatterers insinuated, that it

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterward the same.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the *House*.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach——
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;

NOTES.

had reference to *him*, and his destiny. The Cardinal pleasantly answered, "Gentlemen, the comet does me too much honour." Tenison preached a very fulsome funeral Eulogium of Nell Gwyn.

Ver. 166. *And how did*, &c.] This seems to allude to a complaint made Ver. 71 of the preceding Dialogue. P.

Ver. 172. *As Hog to Hog*] "Our modern Authors write plays as they feed hogs in *Westphaly*, where but one eats pease or acorns, and all the rest feed upon his, and one another's *excrements*." Thoughts on Various Subjects, vol. ii. p. 497. Though those remarks were not published in the lifetime of Pope, yet the Author of them, Mr. Thyer, informs us, that Mr. Longueville, in whose custody they were, communicated them to Atterbury, from whom Pope might hear of them. It is impossible any two writers could casually hit upon an image so very peculiar and uncommon.

Ver. 182. *So does Flatt'ry mine*;] Fontenelle has written a

And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me farther—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 185 in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and farther 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

NOTES.

pleasant Dialogue between Augustus and Peter Aretine, the Italian Satirist, who laughs immoderately at the Emperor, for the gross flattery he so cordially received from his poets, particularly Virgil, at the beginning of the Third Georgic. And Aretine, among other delicate strokes of ridicule, tells him, "On louoit une partie de votre vie, aux depens de l' autre." But Fontenelle ends like a true Frenchman, and assures Augustus, "he will no longer be quoted as a model for Kings, since Louis XIV. has appeared." Such is the language held of a man who could banish Fenelon, burn the Palatinate, and drive away or destroy so many of his Protestant subjects; who kept in pay 440,000 men. It is grievous to reflect, that for incurring the displeasure of *such* a man, *Racine* had the weakness to be so much affected, as to bring on, by vexation and grief, a disease that was fatal to him. Racine and Boileau relinquished, after a small progress, the History of Louis XIV. which they were appointed to write. Boileau honestly owned to his friends, that he did not well know what reasons to allege in justification of the war against Holland in 1672. The pride, profusion, ambition, and despotism, of Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the ruin of France, and all the miseries we have lived to see.

Ver. 184. *is Excrement.*]

"Thou hast such unsavory similes, Hal."

Ver. 185. *Japhet,—Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst. P.

We are wearied and disgusted with the perpetual repetition of these names, and those of *Ward, Waters, Dennis,* &c. as we are with Voltaire for eternally bringing forward *Freron, Des Fontaines, La Beaumelle,* and *Clement.*

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unless, good Man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
Without a staring Reason on his brows?
And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on Man, but God?
Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myself no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

NOTES.

Ver. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.*] From Terence: Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto." P.

Ver. 208. *Yes, I am proud,* &c.] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation. W.

Ver. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The pas-

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

NOTES.

sions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*. W.

Ver. 212. *O sacred weapon!*] Neither Shaftesbury nor Akenside, whose opinions on this subject have been attacked by Warburton and Brown, have said so much of the *power* and *utility* of *ridicule* as this passage contains.

Ver. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Eusebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Christian *Priesthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*. Scribl. W.

Ver. 220. *Ye tinsel Insects!*] Poets have frequently been party-men, ancient as well as modern. *Euripides* was of *Alcibiades's* faction, for *war*; *Aristophanes*, for *peace*. Hence arose their mutual animosity. The *Inferno* of *Dante* is as much a *political* poem as the *Absalom* and *Achitophel* of *Dryden*. The *Æneid* is also of this *kind*; and so is the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, and the *Henriade* of Voltaire.

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The MUSE's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.

NOTES.

Ver. 229. *Ye Insects—The* MUSE'S *wing shall brush you all away:*] This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his Library at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him;

"The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape."

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me. Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36. W.

Ver. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the Sun. P.

Ver. 225. *Gods of Kings.*] When James the First had once bespeeched his Parliament, Bishop Williams, Keeper of the Great Seal, added—that, *after his Majesty's* DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM *he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which, Wilson the Historian observes—*This is not inserted to shew the* PREGNANCY *and* GENIUS *of the man, but the temper of the times.* W.

"To be born a King is a matter of chance; never forget you are a man," said the late great King of Prussia to his Nephew in his will. A sentiment that does this monarch more honour than all his victories.

Every Englishman must read with pride and pleasure, Fortescue's spirited censure on that degrading and infamous maxim, "Quod *principi* placuit, *legis* habet vigorem," in the 10th chap. of his invaluable treatise, De Laudibus Legum Angliæ.

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.
When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star. 231

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 227 in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch, and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

Ver. 227. *Like the last Gazette,*] If these Satires are not now read with the avidity and applause with which they were perused fifty years ago, it must be attributed to the reason assigned by *D'Olivet*, for the present neglect of *La Bruyere's* Characters in France. "Tant qu' on a cru voir dans ce livre les portraits de gens vivants, on l'a devoré, pour se nourrir du triste plaisir que donne la satire personelle. Mais a mesure que ces gens-là ont disparu, il a cessé de plaire si fort par la matière." Histoire de l'Academie, p. 339.

Ver. 228. *When black Ambition,* &c.] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. P.

Ver. 230. *Not Waller's Wreath*] "Such a series of verses," says Dr. Johnson, "as the Panegyric on Cromwell, had hardly appeared before in the English language." I cannot forbear adding, that I am surprised Waller should never name Milton, who was of the same party, and which he had so many opportunities of doing in his works. But Waller was not of Milton's school.

Ver. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) "Il a fait un

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue's* Shrine,
Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from STAIR;

NOTES.

Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale à nos ennemis." P.

Prior burlesqued this Ode with infinite pleasantry and humour. And the same may be said of Prior's *Epistle to Boileau*. Louis XIV. who had a personal regard for Prior, did not, we may well imagine, know that he had ridiculed his favourite Poet. Another French flatterer read to Malherbe some fulsome verses, in which he had represented France as moving out of its place to receive the King. "Though this," says the honest Malherbe, "was in my time, yet I protest I do not remember it."

Ver. 235. *And opes*] From Milton's Comus, ver. 14.

"That opes the Palace of Eternity."

Ver. 236. *There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,*
Than such as ANSTIS *casts into the Grave;*] Shakspeare tells us, that the *Poet's Creation*

——"*Gives to* AIRY NOTHING
A local HABITATION *and a* NAME;"

just so, the *King's*, i. e. a SEAT and a TITLE. W.

Ver. 237. *Anstis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. P.

Ver. 239. STAIR;] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterward as Ambassador in France. P.

(Such as on HOUGH's unsully'd Mitre shine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine;)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* sick'ning see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;

NOTES.

Ver. 240. *on* HOUGH's *unsully'd*] In the fifty-seventh *Persian* Letter, is an elegant and well-written eulogium on this excellent prelate by Lord Lyttleton. These Letters have been too much depreciated and neglected.

Ver. 240, 241. HOUGH *and* DIGBY] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester; and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. P.

Ver. 249. *When Truth stands trembling*]

England with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bow'rs.

Lines of the tender and benevolent Cowper, which I here insert, in order to put us again in good humour with our country, after having just seen her placed in a disagreeable light.

Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,
And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.
Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man.* 255

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes and write Essays on Man.

NOTES.

Ver. 253. *of their degen'rate Line.*] Such was the language at that time, used by our Author and his friends and associates. Lord Chesterfield ends the account of his friend Hammond, author of the Love Elegies, with these words: "He looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon these glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; in these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times: in these sentiments he died; but in these times too, ut non *erepta* a diis immortalibus vita, sed *donata*, mors videatur. Speaking of the *effects* of satire, says a certain wit, "Cette scene du monde, presque de tous les temps, & de tous les lieux, vous voudriez la *changer!* voilà votre folie, à vous autres moralistes. Montez en chaire avec Bourdaloue, ou prenez la plume avec La Bruyere, temps perdu; le monde ira toujours comme il va."

In every age, and in every nation, there is a constant *progression* of manners; "For the manners of a people, seldom stand still, but are either POLISHING or SPOILING."

Ver. 254. *pray end what*] We must own that these Dialogues, excellent as they are, exhibit many and strong marks of our Author's petulance, party-spirit, and self-importance; and of assuming to himself the character of censor-general; who, alas! if he had possessed a thousand times more genius, integrity, and ability, than he actually enjoyed, could not have altered or amended the manners of a *rich* and *commercial*, and *consequently* of a *luxurious* and *dissipated* nation. But we make ourselves unhappy, by hoping to possess *incompatible* things; we want to have *wealth* without *corruption*, and *liberty* without *virtue!*

NOTES.

Ver. *ult.*] This was the last Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. P.

ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
  Descend in all her sober charms;
" And take (she said, and smil'd serene),
  Take at this hand celestial arms;

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating. W.

Yes, I beheld, &c.] To enter into the spirit of this Address, it is necessary to premise, that the Poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two foregoing poems, *the Epilogue to the Satires.* On which, with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

Grave Epistles bringing Vice to light,

and licentious Libels, he began a *third Dialogue,* more severe and sublime than the first and second; which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas. W.

These stanzas are obscure and hard, and below the usual precision and elegance of our Author. See particularly the *second, third, fifth,* and *eighth* stanzas.

" Secure, the radiant weapons wield ;
  This golden lance shall guard Desert,
And if a Vice dares keep the field,
  This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
  Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ;
And dipt them in the sable Well,
  The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
  A standish, steel and golden pen !
It came from Bertrand's*, not the skies ;
  I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack ;
  You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
  L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as smooth again on glass,
  And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass†,
  Nor stop at Flattery or Fib‡.

NOTES.

* A famous toy-shop at Bath. W.

† The *Dunciad.* W.

‡ The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* W.

" *Athenian Queen !* and *sober charms !*
I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms* ;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print†.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies‡,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

NOTES.

* Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.

† When she delivers Æneas a suit of heavenly armour. W.

‡ i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* Poem.—He was then meditating on such a work. W.

I shall here present the Reader with a valuable Literary Curiosity, a Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, entitled, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY; communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the Fragment in the following terms:

"This Poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus Eye of those who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason; yet, spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct allusions, I think, in some of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont."

1740.

A POEM.

O WRETCHED B---, jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the Patriot Race.
C---, his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for Kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to Pow'r.
Thro' Clouds of Passion P--'s views are clear,
He foams a Patriot to subside a Peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S- joggs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern S-- would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good C-- hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch-s W-- who speaks at all,
No more than of Sir Har-y or Sir P-.
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.

G--r, C-m - B-t, pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And C---d who speaks so well and writes,
Whom (saving W.) every S. *harper bites,*
must needs
Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done.
Then urg'd by C--t, or by C--t stopt,
Inflam'd by P--, and by P-- dropt;
They follow rev'rently each wond'rous wight,
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound,
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great W-- fated to appear,
Spite of thyself a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language Princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to B-- kind, as to thy . . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . .
What can thy H . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . .
Tho' still he travels on no bad pretence,
To shew . . . . . .

Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Voracious W--- and frontless Young;
Sagacious Bub, so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H---?
Hervey and Hervey's school, F- H--y, H--n,
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.
How! what can O--w, what can D---
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
N--- laugh, or D--s sager,
Or thy dread truncheon M.'s mighty peer?
What help from J--s opiates canst thou draw,
Or H--k's quibbles voted into law?
C. that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, B--, but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the Sword of State.
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
The sowzing Prelate, or the sweating Peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken State?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee in th' infectious office *dies*.
The first firm P--y soon resign'd his breath,
Brave S--w lov'd thee, and was ly'd to death.
Good M-m-t's fate tore P--th from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when W--m died.
Thy Nobles Sl-s, thy Se--s bought with gold,
Thy Clergy perjur'd, thy whole People sold.
An atheist ⌣ a ⊕‴'s ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . .

Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise,
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his . . . . . still a . . . .
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the Senate and the Throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ✪'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* . . . his strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

THE

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM,

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE,

AND ENTITLED

BRUTUS.

THE

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM.

As ENEAS was famed for his piety, so his grandson's characteristic was benevolence; this first predominant principle of his character, prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

He goes to Epirus; from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the scattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of Dodona, and is promised a settlement in an Island, which, from the description, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic Ocean.

The First Book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the Straits of Calpe, in sight of the Pillars of Hercules (the *ne plus ultra*). He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was advisable to launch into the great Ocean, on an enterprise bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reason, among others, assigned by Brutus, for attempting the great Ocean in search of a new country was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and laws to that purpose.

A debate ensues. Pisander, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in Betica, a rich country near the Straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage.

Brutus apprehends that the softness of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; besides, that the Tyrians, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

Cloanthes, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the Ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroism.

This has such an effect, that the whole council being dismayed, are unwilling to pass the Straits, and venture into the great Ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the presumption of going beyond a God. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them; and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have

the same claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage and the love of glory; that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country for the sake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the sentiments of Orontes; and, for the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterprise; and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night, Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprise.

The Second Book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest Heaven. The superintending Angel of the Trojans' empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom, for the sins of the princes, and of the people themselves. But adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodness, to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better; that, in Brutus, his providence had a fit instrument for such a gracious design.

This prostrate Angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that Island.

The Guardian Angel, in pursuance of this commission, flies from Heaven to the high Mountain of Calpe; and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the Straits westward to the Canary Islands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a description of Teneriff, and of the Volcanos, as likewise of a most delicious Island, which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more, say they, can we wish for ourseves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours? In an inhabited country we must, perhaps, be forced to fight and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the Gods, and rest here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of Laziness.

Brutus, however, rejects the narrow and selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds. He despises the mean thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone, and sets the great prospect of Heaven before them.

His persuasions, being seconded by good omens prevail; nevertheless they leave behind them the

old man and the woman, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and to erect a city. Over this colony, consisting however of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander King, under such limitations as appear to him wisest and best.

To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction; only Pisander absolutely refuses to be King, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprise. He urges that his experience and councils may be of use, though his strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company, with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to choose a government for themselves, and then sets sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

Here the Poet, by way of episode, meant to have introduced the passion of some friend, or the fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now supposed to send his spirit to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touched at Lisbon or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan, captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and, among other things, furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstí-

tion he had established, and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

Brutus is afterward driven by a storm, raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His Guardian Angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into a port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus, however, repulses them, lands, and encamps on the sea-shore. In the night an *aurora borealis* astonishes his men, such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

He endeavours to keeps up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favour, because Heaven never works miracles but for the good.

About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the *aurora* is of great use to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and inquires of them concerning a great island to the south-west of their country; they tell him they had been in such an island upon piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of those captives, whom

he finds to be Britons; they describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next Book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manner of the Savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest of their islands, supposed to be inhabited by demons, who forbid all access to it, by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the Northern Islands of the Ocean, some of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

Brutus sails thither in a small vessel of six oars, attended only by Orontes, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who swim to land. They find a thick forest dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

All at once the sun was darkened, a thick night comes over them; thundering noises and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth shakes beneath their feet. Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or being burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceases, and his Guardian Angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had

permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That the hill before them was a volcano; that the effects of it, dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant savages believe the Island to be a habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a usual symptom preceding an eruption. That he might have perished in the eruption, if God had not sent him his good Angel to be his preserver.

He then directs him to seek the south-west part of Great Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts, and good government, the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son, that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

Brutus promises to obey; the Angel vanishes: Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the Angel. They go down to the coast, where they find Hanno, with a ship to carry them off.

The ensuing Book describes the joy of Brutus at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the western part of the Island, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes

and the ferocity and savageness of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive the improvements in virtue he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the Sun and Fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to Heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is succeeded by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering.

Among these islands, our Poet takes notice of the island Mona, groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests.

Likewise of another, distracted by *dismal anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a passionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair-one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

Our Poet also speaks of a third, under the dominion of Tyranny, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. Some of these giants our Poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus, however, is opposed in his attempt by

the priests, conjurers, and magicians; and the priests are supposed to have had secrets, which passed for supernatural, such as the use of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewise from his own people, which interrupt his designs; particularly from one of his kinsmen, who is fierce, young, and ambitious. He is earnest for conquering all by force, and treating the people who submitted to him as slaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and destroy the natives of the new-discovered land, but to polish and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of superstition and all false notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and misery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of useful arts, under the sanction of a good government, to establish and ensure their felicity.

This turbulent kinsman likewise endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raise a faction, which, by his wisdom and firmness, he suppresses, and brings the discontented back to their duty; who at length unite with him against the giants, their common enemy. It must not be omitted, that the kinsman is represented as repenting of his secession, and much ashamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandishments, went to the war without him.

Brutus, in the end, succeeded in his enterprise against the giants, and enchantment vanished before

him; having reduced the fortresses of superstition, anarchy, and tyranny, the whole island submits to good government, and with this the Poem was intended to close.

Such was the outline of this Poem, which, if he had finished, it would not, perhaps, have added much to his reputation.

He had likewise planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the Mischiefs of Arbitrary Power, and the Folly of Ambition. The first was to open with a view and description of Mount Ætna or Vesuvius, after a long intermission from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the most enchanting scenes of vine-yards and olive-yards in one place; the products of Ceres in another; and flowery pastures, overspread with flocks and herds, in a third; while the shepherds were indulging themselves in their rural dances, songs, and music; and the husbandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of these amusements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcast, and after other dreadful symptoms of approaching desolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declevity, carries away every thing in its passage; and as Milton says—

"All the flourishing works of Peace destroys."

That on the Folly of Ambition and a Name, was to open with the view of a large champaign desert country; in the midst of which was a large heap of shapeless and deformed ruins, under the shadow of which was seen a shepherd's shed, who at his door

was tending a few sheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller passing by, who, curious to be informed of what he saw, addresses himself to the shepherd, to know to what superb structures these ruins belonged. The shepherd entertains him with an absurd and fabulous account of ancient times, in which there were such traces of true history, that the traveller at length discovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themselves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expense, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

PREFACE

TO

HOMER'S ILIAD.

PREFACE

TO

HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellences; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that, in different degrees, distinguishes all great Geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which master every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely:* for Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them, to which the Invention must not contribute. As in the most regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which

the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common Critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through a uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our Author's work is a wild paradise*, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nursery which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

* These words seem to imply that the *Iliad* is deficient in point of *regularity* and *conduct* of the Fable. Whereas one of its most transcendent and unparalleled excellences is the *coherence*, the *consistency*, the *simplicity*, and the *perspicuity*, of its plan; all which qualities are the result of *judgment* as well as of *invention*; and all which the best critics, from *Aristotle* to *Clarke*, have joined in admiring and applauding. Let *Quintilian* speak for all the rest; *in dispositione totius operis nonne humani generis modum excessit?* And he excels Virgil as much in *judgment* as *invention*; and in exact *disposition*, *just thought*, *correct elocution*, and *polished numbers*, as in *poetical fire*. Mad. *Dacier* was vehemently angry at Mr. *Pope* for this paragraph. In fact, we *do see* the beauties of this *well-ordered garden*; which is *not* a mere *nursery*; its plants are *not too luxuriant*, and are *arrived* to *perfection* and *maturity*.

It is to the strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This *Fire* is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass,

reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it burst out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton[2] it glows like a furnace kept up

[2] Of all passages in our Author's Works, I most wish he had never written this tasteless and unjust comparison. But indeed he never speaks of our divine Bard, *con amore*. This has lately been done by Mr. *Hayley*, in his curious and animated Life of Milton. I do not honour Sir John Denham so much for his writing Cooper's Hill, as I do for being the very first person that spoke highly of Paradise Lost; who coming one day into the House of Commons with a proof-sheet of this Poem, wet from the press, and being asked what paper he held in his hand, replied, "It was part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any language, or in any age."

"Milton," says Warburton, with his usual love of bringing every thing into system, "found Homer possessed of the province of Morality; Virgil of Politics; and nothing left for him, but that of Religion. This he seized, as aspiring to share with them in the government of the poetic world; and by means of the superior dignity of his subject, hath gotten to the head of that triumvirate, which took so many ages in forming. These are the three species of the Epic Poem; for its largest sphere is human action, which can be considered but in a MORAL, POLITICAL, or RELIGIOUS View; and these the three makers; for each oftheir poems was struck at a heat, and came to perfection from its first essay. Here then the grand scene was closed, and all farther improvements of the Epic at an end." A cruel sentence indeed, and a very severe statute of *Limitation!* enough, if it had any foundation, to destroy every future attempt of any exalted genius that might arise. But, in truth, the assertion is totally groundless and chimerical. Each of the three poets might change the stations here assigned to them. Homer might assume to himself the province of politics; Virgil of morality; and Milton of both; who is also a strong proof that human action is not the largest sphere of Epic Poetry. But of all Dr. Warburton's forced and fanciful interpretations, next to his extraordinary interpretation of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, is the supposition, that Virgil, by the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, meant to recommend the Grecian institution of the Band of Lovers and Friends that fought at each other's sides: and, also,

to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakspeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to shew, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts [3] of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its *vortex*. It seemed not enough

that by the behaviour and death of Amata, and her celebration of the Bacchic Rites in the Seventh Book, Virgil meant to proscribe and expose the abominable abuses that had crept into the *mysteries*. I lament that Mr. Gibbon, in his able confutation of the notion of Augustus's Initiation, has not touched on this topic.

[3] Convinced that this Translation is the most spirited and the best ever given of any ancient Poet, and most suited to modern times and readers; yet I have always been of opinion, that Pope would have made it still more excellent, and would have profited much, if he could have seen *Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer;* a work, though written indeed with some affectation of style, that abounds in curious researches and observations, and places Homer in a new light; by endeavouring to shew *how it has happened* that no poet has ever equalled him for upwards of two thousand years; namely, by the *united influence* of the happiest *climate;* the most natural *manners* to paint; the boldest *language* to use; the most expressive *religion;* and the richest *subject* to work upon. *Nature*, after all, is the surest rule, and *real* characters the best ground of *fiction*. The passions of the human mind, if truly awaked, and kept up by objects fitted to them, dictate a language peculiar to themselves. *Homer* has copied it, and done justice to nature. We see her image in his draft: and this Work is the *great Drama of Life*, acted in our view. A most ingenious theory, if not solid, in every respect.

to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions: but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of such as though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic Poem, *the return of* Ulysses, *the settlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger* of Achilles, the most short and single subject that was ever chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes, of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days.

Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed[4] this close imitation of Homer, but where he

[4] The learned and judicious *Heyne*, in the Preface to his edition of Virgil, has exhausted all that can be said of his *Imitations of Homer*; but he does not assent to what Dr. *Hurd* has urged on this subject, in his Discourse on *Poetical Imitation*. *Heyne* lays a great stress on the following observation, p. 45. v. 2. "In Virgilio vel reprehendendo, vel laudando, id,

had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable:* If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us! How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that

quod primo loco reputandum erat, non meminerant viri docti; poetam, etiamsi ingenium cum ad nova et intacta tulisset, hoc suæ ætati suisque popularibus tribuere debuisse, aut saltem in opinione ejus temporis communi excusationem habere, cum ad artem poetæ et ad majorem carminis suavitatem pertinere crederetur, si multa ex Græcis essent expressa vel adumbrata."

there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems[5] the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his *machines* in a philosophical or a religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them. None have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his persons: And here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he

[5] In the former editions this sentence stood thus; "If Homer was not the first who introduced the Deities into the religion of Greece (as Herodotus imagines), he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry."

has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of *courage* is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command: that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people; we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the underparts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in *wisdom;* and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, besides, characters of *courage;* and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil[6] are far from

[6] "Virgil had been accumstomed to the splendour of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his representations of that part of life are more august and stately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and those polished manners which render men so much of a piece, and make them all resemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His state-designs and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the spirit of a cour-

striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, etc. They have a pa-

tier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magistrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a stranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural; either stratagems of war, or such designs in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the simple instructive parts of life; the play of the passions, the prowess of bodies, and those single virtues of persons and characters, that arise from untaught, undisguised nature. And afterward, even the stately Agamemnon is not ashamed to own his passion for a captive maid before the whole army. He is, besides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to such a degree, that his teeth chatter and knees knock against each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in such piteous plight, that, if we were not well assured of his personal bravery, we should take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durst make no condescension to nature, nor represent the human frailties in their genuine light."

These fine and judicious remarks of Blackwell seem to have been borrowed from an Epistle of *Gravina* to *Massei*, p. 248. In Napoli, 1716.

I have been sometimes surprised at an opinion of Plato, in the Third Book of his Republic, who thinks that a due dignity of character is not preserved, in the fine description of Achilles's frantic grief on the death of Patroclus, and of Priam's supplication to Achilles for the dead body of his son. Surely he talks here like a modern critic, of the French school.

rity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* writer, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *speeches* are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective, as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts[7], which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interest us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

[7] This censure is too general; many of the speeches are appropriated and adapted to the character that speaks; none more so than one, not so frequently noticed as it ought to be, that of Æneas to the Ghost of Hector, in which the confusion and obscure ideas of a man in a dream are finely represented by the questions he asks. Lib. ii. v. 281.

If in the next place we take a view of the *sentiments*, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his *descriptions*, *images*, and *similes*, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art[8] and individual of nature summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several un-

[8] "Dans Homere," says Winkelman, "tout est image, tout est fait pour etre peint; disons mieux, tout y est peint."

Circumstantial description is, after all, the true test of a vivid imagination. It is not intended by this remark, nor by what is said before in these notes, to commend or justify *useless* or *trifling* circumstances in any description. What Demetrius Phalereus has said, from page 124 to page 130 of Gale's edition, *περὶ ἐναργείας*, is will worth an attentive perusal, and shews the true use of circumstantial description.

expected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the description of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the *expression*, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expression[9] is like the colouring of some great masters, which

[9] Of all the excellences of Homer's style, Clarke is of opinion that its *perspicuity* is the most peculiar and predominant; and says, no writer whatever, not of verse only but *prose*, in any language, is so uniformly *perspicuous*. This testimony of a philosopher and mathematician, remarkable for a *clear head* himself, is worth remembering and regarding. This matchless perspicuity, on which Pope has not sufficiently dwelt, is owing to the clearness of his images, and the truth of his sentiments; in short, to his copying nature exactly. It is mortifying to hear an eminent critic and scholar declare, that, "among the readers of Homer, the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the common Latin translation, except the music of his versification." Pope would have profited much if Clarke's admirable Notes had preceded his translation.

discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out *living words;* there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An Arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirsts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: and in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more conspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the compound *epithets.* This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction,* but as it assisted and filled the *numbers* with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the *images.* On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet of Κορυθαίολος, the landscape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and so of others, which particular images could not have been

insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a Metaphor is a short simile, one of these Epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different *dialects*[1] with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent: and completed this variety by altering some letters

[1] Clarke has given the true rational account of the *dialects* of Homer; a thing so frequently misunderstood, and as appears by our Author: "Homerus *non* dialectis *omnibus* promiscuè et ἀλόγως, sed ea solum modo usus est, quæ inter suos erat, *Ionico*-Poetica; ex variis quidem illa dialectis existens, non communiter et universe, sed certa quadam et constanti ratione, poetis Ionicis (ut credere æquum est) usitata." Lib. ii. ad ver. 43.

Homer did not use such a jargon, as Fontenelle idly imagines; as if a French poet was to introduce in the same page, *Gascon*, *Norman*, *Breton*, &c. words. See *Monboddo*, vol. iii. and *Burgess's* Edition of *Dawes*, Preface, p. 21.

with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas), will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek[2] has some advantages both from the natural *sound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verse*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his

[2] Such is the sweetness of this language, that it admits of no word ending with these three harsh letters, Θ, Φ, Χ.

treatise of the *Composition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the course of my Notes. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the *Muses* dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspirited vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his speeches more *affecting* and *transporting*, his sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his images and descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expression more *raised* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each: it is in *that* we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in

that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty: and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment*[1]. Not that we are to think Homer wanted

[1] This is a commonly received opinion. It might, perhaps, however be proved, as has been hinted before, that the *judgment* of Homer was equal to his invention. But there is a set of notions and doctrines, concerning the characters of great writers, handed down from critic to critic, and implicitly adopted without due consideration. This is one of that kind. Another, relating also to Virgil, is, that his chief excellence lay in describing what is beautiful. But he appears to be equally excellent in painting the *terrible*. What images are exhibited in the following passages!

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit; insolitis tremuerunt molibus Alpes.—
—caligantem nigra formidine lucum——
—terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis—
—tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora—
—ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima leti
Tartara———
—stygiis emissa Tenebris
Pallida Tisiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque
Inque dies avidum surgens caput altius effert.—
Noctem illam tecti silvis immania monstra
Perferimus; nec quæ sonitum det causa videmus.
——fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam———
Cernimus astantes nequicquam lumine torvo
Ætnæos fratres, cœlo capita alta ferentes
Concilium horrendum———
——terque ipsa solo, mirabile dictu,
Emicuit——
Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exuperant undas——
——vastos a rupe Cyclopas
Prospicio, sonitumque pedum, vocemque tremisco.—
Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Sæpe viri——
——Latices nigrescere sacros,

judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles,

Fusaque in obscœnum se vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
——Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat——
Tisiphoneque sedens palla succincta cruenta
Vestibulum insomnis servat noctesque diesque ——
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare
Verbera, tum stridor ferri, tractæque Catenæ:
Constitit Æneas, strepitumque exterritus hausit.
Sævior intus habet sedem——
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx——
——quærentem dicere plura
Reppulit, et geminos erexit crinibus angues,
Verberaque insonuit———
———Turni se pestis ad ora,
Fertque refertque sonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

All these bold and masterly strokes, to which many may be added, are certainly more in the manner of MICHAEL ANGELO, than of RAPHAEL.

bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief *objections* against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Ho-

mer has his *speaking horses*, and Virgil his *myrtles distilling blood*, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *grosser representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following *Essay*[2]: but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It

[2] See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Essay. W.

must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier[3], "that those times and manners [4]are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity

[3] Preface to her Homer. W.

[4] In that *progression* of manners that happens in every age and every country, there is a *certain* period more *proper* for poetical description than another. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised and suppressed, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful representation. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by modern governments, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the *Epic* Muse. Our present modes must be forgotten, when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy, the fictitious grandeur, and idle state, of modern ages. What our Author replies here to Madame Dacier, relates to the circumstance of manners being *morally*, not *poetically* good: and he should have insisted more on the *latter* circumstance. The lovers of Homer cannot but read with great pleasure the comparison Mr. Wood has made of the *Heroic*, *Patriarchal*, and *Bedouin manners*, dividing their similarities, with much judgment and acuteness, into six general classes, and shewing their exact conformity to what he observed in his travels. Essay on the Original Genius of Homer, p. 158.

in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things no where else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, such as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *swift-footed* Achilles, etc. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction

of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like; as, Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes distinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the islands of the blessed*[5]. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics

[5] Hesiod, Op. et. Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, etc.

never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to those of the Iliad, for the same reasons which might set the Odyssey above the Æneis: as that the Hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince[6] as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetice. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkward-

[6] Lord *Shaftesbury*, in his third volume, p. 260, has completely demolished the notion which originated from the French critics, that the hero of an Epic Poem should be a *perfect character*; and has with exquisite taste and judgment given an effectual answer to the question; "how it comes to pass that Homer has drawn no single pattern of the kind in either of his Heroic Pieces?" The passage is too long to be here inserted, and too good to be abbreviated. The sixth chapter of *Gravina* is on this subject. He says admirably well, that Homer intending to paint, "i veri costumi, e le naturali passioni degli uomini, senz' alcun veilo, non espresse, mai sopra i suoi personaggi il *perfetto*, del quale l'umanità non e vaso capace."—From page 17 to page 22. Pope in his notes has not sufficiently enlarged on this subject.

ness of their own translations: this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed: and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whole general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of Poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one sort* of Critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart[7] of a reader

[7] In reading Homer, says *Dionysius*, ἐνθουσιῶ τε, καὶ δεῦρο κἀκεῖσε ἄγομαι.

A curious reader will be entertained by perusing the animated

under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of Poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase; it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty Tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation[9],

letter which *Petrarch* wrote to the *Byzantine* Ambassador, his friend, from whom he first received a copy of *Homer* in Greek. *Epist. Famil.* 9.

[9] That man must be void of all sensibility and feeling, who is not delighted with the *spirit*, *fire*, and *harmony*, of this translation; but at the same time, he must be void also of all taste and knowledge of the *majesty* and *simplicity* of the original, which are *disguised* and *diminished* by a profusion of *florid* and *figurative* epithets and expressions, and a *variety* of gaudy, glittering, and modern ornaments, with which our English Iliad so much abounds; as to set at variance the *sentiment* and *imagery*, with the *diction* and *style*.

No composition of any kind should be equally laboured and ornamented in every part. "Id non debet esse fusum æquabiliter per omnem orationem, sed ita distinctum, ut sint quasi in ornatu dispositæ quædam insignes et lumina. Genus igitur di-

with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as *that* is seen in the main parts of the Poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in

cendi est eligendum, quod maxime teneat eos qui audiant, et quod non solum delectet, sed etiam sine satietate delectet. Quanto colorum pulcritudine et varietate floridiora sunt in picturis novis pleraque, quam in veteribus? quæ tamen etiamsi primo adspectu nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant; cum iidem nos in antiquis Tabulis illo ipso horrido obsoletoque teneamur." *De Oratore, l.* 3.

We should always carefully remember, "that Homer's poems were made to be *recited* or *sung* to a *company*, and not *read* in private, or perused in a *book*; which few were then capable of doing." Whoever reads not Homer in *this view*, loses a great part of the delight he might receive from the poet. A lover of ancient simplicity blamed our Translator by saying;

——Niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem.

"If he had not done so, nobody would have worn it,"—replied a defender of Pope's modern elegances.

danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light, in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can: but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English Critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the *sublime;* others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweat-

ing and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: 'tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made use of no other words than what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand, to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appro-

priated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those *moral sentences* and *proverbial speeches* which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen), cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects; and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions*[1]. Many of the former cannot

[1] Of which there is a judicious defence in the Epistolæ Homericæ of Klotzius, p. 145, and in a Dissertation of Schulzius.

be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best Poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally *leaf-shaking*, but affords a majestic idea in the *periphrasis: The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-shooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the ensign of that God; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has

been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions*[a], we may divide them into three sorts: of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions

[a] Which are absurdly censured by *Rapin;* to whom *Clarke* answers; "At vero erant hæc omnino *simplicissime* et sine *ornatu* dicenda, ut raptim, ac velut in transitu legendi, percurrerentur." I recollect only one note in Clarke but what contains sense and judgment; and that is a note in the taste of those of Warburton, which we have ventured so often to censure. It is on the 49th line of Book I, on the sound of Apollo's Bow-string. "Pestis scilicet ingruentis, primus rumor terribilis." This sort of interpretation resembles what has been observed by another learned divine, an admirer of Warburton, namely, that the transaction of our Saviour's washing his Disciples' feet, was not only giving them an example of humility and condescension, but chiefly signified the efficacy of his own precious blood, by which their sins were to be washed away for ever. Hurd's Sermons, vol. 2.

are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *Versification*. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope, but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken[3] the advantage of

[3] In the History of English Poetry, vol. 3. p. 441, an account is given of *Chapman's* Homer; from which our Author condescended to borrow, and to read with attention, as appears from my copy of this Work, which once belonged to *Pope*, and in which he has noted many of *Chapman's* improper interpolations, extending sometimes to ten and twelve lines. But there was a Translation of Homer, little known, by an *Arthur Hall*, 1581,

an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth Book of the Odyssey, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his Author, insomuch as to promise in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he has revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface

which *Hall* copied from a French Translation of *Hugue's Sald*, Abbé of St. *Cheron*, 1555. This *Sald* had eventually the power of misleading Pope. For in Book 3. v. 386, it is said,

Γρηὶ δέ μιν εἰκυῖα,

which *Sald* translates,

C'est de *Grea* la bonne chambriere,

mistaking *Grea* for a proper name; which Hall follows, p. 57,

In Grea's forme, the good handmaid;—

followed again by *Chapman*,

She tooke on her the shape
Of beldam *Grea*;—

after whom comes Pope in his first Edition, 1715, v. 476,

In Græa's form——
Grea her favourite maid.

I owe this remark to that accurate researcher Mr. *Steevens*.

and remarks to have been one of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us[4] a correct explanation of the sense in general, but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

[4] Though this translation of *Hobbes*, made in the eighty-seventh year of his age, be so contemptible and tedious, yet his *prose*, for *precision*, *terseness*, and *elegance*, is some of the best in our language. And when we read his fine *critical* Letter to *Davenant*, on his *Gondibert*, we are surprised at his bad verses. With his principles, *religious* or *political*, I have nothing to do at present. A very curious Letter of *Waller* to *Hobbes*, highly commending the *Leviathan*, is published in the entertaining *Anecdotes of distinguished Persons*, vol. ii. p. 94. We know how highly he was celebrated by Ralph Bathurst and Cowley; and even by Lord Clarendon, in his answer to the Leviathan.

It is a great loss to the poetical world, that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers; though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures

and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his Author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus[5] may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our Author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic Poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit[6] can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from

[5] The chief fault of which is, the mixture of ancient and modern manners; and an introduction of sentiments too pure and refined for old heroes to utter or think of.

[6] Notwithstanding the manifold and importanf improvements, in *philosophy*, and *sciences*, and the *arts;* yet, what has *Epic Poetry* profited by these discoveries, which, it might have been expected, would have been improved by them?

whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer[7]. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr.

[7] In former editions it followed, "*as I wish, for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest;*" also in page 408, in former editions, speaking of Lord Lansdown, it was said, "*that so excellent an Imitator of Homer as the Author,*"—which words are now omitted. Several other expressions are altered, up and down, as in p. 367, "*must not contribute,*" instead of "*owing to the insertion;*" p. 368, "*common* critics," for "*most;*" p. 372, "to *furnish,*" instead of "*supply;*" p. 376, "*that of Ajax,*" instead of "*we see in Ajax.*" These alterations, it is presumed, were made by Dr. Warburton, who tells us, Pope desired him

Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the *Great* have done me, while the *first names* of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of Poet: that his Grace the duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay)* so complete a Praise[8]:

to *correct* this Preface: such was the partiality of Pope to his friend!

[8] In the former editions it was, "*the finest praise he ever received;*" and the two last lines here quoted from Buckingham stood thus,

Verse will seem Prose: but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.

But Buckingham was for ever altering and revising his Essay. It concluded with these lines,

Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where great Torquato, and where greater Spenser fail;

which he thus at last corrected,

Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and e'en Milton fail.

Boileau's praise of Homer is surely far more *complete* than these *prosaic* lines of Buckingham, so much extolled by our Author:

"On diroit que pour plaire, instruit par la nature,
Homere ait à Venus dérobé sa ceinture,

Read *Homer once*, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem Prose: but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the Books you need.

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example. That such a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage, not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

Son livre est d'agrémens un fertile trésor,
Tout ce qu'il a touché se convertit en or,
Tout reçoit dans ses mains une nouvelle grace,
Par tout il divertit, et jamais il ne laisse;
Une heureuse chaleur anime ses discours.
Il ne s'égare point en de trop longs detours,
Sans garder dans ses vers un ordre methodique
Son sujet de soi-meme et s'arrange et s'explique,
Tout, sans faire d'apprests, s'y prepare aisément,
Chaque vers, chaque mot, court à l' évènement,
Aimez donc ses écrits, mais d'un amour sincère,
C'est avoir profité que de sçavoir s'y plaire."

No nation in Europe can boast of having such excellent translations of the more ancient Greek Poets, as the Homer of Pope, the Pindar of West, the Sophocles of Franklin, the Æschylus and Euripides of Potter.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present Secretary of State, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shewed me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford[9]. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowleged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in

[9] It is remarkable that in the long list of his Subscribers prefixed to the first quarto Edition, ten Colleges in Oxford subscribed for their respective Libraries, and not a single College in Cambridge.

which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

It was thought improper to omit this Postscript to the Odyssey, as it is apparently one of our Author's most elegant and finished compositions in prose. It were to be wished he had enlarged on the subject; for a Critical Treatise on the Nature and Conduct of the Odyssey, is as yet wanting in our language; the Discourse prefixed to Pope's Translation, by Broome, being but a meagre and defective Extract from Bossu. More than forty years ago, three Essays were printed in the third volume of the *Adventurer*, on the excellence of the *Odyssey*. They were designed to shew this excellence in the manner of conducting the fable, which is of the *complex* kind; in the extensive utility of its *moral*; in the vast and entertaining variety of scenes, objects, and events, which it contains; in the strokes of nature, and pathos; in the true and accurate delineation of ancient manners, customs, and habits; and the lively pictures of civil and domestic life, more calculated to keep our attention alive and active, than the *martial uniformity* of the Iliad; and in its exhibiting the most perfect pattern of a legitimate *Epopée*. But the Author of these Essays confined himself to too short a compass for a subject of such utility and importance; and may perhaps, in some future day, lengthen them into a more formal Treatise.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

I CANNOT dismiss this Work without a few observations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of Criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its Author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts, of civil and domestic life. *Homer* is here a person

> Qui didicit, *patriæ* quid debeat, et quid *amicis*,
> Quo sit amore *parens*, quo *frater* amandus, et *hospes*:
> Qui quid sit *pulcrum*, quid *turpe*, quid *utile*, quid *non*,
> Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in *Moral*, *Subject*, *Manner*, and *Style;* to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation

or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a Critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it. Although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

"The Odyssey (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in *Narrations* and *Fables*. For, that *Homer* composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his *spirit* was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in Narration, which is the taste of *Old Age:* so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour or force. He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more that *Sublime* of the Iliad which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded: there appears no more that hurry and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another; there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of nature. But *Homer*, like the Ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses

himself most in Narrations and incredible Fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests, the adventures of *Ulysses* with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But though all this be *Age*, it is the *Age* of *Homer*——And it may be said for the credit of these fictions, that they are *beautiful Dreams*, or if you will, the *Dreams of* Jupiter *himself*. I spoke of the Odyssey only to shew, that the greatest Poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the *Pathetic*, for the most part employ themselves in painting the *Manners*. This *Homer* has done in characterizing the Suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of Comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men."

We must first observe, it is the *Sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: that, and not the nature of *Homer's* Poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to imagine or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular pas-

sages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a masterpiece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the *Sublime*, *Longinus* preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer's* age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam *Dacier* observes) composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and

the same pomp of style as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael:* shall we censure the *School of Athens* as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure, in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult, in the other, which is the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two Poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epistle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of *Longinus;* and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners* which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more in-

struction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic Poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *moral*. The conduct, turn, and disposition, of the *fable* is also what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *manners*, it is no way inferior: *Longinus* is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes *Homer* with painting them too minutely. As to the *narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of those of *Phœnix* in the ninth book, and of *Nestor* in the eleventh (which may be brought in compliance to their characters), those of *Glaucus* in the sixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of *Homer* had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his Poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecun-

dity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of Poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the *sublime)* that a river foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills, the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterward through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure *Homer* because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is, as if a gardener who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs;* when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this Poem was "*partly of the nature of Comedy*," ought not for that very reason to have considered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any such resemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulysses* there was already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shews him not in that full light of glory but in the

shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy; *Calypso*, though a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the same cast; the *Cyclops*, *Malanthius*, and *Irus*, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the Poem, we shall form an idea of the *style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a *low action*. There are numerous instances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil;* and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a Poet, in pursuing the

description or image of an action, can attach himself to *little circumstances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively; but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgics;* but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for; laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be ele-

vated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the *true sublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epic. It is so far from being the sublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cause of all *bombast;* when Poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not *speaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in *Epic* Poetry than in *Tragic*, to distinguish between that *language of the Gods* proper to the *muse* who sings, and is inspired; and that of *men* who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues or orations, and those which are only con-

versation or dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words of narration, *Homer* still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero;* and *Virgil* in those of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been speaking of, or that of a *muse* under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few Poets have imitated *Homer* in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic Poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than

the *natural*; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style), but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass notwithstanding any defects in the rest, nay sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his lowest narrations or speeches is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shews not less *invention*, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less *judgment*, in proportioning the style and the versification to these than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *sublime* are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple *narrative* its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to *Homer* himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad; he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against na-

ture; and were the translation so, it were an offence against *Homer*, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the *Greek* language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since *Homer's* time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use: and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: *Homer* seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences; as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of *Homer;* and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize their plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end, of the style of *Milton*. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neat-

ness, elegance, and equality, requisite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: but then the road must be as *good*, as the way is *ancient:* the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks; and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricaturas* of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of *Milton*, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions, and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. *Milton* has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as

in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer's* lownesses in the *narrative*, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the *dramatic* parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of *Homer's* style in the present translation, great pains has been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shewn as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of

health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of Poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprise the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that *Homer* himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this Postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam *Dacier* bestowed on the first part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which she published at the end of her translation of that Poem[1].

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the industry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer's* beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Eustathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent con-

[1] Seconde Edition, à Paris, 1719.

cerning them: but since they are Madam *Dacier's*, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier's* banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine *Homer* against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this Author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biassed?

All this however has happened, and Madam *Dacier's* Criticisms on my Preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful *translations*.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of *criticism*, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could *Homer* have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur *de la Motte* presides,

I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some *French* authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier's* translation of the Iliad could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Island tongue* was as necessary to Madam *Dacier* in my case, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monsieur *de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of those whom she styles *blind censurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of *Homer's* even from the translation of *La Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to *combate two or three similes;* and I hope that to combat a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect.

But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say more than once the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* herself, in those very articles on which she treats me like a heretic: he will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer *opinions*, and she delivers *doctrines;* that my imagination represents *Homer* as the greatest of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of

those times were so much the better the less they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification; I confessed that in my own opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing *her* sentiment. The truth is, she might have said *her words;* for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in *Eustathius*, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark, only that in the first part of it Madam *Dacier* is displeased that I don't agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a Lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *English*. "*Homer* (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created

a world for himself in the invention of fable;" which he translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam *Dacier* justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by *Homer's* invention of fable, it is afterward particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words: "If *Homer* was not the first who introduced the Deities (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of *Greece*, he seems the first who brought them into a *system of machinery* for poetry."

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in *Aristotle*, and she is pleased to send me back to this Philosopher's Treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyssey, for my better instruction. Now though I am saucy enough to think that one may sometimes differ from *Aristotle* without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own that to quote any Author for what he never said, is a blunder (but by the way, to correct an Author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder). My words were these: "As there is a greater variety of characters in the Iliad than in any other Poem, so there is of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as *Aristotle* expresses it; that is, every thing is acted or spoken: very little passes in narration." She justly says, that "Every thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken." Agreed: but I would ask the question,

whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? if not, then the whole Iliad being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners: since *Homer* has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the Preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been "Every thing has manners, as *Aristotle* calls them." But such a fault, methinks, might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes *Eustathius* call *Cratisthenes* the *Phliasian*, *Callisthenes* the *Physician*[2]. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded, to *Homer's*, her's, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Monsieur *de la Motte* for omitting a material passage in the speech[3] of *Helen* to *Hector*, Il. 6, if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much *Greek*, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in *Homer!*

[2] Dacier Remarques sur le 4me livre de l'Odyss. pag. 467.
[3] De la Corruption du Goût.

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this Lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of *Homer* as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality, had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whose doctrine is so conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a Poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks, Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: one capable of

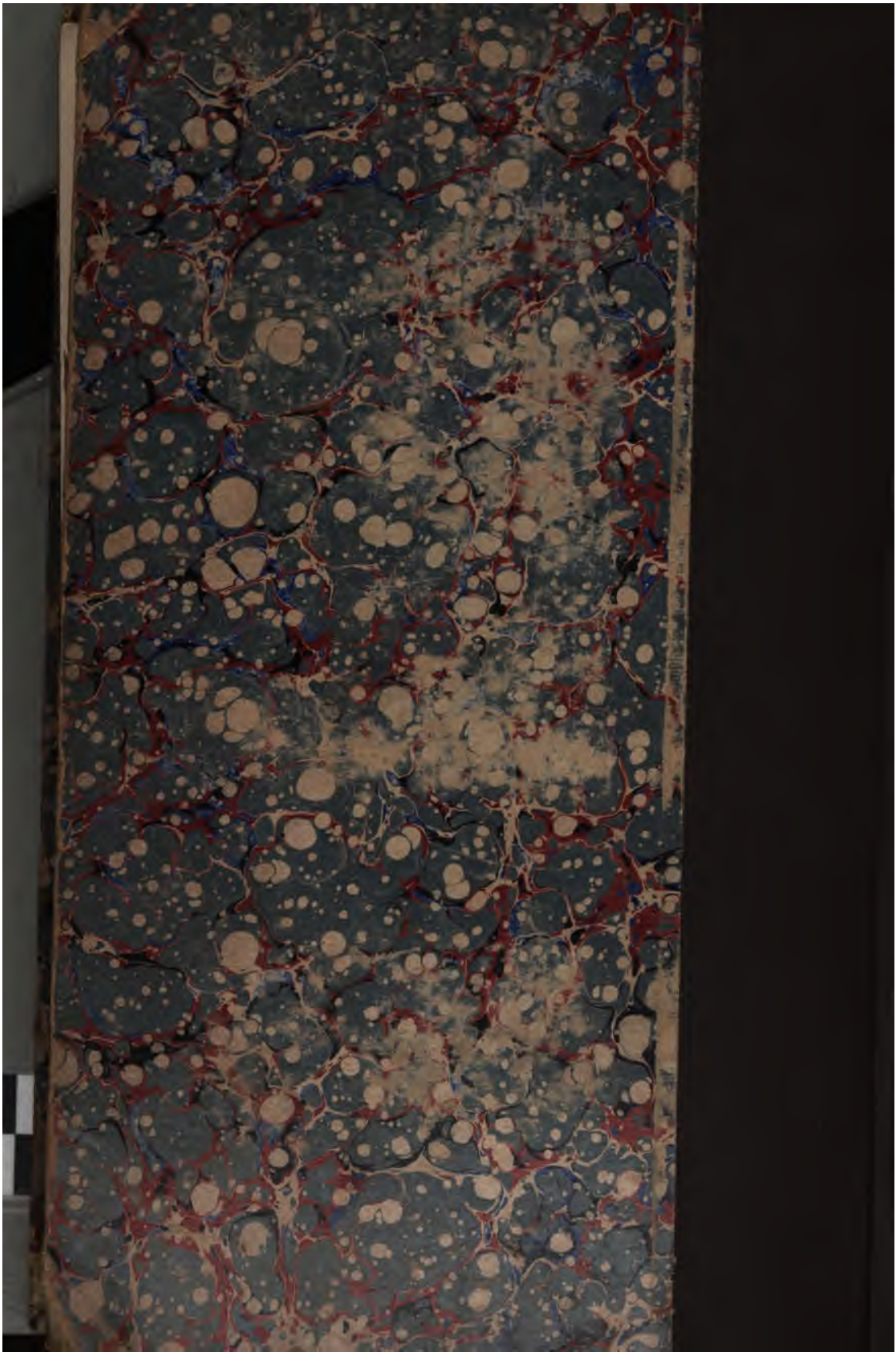
"correcting *Homer*, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this constitution." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own; that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have, at least, none of the blasphemers of *Homer*. We steadfastly and unanimously believe both his Poem and our Constitution to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any *French* or *Englishman* whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam *Dacier* mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator and a quiet subject.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

Printed by J. F. Dove, St. John's Square.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

JUL 11 1915		
NOV 11 1916		
MAR 1[illegible] [illegible]		
MAR 23 1917		

form 410